

Mookerjee's Magazine
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MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE

MARCH 1873.

A CORONAL

Like a Brook of the North in a clear, placid stream ;
Like the moon in sweet autumn all smiling with beam ;
Like a tale of the south kissing lotus deck'd pools,
Gentle Northbrook he flows, and he shines, and he cools

His benign rule : Blooming the blossoms of peace,
And the Country is smiling in joy and in bliss,
And the people they bless in the Birma's dear name,
And build him a rich high in the temple of fame.

Near the site where the feet of their kings are adored,
Ours' great sovereign and India's truth loving lord.
To them still is the incense of gratitude poured,
For they ruled with sweet Mercy and not with the sword.

May all hearts be enchain'd in affection's soft ties,
Like good Canning the Clement and Bentinck the Wise
And his reign, as it glides gently, warmly inspire
The bright song of the poet, the minstrel's sweet lyre.



A VOICE FOR THE COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES OF INDIA.

IN FOUR SECTIONS.

1.—INTRODUCTION.

2.—THE PAST OF THE COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES OF INDIA.

3.—THE PRESENT OF THE COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES OF INDIA.

4.—THE FUTURE OF THE COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES OF INDIA.

WITH AN APPEAL TO ENGLAND.

SECTION 1.—*Introduction.*

“The customs duties may vary within reasonable limits, without making the people feel their weight to any appreciable extent; in fact it is principally the shippers and the merchants, who most loudly complain when they are raised. The exportation of rice and oil-seeds, owing to a light export duty, practically touches people with fixed incomes, and the free importation of European goods has impoverished whole classes of artisans. The weaving industry has all but been prostrated; the blacksmiths are no longer able to stand their ground. In the race for open competition, native manufactures are dying out to make room for foreign products. The restoration of native industries is a problem worthy of the anxious consideration of the highest statesman; and although we are opposed to any system of protection, we are humbly of opinion that no undue facilities should be afforded to imports, while exports of manufactured articles are saddled with prohibitory duties. The Viceroy knows well what baneful influence is at times brought to

bear upon the welfare of this country by Manchester. To hold firm the even balance of justice requires no ordinary firmness on the part of our legislators and Governors.”—*Bengalee*, September 21, 1872.

“We fear three-fourths or upwards of the weavers in Bengal have forgotten the art of weaving, and our best weavers have turned pedlars of English piece-goods. Not merely this, the poor peasant women managed to get something, not much, but about $\frac{1}{2}$ to one anna per diem by working at the *Churka*, but the importation of twist along with piece-goods has almost silenced the *Churkas* of the country too.”—*Amrita Bazar Patrika*, 5th September, 1872.

“Instead of being a part and parcel of the British Empire, India is merely a school for her soldiers, a bread-depôt for her starving children, and a market for Manchester goods.”—*Hindoo Patriot* August 5, 1872.

“Partly by the superiority of our machinery, and partly by a calculated and selfish policy, we have utterly destroyed the manufactures of India, which were once so famous. She who once supplied the world with the wonderful produce of her looms, is now dependent on us for her own clothing.”—*England's Financial Relations with India*, by R. Knight.

“Not only have India's interests been sacrificed when they have clashed with the political interests of parties in England, but also when they clashed with commercial interests. India seems too often to be looked upon as if she had been specially created to increase the profits of English Merchants, to afford valuable appointments for English youths, and give us a bountiful supply of cheap cotton.”—*Fawcett's Speech on the Indian Finance question*, 1872.

“The Chairman—Do you see any way in which a substitute could be found for the License-tax and Income-tax, or the revenue of India increased?”

“Mr. Samuel Laing—The Natives of India do not like direct taxation; they understand indirect taxation, and by a tax on imported articles, textile goods, and the like, a very large sum might be obtained. A duty of 15 or 20 per cent. would not be too great a duty; but, of course I would not recommend such rates as have been adopted by America or France.

“The Chairman—Would not that act as a protection to Native industry?”

"Mr. Samuel Laing—There is no doubt that it would operate to some extent in that way, but I am sure of this, that *if India were an independent country tomorrow, she would impose such an import duty as I describe; she would rather tax textile and other imported goods to the extent of 15 per cent. than raise revenue by an Income-tax. I have no doubt that the first thing a Native Parliament would do would be to revise and raise the import duties.*"*—*The Englishman's* London Correspondent's report of the E. I. Finance Committee's Proceedings.†

"I view the balance of trade against India as equivalent to a tribute from that country to England. I do not regard bullion in the same light as any other marketable commodity."—Mr. Fawcett in the E. I. Finance Committee.

"I would regard the severance of India from England as a fatal blow to English prestige, and, as a material loss also. Our trade would dwindle away to nothing, and we would sink to the grade of a second-rate power."—Mr. Massey in the E. I. Finance Committee.

"We cannot but conclude with some observations on the difference between Russian policy towards subject-races, and the policy of the Western states towards their colonial subjects. The policy of England, Spain, Portugal, and of all the Western states in their colonies, is one of gain; a policy of commercial profit; a policy of domination of European settlers over the natives;—a policy inherited from the ancient heathen and essentially egotistic world. The founder of the new Christian world, whose limits should be the limits of the globe, has ordained differently for its history, that in this world there should be neither slave, nor freeman, nor Greek, nor Barbarian, nor Scythian, nor Jew. Russian policy with regard to conquered people is a policy of civil equality in rights, so that the inhabitants of Tashkend instantly obtain equal rights with the inhabitants of ancient Novogorod. It is a policy of self-sacrifice, which renders more to the subjugated, than it exacts of them (for instance the Caucasus, the Khirgers, Tashkend, &c.,) which gives temporarily to the conquered even more rights and immunities than are enjoyed by pure Russians."—*Gazette de la Bourse*.

* In the original the words were not italicised.

† See the "*Englishman*" of 23rd July. 1872.

I want humbly to raise a voice for the **COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES OF INDIA**. It is altogether a novel attempt that I propose to make—one among “things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.” Let me break ground by analyzing and criticising the opinion current about India’s unprecedented prosperity under British rule. Little more than twelve years ago, our first and greatest Finance Minister, Mr. Wilson, in his speech in the Legislative Council, observed, “Sir, it is undoubted that, at the present time, India enjoys a prosperity far beyond comparison with any former times. * * * As a proof of this, let me refer to our Exports and Imports. I hold in my hand official returns, which exhibit the amount of our Exports and Imports in each year since 1834. * * * Well, Sir, in 1834-35 the total of our Exports to all parts was only £ 7,993,420 ; in 1858-59 it was no less than £ 26,989,000 ; and in the present year it will be considerably more. Again, Sir, in 1834-35 the value of our Imports into India was only £4,261,100 ; in 1858-59 it was no less than £21,366,447 ; and in the present year it will exceed £24,000,000. * * * In the face of evidence of this kind, can any one doubt that all classes in India are in a state of prosperity unparalleled at any former time?”* In a lecture, on the “Industrial Economy of India,” delivered by Mr. Beverley, at the Canning Institute, in 1870, it has been remarked that “the trade of India on an average of the last five years is upwards of 86 millions of pounds sterling. A hundred years ago, under the fostering care of the East India Company, it was scarcely two millions. In the face of these figures will any one presume to say that the country has suffered from its connection with the British rule?”† In the Supplement to the Gazette of India, of the 16th November 1872, it is stated that “the foreign trade of India in 1871-72 was remarkably prosperous. Indeed, excepting the aggregate for the years 1863-64, 1864-65, and 1865-66,

* Budget Speech of 1860.

† Report of the Canning Institute for Sessions 1868-69 and 1869-70.

when the exports of raw cotton attained their highest figures, especially in value, the grand total of last year's imports and exports combined is the highest yet recorded." Nothing is more common to hear than remarks in this strain upon the thousand and one benefits derived from British administration," and the great material prosperity of India therefrom. But how far such remarks are well-founded, is a question which has never been raised and subjected to the least scrutiny or examination before the tribunal of public opinion. Indeed, all *prima facie* evidence seems to bear out the truth of the above statements. The facts and figures quoted, are correct beyond challenge. Judging from the apparent grandeur covering the land, it can hardly admit of a doubt that the agriculture of India has received an impetus and acquired a development to which the history of our ancestors furnishes no parallel, that its commerce has multiplied a thousand-fold from what it was in the days of the "Periplus"—and that it has gained in opulence and splendour, compared with which the magnificence of early Hindoo or mediæval Musulman India sinks into insignificance. From the immense increase in the products of our soil, the numerous ports that have sprung up on our sea-boards, the thousands of vessels annually frequenting those ports, the enormous growth of our export-trade, the steady increase in the influx of foreign imports, and the unprecedented augmentation of our revenue, Englishmen may well be disposed to take a complacent view of the present, and feel a glow of pride in pointing to the culmination of India's prosperity, and claim credit from the civilized world on the result. Looking from the English stand point, the state of things now certainly contrasts favourably with all previous instances of the kind, and the conclusions arrived at are incontrovertible. This is one way of viewing the matter. But let us shift our ground to the native stand-point. The scene is changed. The prospect wears a different character altogether. It is denuded of all its charms. There is no greater or more pernicious fallacy than that which lurks

in the proposition of India's "unparalleled prosperity" under the present regime. I admit the increase of the national harvest. I admit the expansion of trade—the high figures attained by our exports and imports. But I take leave to doubt that their net results have been at all favourable to our nation. India under the English reminds me of the fabled mountain-cavern, in the tales of Scheherzade, which was filled with valuable merchandise, and gold and silver ingots in great heaps, but the door of which remained closed to all excepting the few who were in the secret of the words "open *Sesame*" and "shut *Sesame*." It is the Englishmen who enjoy all the fruits of the marvels said to have been wrought, and who keep to themselves as much of the wealth of this country as it is possible for them to keep. India has been no gainer from the improved state of things. The fact is that Englishmen are so accustomed to speak, as if they were the only people and the whole body of the people who inhabit this country, and the advancement of whose interests and welfare constitute the advancement of the interests and welfare of India. To disabuse the public mind, the question raised here for consideration is, whether the prosperity of India is to be understood as identical with the prosperity only of the few alien Europeans who happen to make it their temporary abode, or of the great body of its native population? The true meaning of the phrase is very much necessary to be ascertained in order to come to a just and final decision on the point. The daily experiences of life impress no fact more forcibly upon the mind than that it is the Europeans, and not the Indians, who monopolize all the sources of profit from which any good can result to this country. The maritime trade, from the expansion of which the prosperity so much boasted of is said to have mainly sprung, is found to be almost entirely in the hands of a few English sojourners. Now, if India is to be regarded as made only for its rulers, and not for the ruled, if the commerce carried on by Englishmen is to be understood as implying no other than the commerce of the Indians, then I pack off and retire from the arena

of controversy. But I cannot confound the two irreconcilable interests as one and the same. I cannot persuade myself to believe that India and "all the good that it inherits," are made for a few official Englishmen and independent Britons. I cannot ignore the interests of 200 millions of human beings, forming the great body of its population. I cannot call that to be the true prosperity of India, which is largely enjoyed by an infinitesimal number of aliens, and scarcely at all by the children of the soil. It is the fashion always to hold the bright side of the picture of Indian society to view. The dark side of that picture presents a ragged, toiling, and uncomfortable mass of humanity, the individual units of which are obliged to be content just with their bread, with keeping their body and soul together. Nothing serves so well to expose the fallacy of the declarations commonly made, as for the same persons to speak, almost in the same breath, of the prosperity and the poverty of India—of her opulence and her want of capital—of her aggrandizement and her inability to raise money under exigencies or for public objects. Manifest as are the appropriations of her revenue, her commerce, and her industries, how can a person agree with those who assert that India has prospered under English rule. Rather has that rule effected a complete reversal of her ancient economic position. Without the well-being of the greatest number, the material prosperity of a nation must be a myth—an illusion—an absurdity.

India, described from a native point of view, presents a very different picture from the India presented in Budgets, Blue-books, official reports, and the works of officially-inspired writers. Till now the question of the effect of British rule upon the prosperity and contentment of the people of this country, has been judged and decided from one-sided views, and the subject is shrouded in a veil of conventional notions which have become stereotyped. Dazzled by the superficial lustre around them, and incompetent to suggest the true economic policy for India, the Natives hitherto

accepted the views of their superiors upon trust, without any exercise of criticism or judgment. They blindly rested their belief in them as it were in a commercial Veda. But day by day the light of intelligence is clearing up the fog in their minds. They are daily experiencing the access of common sense into their heads. The more they are being furnished in the upper story, the more the truth of the fact of "a steady narrowing progress to pauperization" is being felt home by them. Under this change in their convictions they find "the wonderful prosperity of India" to be a fiction, and keenly feel the commercial injustice done to them by England. They now see with their own eyes, and not, through spectacles borrowed as of yore, from men in power. They now think for themselves, and exercise their own independent judgment. The plausible sentiments which hitherto influenced public opinion, no longer faithfully represent the views and feelings of their nation. However the eulogistic utterances of their legislators and financiers may throw a halo of romance over the subject, the suffering natives are nevertheless conscious of a certain unreality in the picture called up by them. They have detected the hollowness of the "unexampled prosperity" which has passed into a bye-word of the Indian cabinet, and the motto of the Indian counting-house. It is in name, but not in fact. The picture of it, so often drawn in the sunniest and rosiest colors, has been disenchanted in their vision ; and the native popular mind is made up to, and convinced of, the fact that the so called expansion of the trade of India has resulted in no success to them. The wonders said to have been achieved, and so eloquently expatiated upon, have in truth been followed by a reaction in the opposite direction, and signs not to be mistaken indicate rather the growing wretchedness than the prosperity of the nation. Far from appreciating the immense change in the state of things around them, they question the merit of the commercial policy which has hitherto been at work, and regard it as an insidious evil which has noiselessly

effaced all their arts and crafts, and brought on an abject dependence upon foreign industry. They have passed the noviciate, and are no longer imposed upon by a delusive superficiality. No more do "sound and fury" take them in. They now probe the matter to its bottom. The mere array and pomp of figures does not convince them. "The inference of soundness from mere high figures or simple activity in trade," says the *Bengalee*, "may be as fallacious as that of sound health from the active circulation of blood without reference to the age, sex, and other circumstances of the person."* It is only lately that correct ideas of the prosperity of India have begun to prevail amongst them, and that a change of a state of things so prejudicial to their interests has been earnestly desired. Nothing is more sensibly felt by them now-a-days than that the so-called trade of their country, is, properly speaking, no trade of India. Between a trade carried on bonafide by the Indians, and a trade carried on by the Europeans, they make a broad distinction. They have discovered that the so-called trade of India benefits only a few foreigners, and not the mass of their nation ; and they refuse to place any more confidence in the official assurances. It is not a forest of shipping, or knots of crowded carts in thoroughfares, or a hot haste in the loading and unloading of vessels at the jetties, or exports and imports standing at high figures, that truly indicates the opulence of a nation. They are no better than *prima facie* evidences, from which one cannot be sure of coming to accurate conclusions. The true criterion to judge by of the prosperity of India, is the degree in which the natives of the country are found to participate in the proceeds arising from its several sources of income, and the store of capital accumulated in their hands. The principal sources of a country's wealth are its labour, its agricultural and mineral produce, its own independent manufactures and commerce, and its territorial revenue, or offices. From none of these sources of national income, excepting that of labour, does any native derive more

* The *Bengalee* of the 7th December, 1872.

than a nominal advantage. The legislation of the present Indian Government is all in the direction of encouraging English enterprise, and securing to the Europeans every advantage as a practical monopoly, while to India the existing system has been positively ruinous. Let me take up the case of the Indian agriculturist. He has bettered his position in no respect, notwithstanding that the products of our soil have so immensely increased, and there has grown up a gigantic trade around him. He is still as wretched and degraded as at any time before, and toils as ever unfreed from the bondage of the money-lender, or unrelieved from his squalor, want, and misery. Rather the sphere of his action has been narrowed. He has gradually been evicted from all the rich fields in his province, and pushed into a corner. Various as are the commodities exported from this country, little more is now grown purely by the Indian ryot than food-grains, seeds, sugar-cane, tobacco, and jute, articles that more impose by their bulk than make a substantial return. The growth of all the valuable staples has been appropriated by the Europeans, who possess the best filatures of silk, who own the largest number of indigo factories in the land, and who carry on the cultivation of Indian tea. They virtually command and control the growth of our cotton. True, it is the product of native labour, but labour upon which, not the native husbandman, but the foreign capitalist and the foreign shipper build their edifices of fortune. There is the cultivation of opium, than which there is not at present a more prolific source of return among all the numerous products of Indian agriculture. But it is well known to be a close monopoly of the State. Very often it is consolingly referred to as bringing in a heavy sum to the Indian exchequer. But although India is indebted to British rule for the most part, for this large tribute from China, it is nevertheless the fact that not a single poppy-grower or opium-manufacturer in Behar or Benares, is better off than his neighbours in point of domicile or living. But the tribute from China lightens the burdens of the Indian taxpayer, it will be

said. If the taxpayer had any control over the receipts and disbursements of his country's revenue the argument would certainly be convincing: the tribute would be a gain to the people of India and be felt as such—it would afford genuine relief. But what is the difference of a few millions to those who are compelled year after year to pay for the increasing extravagance and wastefulness of an irresponsible but powerful despotism. Such is the boasted development and improvement of the agricultural resources,—an improvement from which no benefit has fallen to the share of the agricultural people! The recent returns of the Census of the Lower Provinces of Bengal, may afford a basis for an approximate calculation of the whole agricultural population of India. Taking the agricultural class of Bengal at 13,000,000,* out of a population of 66,000,000, the proportion given by 200,000,000, is near 40,000,000, for all India. There is, besides this, the class of agricultural labourers, making 24,000,000, by the same mode of calculation. The two numbers make a total of 64,000,000. This vast mass of humanity is without any visible signs of improvement in their condition. They are scarcely in better circumstances now in point of enlightenment, or the means for the redress of their wrongs, than under previous Governments. Let but the dumb millions of the Indian ryotry find a tongue, and the hollowness of the fact of their standing well as compared with the past generations would be laid bare. "By the confession of the latest authority, they are reduced to the lowest point at which existence can be maintained. Penury, with all its attendant privations, when the season is good, and pinching want bordering on destitution, when the season is bad, are the only alternatives of the ryots' lot."† The Indian

* "Half of them are Mahomedans, half the remainder are aborigines, outcastes from Hinduism, Brahmoe and nothing in particular."—The Hon'ble George Campbell, C. S., D. C. L., author of *India* in all the Tenases, and of numerous schemes for the reconstruction of Government, Society and the individual in India; of *Facts and Figures, of the Revolution in Bengal*, and of diverse Minutes, Letters and Orders on matters Bengalee and things in general. Wile Letter to Government of India recommending suppression of the Rutch or Car of Jagannath.—P. D.

† Torrens' *Empire in Asia*.

peasantry have known no augmentation of comfort—no diminution of misery. They have been likened to leeches —“no sooner full than squeezed dry.” Their augmented produce has served only to meet augmented taxes.

The mineral resources of the country have not yet received the attention they deserve. Those that have been developed, are all worked and utilized by the Europeans. In one solitary instance is a native gentleman known to work a colliery at Searsole. The vast resources in native iron and copper, and other metals, are all lying idle and neglected under the flood of imports from England and Australia.

The enormous expansion of Indian commerce under British rule, is a phrase which finds frequent employment in the speeches and writings of men in this country. But the term *Indian* made use of has no meaning at all, and makes the phrase altogether absurd and deceptive. It may have a meaning in the mouths of the Anglo-Indians, who carry on that commerce, and reap all its benefits. It has no meaning whatever in the mouths of the Natives, who take no part in that commerce. Surely that commerce ought not rightly to be called Indian, which is not carried on by the Indians themselves, which does not accumulate and circulate capital in India, and which does not contribute to its enrichment. There exists no commerce producing these results, properly to deserve the name Indian. To call it so, is to use a misnomer. The so-called Indian commerce is all a fiction for our nation. The only fact about which there can be no dispute, is the growth of a demand for certain articles, such as jute, oil-seeds, and opium, which did not exist before, and under which demand those articles are now extensively cultivated and produced. This is, strictly speaking, development of Indian agriculture, and not expansion of Indian commerce. India has a home-trade of its own, but not any maritime trade. The profit of her commodities ceases to India the moment they are sold off in the port of shipment. They no more bring any return to a native, but to the foreign shipper. There is scarcely a Native merchant or ship owner, no Native voyager or supercargo, no Native

Insurance office, no Native Bank, and no Native agency in foreign markets, the operations of all which machinery can truly be said to constitute Indian commerce, and from which can accrue any real prosperity to India. The Indians have long retired from the sea, and the carrying trade that was once in their hands has passed away into those of the Europeans. They suffered a partial loss of it first from the rivalry of the Arabians, and next from the competition of the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the other European nations, on the discovery of the new trade-route round the Cape. But it was wholly taken over no sooner the East India Company obtained political control over India. Considered in a true commercial light, many of the exports of our country, are "not exchanged in the course of barter, but is taken away without any return or payment whatsoever." The trade in our best raw-silk, indigo, lac-dye, shell-lac, and tea, is carried on without any purchase and payment. Those staples are grown or manufactured and taken out of India by foreigners, who retain all the profits in their country. To look at the question from another point, no country can prosper unless it imports more than it exports. But India is the only unhappy country whose exports are out of all proportion to her imports. She exports now somewhere near £65,000,000, but imports no more than £42,000,000. Let us take into consideration the result of the last 11 years, during which "the export of India," says Mr. Fawcett, "amounted to £541,000,000, and the imports to only £311,000,000, leaving the enormous balance of £230,000,000, due to the country. That had been partly liquidated by an excess of import of treasure over export of £170,000,000. The remaining £60,000,000, might probably be taken as some measure of the sum which India had to pay to England for the expenses of Government, for pensions, salaries, and other sources of the Home income to residents in this country."* Here is a yawning gulf, which is widening every year. Instead of a flow of money into the country, there is a continuous

* Fawcett's speech on the Indian Budget, 6th August in 1872.

under-current of drain. This drain first set in from the time when "the East India Company kept aside a portion of the Indian Revenue" for their commercial investments. Money then passed out through a single channel, but it now pours away through a thousand outlets. Far from prospering, our country evidently suffers from its export trade, "what is tantamount to an annual plunder" of some £25,000,000,—the sum made by the balance of trade due to her. There is, therefore, no greater fallacy than to infer from the high figures at which our exports stand that they add an annual increment to our national wealth,—or to call that commerce Indian which swells the purse of England, and brings no grist to the Indian mill. There cannot be a greater anomaly than that commerce should expand, but no increase of Customs revenue should follow. Look at the vast Customs revenue of England, and compare with it the paltry sum realized by India. Though her commerce has doubled or trebled since 1834, her customs revenue does not show the same proportionate increase, but stands almost stationary.

With regard to the so-much talked of Imports, to view them as proofs of our prosperity is at variance with common sense, and with the acknowledged truths of economical science. They are exotics which yield no fruit to India, but to Manchester, Birmingham, and Cheshire. To regard them in their true light, is to regard them not as a blessing, but as a curse, which has culminated in the ruin of our national industry and home-made manufactures. No untruth is more strenuously sought to be impressed upon our minds than that we form an agricultural nation. Such a misrepresentation is impeached and scouted by all history. From time immemorial India has never been a consumer of foreign goods and manufactures. She is the cradle of all the principal arts which minister to the well-being of mankind. The rest of the world is her pupil in them. It is she who manufactured for other nations, while none manufactured for her. But by a mischievous inversion of that order of things, she is now a dependent upon foreign looms and forges for her supply. Her own rich mineral resources lie neglected, while she buys iron

and copper from other countries. Her own raw cotton is all taken away from her, while she has to buy back the self-same cotton in the shape of made material. Every civilized country in the world is now striving to develop its own independent industry, while one manufacture after another is being crushed out of India under the destructive system of our ruling power. The arts and manufactures of a country form to it an important source of wealth. Without them, there is no digestion and assimilation of the gold and silver flowing into it from outside commerce. They disappear in a receding ebb-tide from its dependence on foreign industry. The account is squared, and the nation finds itself in the same position from which it started. Thus India sells raw cotton to Manchester at Rs. 20 the maund, but having to buy that cotton back again in the shape of Shirtings or Jaconets, at nearly a rupee per pound, or about Rs. 80 the maund, * she finds very little money left to her in the end. In the present high market of the staple, India reaps from her cotton some £15,000,000, from which she repays £10,000,000, for her being a customer of Manchester Twist and Piece-goods. But when cotton once more sees its old prices, and its export comes to nil, there will be nothing to compensate for the heavy loss to India arising from her purchase of foreign goods. The richest country is that which has to sell every thing to others, and buy nothing from them. Such once was the economic position which India occupied. Judging from this point of view, the £42,000,000, to which our imports have shot up, speak rather of a decrease than increase in India's profits—rather of her progressive impoverishment than enrichment.

There remains now the item of revenue to gauge the prosperity or decline of India. True, her territorial revenue has now reached a figure which it never did at any time in its past history. In the most palmy days of the Moguls, it was 32 crores. It now exceeds 50 crores—a sum raised only by the first-class Powers in the

* This is about the average of Whites and Greys of all kinds, taking an 8lb. piece to sell at Rs. 5-8.

world. But the revenue of a country is never fructuous without a recognition of the give-and-take principle. Here only the first and better-half of that principle is followed. Money is raised from the people of which only an infinitesimal portion ever finds its way back again into their hands. The chief and lucrative posts are all filled by Europeans, who are gorged with public money. The Natives ask for bread, and receive a stone. It is the European Civil Service, the European Army, the European Justices, Engineers, Doctors, Schoolmasters, Clergymen, Railway-proprietors, and Fund-holders that almost wholly absorb and eat up the vast sum, leaving at the most but a tithe for the Natives, who are soured at the small share of the loaves and fishes of the State falling to their lot. The truth of this fact becomes at once obvious from the ruling of Mr. Campbell for the Native Civil Service to begin with the sum of Rs. 25 per mensem, or from the recent saying of Sir Philip Wodehouse that "the British Government will not impose taxation upon the people of this country in order to give salaries as high to Natives as to European officials"*—which is as much as to say that tax the Natives not for themselves, but for the Europeans. Not more is the outlawry from office deprecated than the effects of the absenteeism of the British Government. Look at the enormous remittance of 16 crores of rupees for the Home Charges, annually draining and disappearing from the country never to return to it again. "There is not only the plain and palpable drain of the Home Charges to sustain, but a ceaseless, unseen, stream of private remittances of savings and fortunes to aggravate its pressure. The salaries paid out of taxes, and the fortunes saved therefrom, or made in private enterprise by merchants and planters, are never spent upon the soil where they are earned, but are transported to another country as fast as they are realized."† "Nineteen twentieths of our taxes," says Mr. Torrens, "are annually, monthly, it

* Speech made at the Convocation of the Bombay University, on 14th February, 1873.

† *England's Financial Relations with India* by R. Knight.

might almost be said daily re-spent amongst us ; while of the revenues of India a large portion is exported hither to furnish us with extra means of comfort and of luxury. The manure is thus continually withdrawn from eastern fields to enrich the island gardens of the West. It has been variously estimated that, irrespective of interest on debt, six, seven, and even eight millions a year are drawn from India to be spent by Englishmen either there or at home. The process of exhaustion may be slow, but it is sure. Science, skill, care, invention, may devise means of compensation, and when they are applied systematically and permanently, we shall be able to measure their value. But is there any pretence for saying that any attempt of the kind has ever been made, or is efficiently making now ? We have laid the people and the Princes of India under tribute, and after a century of varied experiments, the only limit of exaction seems to be the physical capacity of the yield.* Under the Mahomedans or the Mahrattas, every rupee either plundered, extorted, or levied from the ryots, remained in the land, to come back to them again at some time or other. But there has ensued an abstraction of capital from India since 1757, under which she is now left but an empty shell. How much more would the world, that is agape with wonder at the unheard-of sum of 16 hundred crores recently subscribed to the French Loan for the German War Indemnity, be struck to learn the amount which has been exacted and abstracted away from India from that year down to the present day. It was calculated at 40 crores by Burke down to the year of Warren Hastings' impeachment. It has been calculated by Mr. Robert Knight at 21 hundred crores, taking only the principal items. The accurate amount is almost inexpressible by figures yet known in arithmetic. It is fabulous. Formerly the land-revenue was taken *in kind*. But the English have substituted and set up a demand in coin. The principle of equality in taxation is strictly acted upon, but the principle of equality in emolument or money-making is ignored wholesale.

* Empire in Asia.

Nor has much profit accrued to our country from what I may term the secondary sources of a nation's income. The learned professions make a rich field, but from which it is the Europeans who gather the largest harvest. It is they who keep to themselves the most valuable appointments, enjoy the largest practice, and charge the heaviest commissions and fees. No native lawyer, attorney, schoolmaster, editor, litterateur, engineer, artist, or doctor has yet turned a rich man. The Banks are all in the hands of the Europeans. The principal brokers are Europeans. The Railways belong to European Companies. The Gas Company is European. The public architecture is built and repaired by Europeans. The public advertisements and printing are given to the Europeans. The very University Courses are published by European booksellers. The very Native Hospital is being erected by European builders. In India, which way you turn, it is the European making money that meets the eye. There is no room or verge for the Natives,—no prize, patronage, or prospect for them. They are studiously kept in the back-ground—at arm's length—and beyond a certain range of the rich preserves of the heaven-born. This *world is made for Cæsar*. They should be content with being Deputies, and Subordinates, and Honoraries. The best of them must be no better than Honorary Magistrates, Honorary Municipal Deputy Chairmen,* Honorary Legislative Members, and Honorary Councillors. *Keramidom* is assigned for the rest. Within the four boundaries of that region, and the nether offices, must the mass satisfy the cravings of their ambition, and remunerate their talent and industry. Thus far shalt they go, and no farther. The aggrandizement of a Native is the exception, and not the rule. There is a graduated scale of honors for his nation, but without any *Bermutters* or *Jaghires*.† Truth is stranger

* Since this has been in type, the post of Municipal Deputy Chairman of Calcutta has been given to a Native gentleman on pay.

† Correctly *Brahmatiar*. It is as well to inform the non-Indian reader that Brahmatiar are *Lakhiraj* or rent free lands, so called from being originally granted to Brahmans for maintenance, generally as reward of learning and merit. *Jaghires*, which may or may not be rent-free, are considerable estates originally

than fiction—the very *Khillauts* have to be paid for by their recipients !

The only sources from which India derives an undoubted profit, are Labour and Land. The labour market remains intact to her children, uninvaded by the foreigner. They owe this non-interference, however, not to the tender mercies of a paternal Government, but to the *Indian Sun*, that keeps out all Saheb diggers, and bricklayers, and coolies, from the land. Our labouring classes are now decidedly in better circumstances than in the days of impressment and scanty wages. The *Bunniahs*, or money-lenders, also form a class that is the creation of the British regime. Our land-owners, too, are, many of them, monied men. If there is any class to represent the wealth of our country, it is the Zemindars and Talookdars who have thrived under the Permanent Settlement. But the acquisition of wealth even in this department has to be made, in many instances, not without the tug of war. Ever since Lord William Bentinck removed their disability to hold lands, many Putnees, Durputnees, and Ijaras, have passed into the hands of Europeans, who have virtually become admitted to such landed estates and interests. And the only fat people left for prey, have at last been marked out and doomed. With the utmost casuistical finesse has the narrow end of the wedge been driven, which is to shatter the fabric of their grandeur.

Thus, with the exception of Land and Labour, there is no other source—agriculture, commerce, banking, manufactures, office, or profession, from which there accrues any increment to the indigenous estate and national wealth of India, to justify the prevailing opinion of its growing prosperity. Instead of accumulation of capital, there is a depletion. Instead of aggrandizement, there is decay. The Kohinoor is gone. The treasuries of the ancient Princes of the land have been emptied. The

granted chiefly as rewards of meritorious services. The holders of both these kinds of grants, from their hereditary independence, are among the most honorable classes of the Indian community—the country's backbone—but the British Dead Level, by means of the resumption laws and commissions of enquiry, has crushed out most of them and reduced those whom it has reluctantly spared.

hoarded wealth of ages has disappeared. The gentry live merely from hand to mouth. The peasantry are as much poverty-stricken as ever. The greater the exports, the larger becomes the balance of trade due to India. The more the influx of imports, the less abiding of money there is in the land. The higher the taxation, the higher rise the annual remittances. In the words of Mr. Geddes, "the progressive defertilising of the fields, the progressive deterioration of the cattle, the progressive impoverishment of the people, such are the ghastly results of all this commercial expoliation of the Indian provinces. The very beasts of burden and the lifeless soil itself are made to feel the rigour of English taxation."* Here then, is submitted the counter-case for consideration. Here is a rebutter to the official reports and representations. From the evidence adduced, it would be no paradox to say that the position of India in respect of wealth was, in by-gone times, really solid compared with the position she now occupies. It was then the "sink of precious metals." The force of facts and figures brought forward in official speeches, is nullified by the truth of the pauperization and wretchedness cropping up on all sides. The prosperity laid stress upon, is as much consoling to our nation as is the sight of water beyond reach to a thirsty fever-stricken patient, or the warmth of a light-house lamp to a numbed cold man buffeted by the waves. It may be compared to Ferdousi's "sea without a bottom or shore, in which we may fish long, but shall never find a pearl." Prosperity and studied exclusion from every source of gain cannot co-exist. Prosperity to be a real and widespread national blessing, must be shared by all classes and sects, and not by a favoured few. "India for India" must be the policy, before the land can overflow with milk and honey. There is as little truth in the current opinion of India's prosperity, as in that of its being "a burdensome possession to the British crown." The power and prestige of England are all from that possession. Unless the fertility of Nature had stood good by India,

* *Calcutta Review*, January, 1873.

she would have by this time drifted into bankruptcy. Unless there had been no new wealth-creating products to hold equal the balance between her gains and losses,—between reproduction and destruction, the *milk cow*, which she is described to be to England, would have sunk long before this under her being milked dry. Doubtless the nation now reaps a doubled or trebled harvest. But it has neither augmented the comforts, nor lessened the miseries of Indian peasant life. There is “plenty of ploughing, harrowing, reaping, thrashing,—but the garner contains only smut and stubble.” Doubtless there has been expansion of trade, as attested by high figures, since 1834. But that trade has neither increased our Customs revenue to help us in our financial difficulties, nor in anywise improved the position of our nation. The process that is going on, is to rebuild what has been undermined,—to reproduce what has been abstracted. There is unquestioned moral and intellectual elevation under British dispensation, but no *material prosperity*. First point out the source from which it ensues, and then it is to be acknowledged. The dead level policy that grinds a butterfly upon a wheel, emphatically gives the lie to that prosperity. The great scarcity of capital felt in India, contradicts it. The truth is, that with high prices for food, and increased wages, and commerce all in foreign hands, and domestic manufactures gone, and a pauperizing system of rule, the condition of India now is such that, instead of its forming a matter for congratulation and legitimate exultation, or exciting thankfulness in our minds and hope in our breasts, it ought, on the contrary, to cause the gravest alarm to all her true well-wishers. If there is one delusion current in India, it is the delusion of its prosperousness.

In the light of facts shed upon the subject, the small value of the commercial statistics commonly cited, is well seen. They prove the existence of prosperity upon paper, but not in reality. In the face of the drain pointed out, will any one presume to deny that the country has not suffered from its con-

nection with the British nation. Loudly then to proclaim its material civilization when our great country is being sent to perdition, is to utter the most bare-faced cant, and platitude, and rhetoric. The wonder is how men in high office, conscious as they are of the very antithesis of prosperity, could ever have been betrayed into talking in such fashion. The British, as has been well said, are "alternately to be proud and ashamed of their Empire in the East."—It is time to dissipate the error involved in the opinions forming the settled creed of the country, and governing the public mind. Upon the exposition of their fallacy depends the prosperous future of India. I have referred to all, the principal points for consideration, with as much brevity as is consistent with a clear and intelligible demonstration. But it is the particular object of this paper to examine in detail the questions of India's Commerce and Manufactures, and to advocate a change of the Indian Commercial Policy—a policy that should abolish all duty upon the Exports to enable behind-hand India to compete with more intelligent nations, and that should levy an increased rate of duties upon the Imports to rescue her arts and industries from ruin, and give to the country, which has been robbed of its liberty, a true and substantial glory in exchange.

It is not a little surprising that a matter of such high importance from fiscal considerations, as the restoration of our commerce to its ancient basis, and the revival of our manufactures, should never have suggested itself to the mind of any portion of our community. I can well understand the reason for which European politico-economical writers and speakers in this country abstain from a truthful witness-bearing to the state of Indian trade and industry, and pressing the subject on public attention. It is not because the facts are not within their knowledge, or that the truth is beyond their powers to penetrate. Not so. To "give it an understanding, but no tongue," is what they have adopted by universal consent. Their silence is deliberate. It would be unconventional to indulge in outspoken views. They are reluctant to give out the truth in the matter,

The silence of Government on the subject.

lest it should operate to the prejudice of their nation. They have come to this country "to get rich," and not "to do good to their native fellow-subjects."* They want "to make the whole Indian nation subservient, in every possible way, to the interests and benefits of themselves."† Never is this fundamental policy lost sight of in all that they legislate, inaugurate, or instruct. There is always a firm unvarying pressure of opinions, from all classes of their nation—from Home, from the Press, from the counting-house, and from the professions,—never to diverge from that policy. Under the trammels of this narrow traditional policy, the Government here is precluded from discharging its functions "with a careful regard to right and conscience." It is restrained from acting on enlarged views and benevolent principles. It has to govern principally with hopes, promises, professions, fair words, and ostensible good intentions. It has to practice equivocations, and speak in enigmas—to suppress or exaggerate accounts as the occasion requires. There is the grand resource to make up deficits from increased import duties. But in deference to the interests of Lancashire, it shirks all enquiry into the condition of our native industries. Such a matter has been passed over in the Queen's Proclamation. It is never discussed in the Legislature. It is never brought forward in the Budget. Holding the notion that our nation is a purely agricultural people, the attention of our Government is directed towards increasing the efficiency and productiveness of the soil. Our cattle excite its pity. Our rude agricultural implements attract its notice. It encourages irrigation. It opens canals. It introduces model-farms. It teaches us to grow the best cotton. It promotes agricultural exhibitions. The boasted reforms of Mr. Campbell are simply intended to degrade our

* In its issue of the 16th January, 1873, the *Englishman* remarked:—"A Native paper says that the Englishmen who come to this country may be divided into three classes: one consists of those who come to govern the country, another of those who come to get rich, and a third of those whose only object in coming out is to do good to their native fellow-subjects. How many are there of the latter we wonder?" The Editor means as much as to say that there is no such Englishman. It is seldom that we meet with such instances of candid avowal.

† Letters on Indian Affairs, by the Honourable F. J. Shore.

nation into husbandmen, and field surveyors, and bricklayers. How he is fussy in all other matters, but profoundly silent on the point of encouraging our manufactures. "It is strange," says the *Hindoo Patriot*, "that the Bengal Government, which is noisy in other matters, does not say a word about questions which affect so seriously the material prospects of the people." In our Schools of Industry are taught only Painting, Sculpture, Casting, and such other fancy-arts. But æsthetic improvements wrongly take the precedence of materialistic improvements. The development of native commercial and manufacturing talent is never deemed worth a thought. The ruin of our piece-goods trade and iron-trade never touches the conscience or compunction of our Government. Manchester and Birmingham have laid down the routine for it—and India is treated as an outlying field for the supply of raw materials to the workshops of those places. The appointment of a member of Commerce in the India Council or the creation of the "Department of Agriculture, Revenue, and Commerce," may be pointed out to us for our comfort. But we cannot allow ourselves to be deceived or lulled into composure by those facts, when they are not in the true interests of the sons of India. The first has not been established with a view to open a maritime career for the Natives, to call forth their nautical courage, and train them to be a sea-going people. The second is intended to teach us no more than to dig, and it can be of little service when the truth has been told by Mr. Campbell, "that we know nothing about agriculture, we are children in that respect, and we cannot teach others till we are ourselves taught, and that the ryots are much better fitted to teach us."* Hemmed in by an iron net work of inexorable prejudices, the Government of India truckles to the interests of its countrymen and barter away the happiness of our manufacturing population. It is not allowed to have an independent commercial policy for India. It must stimulate only agricultural industry, and hold out no more

* Minute on "Model Farms,"

encouragement to the Indian manufacturers than to lay out a small sum every decade to collect and exhibit their works at the Crystal Hall, in Paris, or in Vienna.

Following in the same wake, the Anglo-Indian jour-

The silence of the European Press on the subject.

nalists maintain a perfect reticence and impenetrable reserve on the subject.

They worship the policy which creates every thing into a privilege for their nation. They write as much under official inspiration, as subsidization. To those who have studied the history of the Anglo-Indian Press, it must have appeared that its Editors labour under a sort of thralldom.* They obey the secret in-

* The want of independence in the Anglo-Indian Press is traced almost from its very beginning. The following extract from the Asiatic Journal is dated so far back as July, 1838. "We are in a condition to prove, that although the press of India is acknowledged, even by the loudest advocates of its liberty, to be, as regards the measures of the Government, practically quite as free as the press of this country, it has been labouring under a thralldom, as respects the East-India question, of the very worst kind. It appears that a large portion of the Calcutta newspapers, which, to a certain extent, supply those of England and the rest of India with facts and notions concerning the subsidiary parts of the East-India question, have been under the direct influence and control, of the mercantile interest at Calcutta, which influence and control, if we can trust a Mofussil paper, have been abused. The fact that most of the papers of that Presidency were influenced by the mercantile interest, and had no voice in opposition to that interest, was some time back proclaimed by the *Calcutta Courier*. More recently the *Meerut Observer* has directly connected several of the Calcutta Journals with the houses of agency which have failed, and has charged pretty plainly with guilty subserviency to their views. 'We can no longer forbear,' it observes, 'noticing the secret influence that is exerted over a portion of the Calcutta press, which tends to give security to dubious mercantile transactions, and screen popular individuals from the scrutiny of public opinion.' As far as we can find out, it does not appear that more than one paper has noticed this imputation, and that paper is the *Bengal Hurkaru*. The other journals seem to have suffered judgment to go by default. The *Bengal Hurkaru* admits a connection with two agency houses, one of them that of Alexander & Co., which has lately failed. Amongst the statement of assets belonging to the other insolvent firm of Mackintosh and Co., we have observed, 'Share in the *India Gazette*.' Having shown the fact of connection, and consequently that of control, we may, without at once adopting all the accusations levelled at this part of the Calcutta press by the *Meerut Observer*, surely draw some inference from the ominous and disgraceful silence observed by the papers in question with regard to facts which no one can believe were not within the knowledge of their conductors, or at least of their proprietors." Every word in the above extract receives confirmation from the revelations recently made by Mr. Stocquer in his "Reminiscences of an Indian Journalist:"—"Sam Smith of the *Hurkaru* dated not tell Alexander & Co., they were scoundrels—he owed the house seven lacs of Rupees. Wm. Adam could not allow Mackintosh & Co., to be abused in the *India Gazette*, for it had been their paper: and George Prinsep, who edited the *Courier*, was an ex-partner of the great house of Palmer & Co. Rogues all." It is to be asked whether there is not the same "guilty subserviency of views" even to this day—the same "barking the expression of opinions adverse to the Agency Houses."

fluence and control of class-interests. In the words of the *Lucknow Times*, they "have no single-minded adherence to principle and truth. They 'give to party what was meant for mankind,' and sacrifice 'God's own truth' in order to uphold the prejudices of race or faction."* There is one paper which exclusively advocates the interests of the Civil Service, and another of the Military Service—one which upholds the cause of the non-official class, and another of the Eurasians. Scarcely "actuated by any higher motive than a consideration for rupees, annas, and pies, they principally write with a reference to their subscription-list," and are tongue-tied to plead any thing in favour of the Natives. The question raised for discussion here is advisedly ignored by them, and is kept in the back-ground, enveloped in the strictest secrecy. Not a whisper escapes from them against the stereotyped notions, questioning their validity, and impugning their truth. They are very out-spoken against "the new fangled ideas" and "growing spirit" of the educated Natives. They can move heaven and earth for a Cotton Frauds Bill, or Labour Contract Bill; they can clamour for the abolition of the Opium monopoly; and they can keep up an outcry against the only tax that directly falls upon the pockets of their countrymen—the Income Tax, for almost every day in the twelve months, from year to year,† utilizing every small fact and every scant opportunity to din the ears of the public with their cries. But they can never persuade themselves to raise the feeblest voice against the policy which protects the interests of the English weavers, hardware-men, or salt-manufacturers, to the utter detriment and ruination of our industrial classes. Far from attempting to disturb the settled convictions, they persist to inculcate the same views, to chime in the customary strain, and to keep up the delusion. If ever they chance to recur to the subject, it is only for an

* This was expressed in comment on the Ooterparah meeting held in honor of Mr. Routledge, the retired Editor who for once made the "Friend of India" deserve its name.

† Take up the files for 1870, 1871 and 1872, and there is not a number in which something has not been said about the Income Tax.

occasion to indulge in a fresh ebullition of national vanity and to swell the song of triumph in their favourite tune.*

Our European merchants "and independent Britons"

Silence of the European mercantile class on the subject.

can never be expected to make a clean breast of the matter. Frankness on their part is directly opposed to their best interests. They are come to the Pagoda-land, to give a shake to the tree, and retire with heavy purses. Most of them represent the manufacturers and merchants of England, and are trained up in foregone conclusions. The path they are to tread is chalked out before them. With an eye steadily fixed on the "Omnipotent Rupee," and under a mission sedulously to promote the success of their constituents, they presume not to question the established creed. From men so circumstanced no sympathy, disinterestedness, or magnanimity can ever be expected. They can well point out that "the Permanent Settlement is not unalterable like the laws of the Medes and Persians," but they can never brook the idea of a revision of the Tariff in favor of the Indian weaver or artizan. Their great object is to accomplish the overthrow of our industrial population, and establish an industrial conquest. English politicians and generals come here to acquire territories—English merchants and tradesmen come here to open markets.● The former come to enslave a revenue-yielding population. The latter come to secure producers of raw material, and consumers of manufactured goods. Taxation is not the only object of a modern European conqueror—the profits of the commerce of the conquered country must also be appropriated. Thus their best instincts prompt them to keep up the perpetual harping upon the idea that India is to produce, and England to manufacture. There is the Chamber of Commerce, which is entrusted to act "the philosopher and guide" in all our commercial affairs. But no good can ever come to India through the intervention of a body of men who can hardly subdue their nature to get over the partiality for their nation, and whose main object it is to denounce all con-

* For an instance, see the *Englishman* of Nov. 1, 1872.

cessions in favor of the Natives—and overawe the Government from proceeding upon principles of justice and benevolence. The only point about which its members have been found to express an especial concern, is the abolition of the Rice-duty, which has become a sore-point about which they vent their indignation annually at every Budget-time.

The books relating to India are so vast in number, as to compose a library. But while there are books of Travels and books of History, books on the Religion of the people of India, books on their Laws, books on their sciences and manners, and books on their Antiquities, there is not a single book to speak of on their Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce—no systematic and faithful account of them as they were and as they at present exist. No Royal Commission has ever issued—no comprehensive local enquiry with reference to them has ever been instituted, either privately or officially. Since Dr. Buchanan Hamilton's labors in some half a dozen districts, the Government has not ever undertaken such an important Statistical Survey in any part of its dominions. There is scarcely a book of such rare ability and excellence as that on "Orissa," recently published by Dr. Hunter. But coming as it does from the Gazetteer Office, I should deem it an imperfect outcome from a statistical point of view. The professed object of the work is to supply more a statistical than a historical account of that Province, and no information more useful or needed could have been embodied in it than such as relates to the commerce and manufactures of that country. This is essentially necessary in a narrative intended to exhibit "the inner life of a people in minute detail." The author, however, has been particularly lavish in his descriptions of agricultural life in Orissa, in pursuance of the agricultural cue of his countrymen. The landlord and the husbandman, the tenures and rents, the soil and the crops have all had the amplest notice. But the Oriya industrial classes, their number, their occupations, their condition, and the commercial and manufacturing capabilities of the land, are points which have been passed over in utter

silence. The only manufacture noticed, is that of salt at Parikud. The only account given of the Oriya weavers, is that they are "numerous, poor ; considered stupid and pitied." The only trade-history of the province that has been supplied, is "a statement of the import and export trade of the port of False Point."—This serious omission of an important account calculated to draw public attention to the condition of several thousands struggling hard for the barest necessities of life, is a blemish which cannot be compensated for by any amount of fine-writing. The Native public demands an honest account of the effect of British rule on the arts and industries of India, and this demand is unsatisfied by Dr. Hunter's work, which was avowedly undertaken to be statistical, and paid for out of the Indian revenue for that purpose. It is difficult to account for this silence of the European writers, without supposing it to proceed from their easy belief that English domination in India has been to her a godsend. "I well recollect," says the Honourable Frederick John Shore, "the quiet, comfortable, and settled conviction, which in those days existed in the minds of the English population, of the blessings conferred on the natives of India by the establishment of the English rule. Our superiority to the Native Government which we had supplanted; the excellent system for the administration of justice which we had introduced ; our moderation ; our anxiety to benefit the people—in short, our virtues of every description—were descanted on as so many established truths, which it was a heresy to controvert. Occasionally, I remember, to have heard some hints and assertions of a contrary nature from some one who had spent many years in the interior of the country ; but the storm which was immediately raised and thundered on the head of the unfortunate individual who should presume to question the established creed was almost sufficient to appal the boldest.*" Thus there are always some right-minded Englishmen who are disposed to speak out the truth, but who are constrained to hold their tongues, lest they

* Notes on Indian Affairs.

should be betrayed into political heresy.*—India has had friends in Englishmen few and far between. There arose one—Burke, and there has appeared another—Fawcett.

The silence of the European community in general, interested as it deeply is in maintaining the existing commercial not less than political *regime*, is the most natural thing in the world. Nor does that naturalness involve the question of the good faith of the members of that community. But I am surprised at the supineness and negligence of the Natives themselves, to whom it has occurred never to discuss the question, and expose the fallacy of the declarations and doctrines of their rulers. To this day they have not entered a protest against the policy which has brought on the decadence of their trade and manufactures, and reduced them to an abject dependence on foreign looms and forges. So little are they

* "But even these clear-sighted and true-hearted advocates of the wiser and the juster ways of rule felt themselves restrained by the prevalence of opposite ideas among their superiors in office, and still more among their equals and associates in the service, from urging openly or too often considerations which they knew would be sneered at as sentimental, and laughed at as weak and fantastic. An honest man placed in the trying position where he would fain ward off injustice from the weak, and at the same time save the honor of his country from the stain of sordid wrong, and who is conscious that, failing to dissuade those above him in authority from the evil course contemplated, he will himself be called upon to be its instrument, or to give way to a successor less scrupulous than himself,—an upright and honest man in such a case may well be pardoned if he fears to embody in a formal report sentiments of indignation and grief, which in his private correspondence may overflow. To his *doctrineaire* chief in power, he feels that it were worse than useless to appeal on grounds of magnanimity or expediency. All his weight with him, and all his chance of leave to throw that weight in the scale while yet it wavers, depends upon his retaining some measure of respect with the short-sighted. He must gulp down each rising suggestion of immediate pity or of remote policy, lest the ruling spirits, inflamed by such remonstrance, should exclaim, 'What have we to do with thee? art thou come to torment us with misgivings before the time?' with presages of calamity that may prove but rhodomontade, and which sound like mere romance.' Many a worthy English official has had to gnaw his heart out with vexation at finding himself placed in a position of this kind, a position which he knows not how to justify thoroughly to himself, and yet which it may seem cowardice and selfish to abandon. The consequences of the hand to mouth impolicy of fiscal exaction and territorial encroachment, weigh upon his pen and tongue by day, and trouble his sleep by night. The field committed to his care, which he would have sown with the seeds of contentment, confidence, and gratitude, he sees doomed to bring forth suspicion, anger, hatred, and the mute looking for a day of retribution. And his grief, if he be a true man, true to the honor of his race, his creed, and his country, is that his hand should, in spite of himself, be used to withhold the good, and to scatter broadcast the pestiferous seed"—Torrens' 'Empire in Asia' "

interested in the study of commercial politics, that there is scarcely any body among them who has ever given a thought to the matter, and brought home to his mind the fact of his living in a state of double slavery. They take no pains to gather any commercial statistics from the actual state of things around them, and ascertain the actual fact. They never inquire into the condition of our weavers, and calculate the annual loss to our country from the decay of its large cotton-industry. The idea of a Native Chamber of Commerce to protect their commercial interests, has not yet entered into any one's head. Our young men all go to England either for the Civil Service, the Medical Service, or the Bar. No one goes to attend the lectures at the Royal Institution, or the Royal School of Mines, London, or enter any of the schools of practical engineering or useful arts, or learn iron smelting at Birmingham, or cloth-weaving at Manchester. There is a universal craving only for the profits of office—no inclination for mercantile or manufacturing pursuits. The educated natives have not yet got over the prejudice of their ancestors against trade—still thinking it less honorable than quill-driving. They are pleased with a few casual bonbons or lollipops in the shape of a High Court Judgeship, or Foreign Office Attacheship,—contemptuous crumbs to Cerberus or reluctant sacrifices to a vague apprehension of the Nemesis of Injustice. Barren Rajaships and Rai Bahadoorships make them content, and turn them away from their duties to the nation.* They

* It is to be questioned whether an influential Native gentleman is justified in accepting an *honorary post* and setting up a bad precedent for his nation. The Government does not sincerely mean to bring up us in self-government, and therefore does not like to throw away good money upon dummies, toadies, Sanscrit volunteers-laureate, and Fadladeens whose political conduct and opinions are founded upon the advice of Sadi :—"should the prince at noonday say, "It is night," declare that you behold the moon and stars." Rammohun Roy was not addressed as a Rajah by the British Government, though he was made one by the Emperor of Delhi. This has been particularly pointed out by Mr. Kaye in his "History of the Sepoy War". Dwarkanath Tagore declined, Peabody-like, the honor of a Rajaship from the Queen herself. The only Native gentleman who has shown firmness of mind to refuse empty honors, is Baboo Ananda Krishna Bose. The Government is perhaps not aware that it often bestows Rai Bahadoorships upon people who, to use a Bengali colloquialism, have not the wherewithal for their *handies* in the kitchen. Honour-seeking is growing into an inveterate vice of our nation, as drunkenness has already become, and all true patriots may some day have to

struggle for semblance of worth, and neglect the substance. I do not find them wanting in shrewdness, but I cannot overlook the weakness which makes them so easy victims. This is partly traceable to their antecedents, and partly to the defective system of their mere book-reading education. I am not at all content with the quality of high education already given, or with the quantity of mass education, proposed to be given to our nation. The one only turns out men who are every one for himself. The other is intended to be in name, and not in substance—like gold beaten into leaf and worth only a trifle. I want a system of principle-implanting and nation-making education. Our leading men in vain lay the flattering unction to their souls to elevate the country by mere intellectual or moral projects. It is high time for them to direct their attention towards the substantial interests of the country—towards the attainment of those materialistic improvements, without which our progress can never be solid, and our nation can never get to “a status co-equal with that of the civilized and superior nations of the earth.” The British Indian Association, representing the collective wisdom and wealth of the country, certainly forms the hope and resource of our nation in the present generation. But it is exceedingly apt to forget its proper functions of a spokesman for all classes. It should endeavour to justify its existence to the community with something more than confining all the stress of its advocacy within the limits of one subject that is its speciality. It should not rest content with being true only to itself, but should exercise its thoughts out of the conventional groove on questions of general national interest—on agricultural and industrial improvements affecting the welfare of millions. In no small degree has the nation been disappointed to find that body never to have spoken a word in the interest of the

employ their tongue and pen for its suppression. There is no genuine baha-dooing left for a subject-race—we all eat the humble pie. In very pity, the Government should do away with all “tag-rag and bob-tail” Raj-Bahadoors, as Mr. Anstey wants to have done with all tag-rag and bob-tail articulated clerks. Let us leave the shadow, and try for the substance. Let us have something more than electroplating—let us have the true ring of metal.

arts and industries of India, which are of the first importance in maintaining the social economy of a country. It has never called for a revision of the Tariff in favour of the Indian manufacturer. It has never raised its voice for the emancipation of our commerce. It did not study the subject of Indian Finance, so as to have been prepared to depute a member to give evidence before the Indian Finance Committee. Questions such as these, recommended by every consideration for the exalting, the strengthening, and the fitting out of our nation for a position in the civilised world, are seldom or never taken up for ventilation. The organ of that august body scarcely deals in other matters than land-politics—tenures, rents and cesses. It must have been remarked by all who have read the petition of that Association to Parliament, praying for a Royal Commission to enquire into our grievances, that all the points, such as the defective constitution of our Legislative Councils, the mismanagement of our Finances, the imposition of oppressive Local Cesses and Taxes, the increase of the cost of the Army, the diminution of the Railway Traffic, the imperfect organization of the Civil Courts, the inefficiency of the Police, the defective constitution of the Municipal Councils and the injurious effects of a periodic revision of the Land Tax, have been duly urged and commented upon, but that not even the remotest allusion has been made to an “evil of the greatest magnitude which is corroding the very core of our political existence”—I mean the distress and loss arising from the annihilation of our indigenous trade and manufactures. This is a grievance the removal of which has become imperatively necessary, I think, before that of all others, to impart renewed vitality to our dear India.

The Vernacular Press has acquired a recognised status. It is marked by a tone of manly independence, of which the nation stands in need to be respected and heard. But it yet bears too much of a desultory character, which makes its efforts barren of results. It works without an aim, and lets off only random shots. To be of real service to the country, it should lay down a fixed

code of principles to go by—it should adopt a line of systematic procedure. Instead of being the organ of the ideas of the moment, and the echo of the rumours of each day, upon which is frittered away its energies, it should usefully employ itself in bearing its concentrated influence upon all that which tends to ensure practical good to the country. It should spread information promoting practical knowledge, and calling forth practical talent. It should instruct and enlighten the agricultural and industrial classes to assert their just rights, and resume their ancient callings. It should suggest improvements to their professions, and advocate their interests. It should rouse the rural population from “the cataleptic trance imposed by the Paramount Power on all local activity,” and teach them to “delve and weave, speculate and spin, with the energy and profit necessary for the accumulation and the diffusion of wealth.” The limb of native industry has broken,—it should be set right again for work. The Native English Vernacular Papers, should preach for the founding of independent Native Banks, Native Companies and Corporations, Native Mills and Factories, and Native Chambers of Commerce in the Presidencies. They should denounce the insensate practice of preferring foreign goods to home-made manufactures. They should inculcate the discipline of self-denial, and the cultivation of patriotic sentiments. They should collect and compile details of Indian urban life, to draw public attention to the helpless condition of our weavers, blacksmiths, and mechanics. They should point out the enormous and unceasing drain upon the profits of Indian labour, to show that the country is growing poorer year by year, and thoroughly expose the statistical delusion of the authorities. They should sedulously strive for the subversion of the policy, which, in addition to our *political* slavery, has steeped the country also in an *industrial* slavery. Look at the unanimous concert of all the Europeans in concealing the fact of our country's impoverishment. Let us imitate a similar concert in awakening ourselves from our dreams, and starting in the race for all that is practical and productive of wealth.

Merchant-princes, like the late Baboo Mutty Lall Seal or Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, there have been from time to time, but they, it must be acknowledged, knew only how to build their own individual fortunes, and never took a broad view of the interests of their country, nor directed their thoughts to the important question of national fortune-making. The development of the agricultural, industrial, and commercial pursuits of India, purely for her own sake and benefit, has not yet engaged the consideration of any of our leading men. There has not arisen a commercial politician among us to this day. There is no agitation about the matter in any of our public debating clubs. The Bethune Society, standing for twenty years, has never alluded to the subject in the long course of its existence. The Social Science Association, whose peculiar vocation it is, never has taken up the topic. Not one of our platform men has ever come forward to expatiate upon the all important theme. It has never been broached in Native literature—never been treated of in any Native magazine. It has never been the grievance of a public memorial—never been made the occasion for a monster-meeting. The nation is busy only in acquiring brain-power. It minds not its material needs. Such is either the blind ignorance or profound apathy prevailing amongst the Natives towards a subject, to which their attention ought to be diverted from all other channels—which should be “the ocean to the rivers of all their thoughts”—which should appeal not to their self-love only but also to their patriotism; particularly if the formation of themselves into a recognised nation be at all their ambition.

The only solitary instance which forms an exception, is that furnished by Baboo Kissen Mohun Mullick. He, it is, who has, for the first time, broken the dead silence maintain-

Baboo Kissen Mohun
Mullick's Pamphlets.

ed on the subject, and attempted to drag the matter from its obscurity to the foreground, treating it in a systematic way. In the space of two years, he has, one by one, brought out three pamphlets on “Bengal Commerce,” which have been read with no little interest and eagerness. Doubtless

he has shown a right noble example of energy and sense of duty to the world in his far advanced age, laying the country under no common obligation thereby. That a Hindu gentleman, passed his seventieth year, should, giving up his noonday *siesta* and quiet *Harinam*, inpose upon himself the task of laborious researches for the compilation of an account of the commerce of his country, is a noteworthy fact which bespeaks an energy not conceded to his countrymen. His three successive pamphlets must always falsify the charge of that effetism into which a Native is said to lapse after he is five and twenty, and which has passed into a byword for our reproach. They attest the existence of fire even in a cold sexagenarian Hindu. In this respect, his effort can never be lauded or prized too highly. To Baboo Kissen Mohun Mullick is particularly due the great merit of having "brought to the labour meritorious qualities of industry and research," and he is also entitled to our unbounded thankfulness for his having first roused our dormant attention, and turned the national mind towards a matter which is of vital importance for laying the foundation of a new and prosperous Indian society. He has, Columbus-like, led us into a new field—a new region. But I have to observe, with much regret, that his work is characterised by a meagreness which has caused feelings of great disappointment. It is, besides, pervaded by the want of a manly tone and generous sympathy which was least anticipated, and which can never be atoned for by his faultless English. His long experience "both in local and external trade from 1816," his careful study of the subject for many years, his acknowledged talents, his mature judgment, and the weight of his venerable age, all raised high expectations, expectations which have been sadly disappointed by the miserable enough result. It is sincerely lamented that he has thrown away the opportunity of making his production really useful, telling, and popular. He has neglected to utilize the rich store of materials from which an invaluable work might have been educed, so as to form a precious legacy for his countrymen. He has the credit only of having first broken the ground **4n**.

a new field, but not of having ploughed deep into the soil, and sown the seeds for germs of future thought. The want of a definite plan or aim is obvious throughout the work. There is no great central truth from which he starts with a proposition. No point is sought to be established. From a perusal of his pamphlets, we make no useful deductions, nor receive any new light. He treats us only with brilliant, but driftless, common-places. He has set forth a long array of culled facts, treasured up in his memory, which possess no pointed significance. He has compiled figures, which are utterly naked without the elaboration of arguments, and which, therefore, preach nothing, convince none, and leave no mark on our thoughts.

Baboo Kissen Mohun Mullick starts with a magnificent promise—"to deal with the present and former position of Indian Commerce." But he has fulfilled that promise most poorly. His view of "the former position of Indian Commerce," is confined only to a few years preceding the year 1814, in which India was opened to Free Trade, and England unscrupulously set itself to the task of systematically annihilating our national industry. The *great past* of that Commerce, beyond the period of English rule, has been altogether overlooked, and without a notice of which there can be no true comparison between the state of things that has gone by, and that which exists now. In treating of the "present position of Indian Commerce," little more has been done than to state barely that certain articles have improved their position, while others have lost their ground, that our *Raw silk* has been almost superseded in the London market by the enormous imports of China—that in six years ending 1870, "the consumption of *Bengal silk piece-goods* has been steadily falling off from 9,600 to 4,300 Bales"—that "since 1849-50, or in 20 years, the export of Indian *Sugar* to Great Britain has fallen from 18 lacs to 1 lac and 23 thousand maunds"—that "as compared with 1859, the delivery of *Indigo* in 1870 decreased by 6,210 Chests, but the price, nevertheless, was 2s. 6d. per lb higher than in 1859"—that "*Saltpetre* has almost lost its position, in

Europe"—that "our total export of *Rice* to all ports was 63,79,800 mds. in 1869-70, against 43,71,300 in 1859-60,"—that "ever since the Crimean War in 1856, *Linseed* has obtained a better footing in England, and been steadily advancing in price which has led to a diminished export to Great Britain"—that *Jute* has "flourished so well and attained so remarkable an attitude within a few years, that in 1859-60 we exported to Great Britain 10,74,640 India maunds, value 26,52,800 Rs., but in 1869-70, 33,61,860 maunds, value 1,54,73,000Rs.,"—and that in ten years from 1859-60 the export of our Tea has increased by "1,30,000 packages amounting in value to 91,05,700 Rs." Such are the bare statistics from which all that is simply learnt is, how one staple has declined, and how another has prospered. Beyond this, no attempt has been made to clear up the mysteries in which the matter is involved. Baboo Kissen Mohun Mullick makes no allusion to the condition of our Foreign trade—in whose hands it lies, and by whom it is conducted and controlled. He does not clearly state the party who suffers or gains from its decline or expansion. He does not point out whether it is the Europeans or the Natives who possess the best silk filatures and the greatest number of Indigo factories, that we should either go into ecstasies at the flourish of their exports, or weep at their decay. He gives the number of Tea Companies, and dwells on the growth of their traffic—but it is difficult to make out from what point of view he alludes with exultant feelings to the several Indian Tea Estates, none of which is owned by any of his countrymen. The drift of his statements, if there is any, is extremely vague and misleading. He draws no line of distinction between the interests of the Europeans and those of the Indians. They are antagonistic—that which promotes the one, ruins the other. Entirely as our outside trade is in the hands of foreigners, to call it *Indian commerce* is to give it a misnomer. By attaching no clear meaning to those words, he has bewildered himself, and confounds his readers. He talks of "our exports" and "our imports." They are not *ours* in the strict sense of the term, but of those who reap

the benefits of those exports and imports. More precise language ought to have been used to arrive at accurate conclusions.

The view taken of the *Imports* is a mistake from the beginning to the end. The Baboo has "endeavoured to show how the trade in English and foreign *Cotton Twists* and *Yarns* has progressed in this country within the last 40 years." He has "noticed that the value of the imports of British Goods has, within the 30 years down to 1869-70, risen from Rs. 97,60,911 to Rs. 8,12,54,853," and that "in 1870-71 there is a further increase of Rs. 2,19,77,052, or a total of Rs. 10,32,31,534, as regards the British Goods alone." I am indeed puzzled what to make out of this statement—whether I should call that progress which is clearly ruination,—whether I should congratulate or lament? There are those, and among them are even many right-minded Englishmen, who do denounce these "overwhelming imports of Cotton Twist and Cotton Goods" as of the utmost detriment to the interests of our native spinners and weavers, and as impoverishing our national wealth. But on the principle of the greatest good of the greatest number, Baboo Kissen Mohun Mullick not only defends and deems them beneficial, but is full of overflowing gratitude to Manchester and Glasgow. He even rails at the patriotism of those who lament the annihilation of their country's arts and industry, doubting "whether under the most favourable circumstance, it could ever have been within the scope of India's own resources and capability to meet the wants of her vast population of the present age at such moderate rates as we are now used to." To doubt the capability of India, is as much as to insinuate that in past times the mass of the people of this country either went in a state of nudity, or had their modesty hid by leaves and barks of trees. The Baboo has quite stultified himself by stating in one place "that countless cartloads and boatloads of cloths enough to serve for cargoes of vessels, independently of providing for a vast local consumption, were manufactured through the medium of the country thread"—these being "proofs before us in history that

such *was* once the capability of India," and then doubting that capability. If India's manufacturing power was so great in times of misrule and anarchy, when genius had little encouragement, and labour a scanty reward, how many times more would that power have increased under the security of life and property we now enjoy, under increased intelligence, increased energy, and increased prosperity. The Baboo seems to think that our population was never so great as now. But we learn from the ancient Greek authors that "there were, between the Hydaspes and Hyphasis, 1500 cities, none of which was less than Cos,*"—a proof of populousness which Bengal Proper, the most populous country in the world, can not exhibit even at the present day. The nakedness of our poorer classes—their want of "clean suits from head to foot," ought to have been attributed to their want of means rather than to India's want of capability. It is a great mistake of the Baboo to suppose that the *greatest number* is reaping benefit from the import of English cotton twist and cotton goods, when in fact a few British mill-owners loll in wealth, while millions of Indian spinners and weavers know not where to find their bread—when there has sprung up a "factory system in England, under which the happiness of myriads of human beings, through time and eternity, is sacrificed to the Moloch of manufactures; the wages doled out to the wretched victims, during their brief career of life, being, in fact, not the reward of labour, but the price of blood†"—when King Cotton has become so exorbitantly powerful as to exercise sway over the British Parliament—when its watch-word of "peace-at-any-price" is telling on British influence and prestige,—and when it has raised a war between Capital and Labour which is to reconstruct society upon a new basis.

In short, Baboo Kissen Mohun Mullick has executed his task most perfunctorily. He has not taken care to avoid the errors fallen into by superficial thinkers. He has not brought an independent mind, free from official

* Apollodorus, cited by Mr. Elphinstone.

† Thornton's "History of India,"

prepossessions, to bear upon the subject, but has blindly followed the old line of arguments. He makes no disclosures, expounds no just principles, and propounds no new theory, but adopts all the old conclusions. He seems to have been afraid to avow any heterodox opinions, and declare himself a disbeliever in the creed of official men. He has not been at pains to impart a political aspect and interest to the question. In undertaking to inform the public mind and educate public opinion, he should not have merely reproduced the cuckoo cry, but should have fearlessly given an emphatic denial to the statements one hears so often repeated in society, or reads in the press, to the effect that "India is in an exceptionally prosperous and contented state." Far from correcting the prevailing misconceptions, and trying to dissipate the error which has a hold on the popular mind, he misleads and thickens the film in the eyes of his countrymen. It is really a pity that he does not feel how undesirable it is for any country to be dependent for the supply of its wants upon another—how that dependence to which we have been reduced sits upon us like an oppressive incubus, and is felt a sore so irritating to our patriotism. How in the face of the entire ruin of our arts and manufactures, and the wretchedness and misery consequent thereon, they should not have evoked one expression of regret—one word of patriotic lament, is utterly unaccountable. The loss of such an important branch of industry as that of weaving, has been simply and coldly dismissed with the words, "Othello's occupation is gone, and there is no help for it." It has been followed with no pathetic appeal, no warning of its disastrous consequences, and no suggestion for a revival. True, he appears now and then condescending enough to mourn, but he immediately breaks down. He alludes this moment to the decay of a trade, but in the next flies off at a tangent from the subject. No sooner does a tear for "the widow's woe and misery" gather in his eye, than it is dried up. This absence of fellow-feeling has its origin either in a really mistaken view of things, or in that faint-heartedness which is displayed by so many of our countrymen when called on to face

the brunt of the prevailing European opinion. Native as he is, it cannot be doubted that he has the welfare of India in his heart. Such a feeling is inborn, and cannot be repressed. It has at last partially oozed out and transpired in the end, and made some amends for the past un-outspokenness. Towards the conclusion of his work, in the last number of his three pamphlets, Baboo Kissen Mohun Mullick has dwelt on the drainage caused by the interest payable in England on the funded and unfunded debt of India, by the loss of exchange and payment of "guaranteed interest on Railway capital, by the annual remittances made by Civil and Military Officers, non-commissioned Officers, soldiers, and European residents—and by the amounts of interest paid in this country being chiefly drawn by the Local Banks whose proprietors are wholly or principally foreigners, and by European Joint Stock Companies, including Insurance Offices. He deprecates the repayment of the loans first in India and then in England—remarking that "the object of the Company's Government was to give the benefit of the interest accruing upon such loans to its own subjects, which as a matter of course would react upon the well-being of the country." He also states that "the natives of India own only 25 per cent. of the total amount of our Government loans," and that "of the capital of the Bank of Bengal, one-fourth only belongs to the natives and the balance to foreigners." These, he has been bold enough to say in plain language, are "strong proofs of the poverty of India,—thereby indirectly giving the lie to the official representation of her "unparalleled prosperity." He has also faintly expressed the "hope that further drainage from India might be checked, her own capital recouped, and that she might regain whatever commercial independence she may have enjoyed at any previous time." It seems that the truth at last broke in upon his mind, and a change came over the spirit of his dream. Had he written in this strain from the beginning, it would have been impossible to blame him, and the burden of his work would have been such as it would have recommended itself to all his countrymen.

In no respect does he disappoint them so much as by his erroneous views upon the import trade of this country, and particularly with regard to the existing Piece-goods trade. Instead of denouncing this branch of our trade, which annually takes away ten crores of rupees from the national pocket, as a crying injustice, the Baboo points it out as "an extensive field, the scope of which offers ample room for thousands of our present generation." Instead of exposing the wrongfulness of our antiquated system of *banianship*, which holds our nation in commercial pupilage, and has helped to develop and foster that ruinous trade, he has been at pains to make many suggestions for placing it "on a sound and legitimate principle." Without considering that the relative position of India in the commercial world is altering day by day, and that nations are abating in their demand for her produce, and growing independent by evolving the powers of their own native soils, Baboo Kissen Mohun Mullick heedlessly joins in the cry, and lays stress upon Agriculture as "our country's only resource." Under this impression he exhorts his "enlightened young friends" to "wield the plough"—which must have mightily pleased those who like not to see their rich preserves trespassed and encroached upon by said "enlightened young friends," and earned to him a rich harvest of praise. The Baboo is no true economist to overlook the importance and utility of his country's own manufactures, to which we must revert at no distant day, or there should not be a single rupee left in the land. He is particularly wrong to regard the Suez Canal as a disturber of the present order of things. On the contrary, it holds out a prospect of effecting a very important revolution in the course of trade in favor of India. The supremacy of England on the sea transferred the seat of the cotton market to a distant part of the planet. Among other circumstances the nearness of America to that market, made her cotton not a little cheaper than that which went by the long route of the Cape. This disadvantage is now expected to be removed by the opening of the Suez Canal. It has abridged the distance of India. It has re-opened the ancient trade-route which

made her easily accessible to the nations on the Mediterranean. Just as the opening of the overland line across the American Continent, is certain to divert a large proportion of the trade with China, Japan, and the Indian Archipelago to the hands of the Americans, so is the Suez Canal certain to revive largely a direct trade with India by Spain, the South of France, Italy, Austria, Greece, Turkey, and Russia. Indian merchandize, and particularly Indian cotton, grown with a little more care than it is done now, will be found much cheaper, if brought direct from India through that pathway, than American cotton purchased at Liverpool. The truth is daily awakening mankind that particular nations, any more than particular individuals, have no right to monopolize the wealth of the earth from the rest of humanity. There is a tendency to establish a balance of commercial power, as there is a balance of political power. Already is the supremacy of England on the sea in danger from the rise of four other naval Powers. The mercantile navy is being increased by every civilized people. Just as the Portuguese wrested the monopoly of Eastern commerce from the Venetians, the Dutch from the Portuguese, the English from the Dutch, so it is the turn of the English now to combat and compete with France, America, Germany, and Russia, who are all on the *qui vive* for a share in the world's goods. This commercial revolution points to a prosperous commercial future for India. It promises the emancipation of her trade from the fetters put upon it by England. The Euphrates Valley Railway will still further annihilate her distance, and hasten the DAWN OF THAT COMMERCIAL FUTURE. India will then regain her normal position, and be with America the two great centres of the world's commerce.

* "During the year 1873 no less than 1,082 vessels passed through the Suez Canal, the number in the previous year having been 765. * * * The number of vessels belonging to different nations was as follow: in 1870, 413 were English, 75 French, 33 Egyptian, 26 Austrian, 17 Turkish, and 10 Italian. Of the 765 vessels in 1871, 502 were English, 66 French, and 63 Austrian, 80 Italian, 32 Turkish, and 22 Egyptian. Of the 1,082 vessels in 1872, 791 were English, 80 French, 66 Italian, 61 Austrian, 33 Turkish, 16 German, 13 Dutch, 10 Russian, 10 Portuguese, 8 Spanish, &c."—*Englishman*, 11th. March, 1873.

The development of indigenous industry is an important problem for the Indian statesman. The omission to discuss that problem marks the performance of Baboo Kissen Mohun Mullick with a conspicuous fault. It has become an embarrassing problem for solution to the natives. Under the ease with which raiment is now being procured by the nation, our cockneys, business men, and banians and Baboos have become too demoralized to look a difficulty in the face. They wish to go on trading and making money in peace, without provoking any change. They have no care or consideration for anything beyond present wants and present profits. They are reluctant to look far ahead. It is not only that the *iron* has entered their souls, but that specious truths have sunk deep into their minds. In neglecting to provide for the future of their country, they manifest a most reprehensible selfishness, and a dangerous short-sightedness. They consider not the political bearings of the question. They look not to the consequences of living in an abnormal state of things. They think not of the *salt and cloth famines*, to which India is liable from any accident to the power of England on the ocean. Baboo Kissen Mohun Mullick has avoided the pessimist view of affairs. But dangers are looming in the prospect, which should make us hasten to have the commercial relations between England and India placed upon a right and equitable basis.

SONNET.

THE POET'S LADY.

"———Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love!

Act III, Scene I., Fair Penitent.

The Poet's Lady,—O how fair is she !
Not like the dashing, pert, Parisian girls,
With looks affected and with borrowed curls,
With satin flowers and ribbons waving free.
Ah no,—she is a rare and lovely flower,
That sweetly blooms within a lowly bower,
The brightest that e'er graced a gladden'd tree.—
The Poet's Lady,—O how fair is she !
Fair as the star of love when o'er the sky
It slowly moves in stately majesty ;
Soft as the lashes of her own dark eye ;
Mild as the fawn that haunts at eve the glade,
Sweet as the balmy Zephyr's sweetest sigh,
And tender-eyed as Hebe—heavenly maid !

O. C. DUTT.

BHOOBONESHOREE ,

OR

THE FAIR HINDU WIDOW. .

CHAPTER IX.

“**W**hen Bhooboneshoree,” continued Preo Nath, “went to bathe a very interesting conversation was going on in another part of the house. The younger ladies had separated themselves into two parties. One party with the beautiful Kadumbinee at their head, talked rather loudly. “I told you, Knsam,” said Kadumbinee, “that the old man won’t go to Brindabun after all. He has been playing this trick for several years in order to enhance his own value. He needed only to be asked to change his resolution ; you know the story of the irascible woman who refused to satisfy her appetite in order to express her anger. Disregarding the entreaties of her relations to break her fast, she retired in the evening to the pounding house, but feeling very hungry at an advanced hour of the night, she addressed the inanimate pounder in these words :—‘ Pounder ! you importune me to break my fast, and I am disposed to accede to your request, but at such a time of the night, who will entreat me to take or will give me food.’—She spoke these words so loudly and repeatedly that they awoke her mother, who not only presented her some catables, but made the necessary entreaty before she would devour the same. Just such was the case with the old man. He had gone too far, and was thinking how he could with decency recede, when Bhooboneshoree interposed. So she had no merit whatever in turning him from his purpose. The old women make so much of her ! They say her charms and attractions are so irresistible that she can make any man do whatever she likes. But unfortunately I have got too small a pair of eyes to perceive the existence of

any of those charms and attractions." This witticism, arising from the circumstance of the fair speaker having a large pair of eyes, was followed by a burst of laughter from the audience. She then continued :—"to do Bhooboneshoree justice, she is not positively ugly, though she has many glaring defects of person. But to call her beautiful, is simply absurd. She is not equal to many ladies even of this accursed house." "For instance," said the fair Kusani, "she has not the hundredth part of your beauty. Such a slender waist, such large eyes, such fair hands and such a splendid bust as you have, will stand comparison with any woman in the world." "Of course," replied Kadumbinee, "I am not alluding to my own beauty. I am not at all vain of it. But to compare her with you, for instance, where would she stand? Eyes that have once dwelt on your lovely features, would not feel inclined to turn towards her face. But not only you, Radhica and Shosheenukhee are immeasurably superior to her."

"The lastmentioned lady held down her head out of modesty. But being complimented in this way, she could not remain silent any longer. Having a very beautiful pair of round and tapering legs and small feet, she said :—"Really, sister, it is a marvel to me how so plain a lady like Bhooboneshoree could gain so much influence over her grandfather. She is more like a man than a woman. You may walk through the whole village without meeting with a woman so tall and with feet so long. These are the most ugly that I have ever seen." Saying this, the speaker spat on the ground, as if feet were an object of taste instead of sight. Shukhoda, who seemed to have taken offence at not being complimented for her beauty, though she had no pretension to it, now observed :—"I think you are undervaluing Bhooboneshoree too much. I grant she is not uncommonly beautiful, but she is not inferior to any of you. Besides, she has this advantage over you all, that she has the sweetest voice that I have ever heard. Her words are sweetly and gently pronounced, and no ear can resist their attraction. I would love

to hear her talk and"——."What a nice ear you have got !" interrupted Kadumbinee, and every one laughed at the beautiful manner in which she revolved her fine head while making the exclamation. "Her voice does appear somewhat sweet but only on account of her affectation when speaking. She speaks and smiles, pronounces her words slowly as if she has hardly the strength to support their burden. It is this affectation by which she has imposed upon the old man. No wonder, he should grant her one-fourth of his Estates, being taken in by her soft words." "Sister, you are right," said Manmahinee, "although she appears very gentle and modest, she is very expert in the art of deception. You saw with what arts she made the old man eat yesterday what he was resolved not to touch. Again that disgraceful device by which she made him sleep last night ! A lady who is capable of such hypocrisy and artifice, can feel no scruple in robbing the old man's sons of their just inheritance."

"Chitra who had hitherto watched the preceding discussion in silence, said, "with all her faults, I like Bhooboneshoree's manners. She has so open and loving a nature that she invites confidence from every body. She knows not how to be angry. She will smile whether you praise or condemn her." "It is such women," replied Shosheemukhee, "that prove dangerous companions. They insinuate into your favor and confidence, and afterwards betray you. God preserve me from such friends ! She hides her heart under a soft exterior, just as she hides her ugly feet in a pair of shoes. Who has ever heard of a respectable lady wearing shoes ? But then she is said to be reformed. If such be reformation, I shall have none of it. Those shoes make her feet more ugly than they are." "But you must allow," said the pretty Radhika, "that she never attempts to appear lovely. She has no ornament whatever, scarcely ever binds her hair, never consults her face before a looking glass, wears no gorgeous dresses, chews no *pàn* in order to color her lips red, and yet she appears lovely and is praised everywhere for her beauty." "But what do men understand

of female beauty ?" sagely remarked Kusam. "They are liable to be carried away by a sound or a name. One says Bhooboneshoree is so guileless. Another thinks she must be an enchantress, since she wears shoes. A third says, she must be transcendently lovely, when she can dispense with ornaments. A fourth opines that her mind must be cultivated, as she wears no gaudy robes and jewels and adores no idol. In this way Bhooboneshoree becomes famous, and the male world thinks she must be an angel." "I do not," said Shosheemukhee, "understand why should men praise her for contemning the vanities of this world. Being a widow, she is bound to do so. But her dishevelled hair furnishes no proof of the practice of virtuous austerities. She does not bind her hair, because she wants to show how very long they are, and how beautiful she looks with their aid." "This argument," added Kadumbinee, "will, I hope, prove conclusive. Had Bhooboneshoree been the angel she is said to be, do you think she would have lost her husband in the way she did ? Who has ever heard of a beautiful lady being deserted by her husband ? Had her charms been extraordinary or irresistible, would he grow disgusted with the world and commit suicide. Her husband did not feel her charms to be irresistible ; it is left to others to feel them so." Here the orator's eloquence was so convincing, her action so impressive, and her voice so suited to the occasion, that except the pretty Radhika, no one dared to contradict her. Radhika attempted to say that Bhooboneshoree had never been deserted by her husband, but that the false news of her death made him mad and drove him to suicide. But Radhika's partiality for her was so well known that her opinion carried no weight and her voice was drowned amidst hisses.

"But while this party were discussing Bhooboneshoree's personal beauty, dress and manners, another party were engaged in the no less pleasing task of dissecting her moral character to their mutual gratification. The latter consisted only of three ladies who had nearly passed their youth, and had therefore greater respect for inward than for outward qualities. As they were engaged,

ed in the charitable work of murdering Bhoobonेशoree's reputation, they spoke in whispers and frequently turned their heads to see if any one, unobserved, was listening to their edifying discourse. "So she has succeeded in diverting the old man from his enterprise," said Mukhoda who had committed a false step in her youth. "I had not the slightest doubt she would succeed. The old man doats upon her. She can make him sit and rise at her pleasure. Considering the violence of his attachment for her, I should not wonder if she would make him transfer the whole of his estates to her. I have seen many an old man of seventy become mad after marriage. But I have never seen an old man of eighty fall in violent love with a young lady of twenty." "Fie ! fie !" said Shamasoondory, whose vile insinuations and doubts inflicted more damage on people's characters than the most deliberate attacks. "Really, sister, you do not mean to say that there is an improper intimacy. Indeed, considering the age and infirmity of the old man, such a thing is out of the question. She should not however sleep in a room so near his, notwithstanding her aunt keeps her company." "Oh Durga !" exclaimed Mukhoda in affected alarm, "of course I was not so mad as to insinuate any such thing. Such a vile and absurd idea never arose in my mind. I only said he was foolishly fond of her, and could not deny her anything. As you have observed, however, she is very indiscreet. How fond soever the old man might be of her, she should not allow him to caress her in the way he does." "But what harm is there?" asked Chatura, who affected to judge charitably of her neighbours and was fond of showing how well she could argue, though her inclinations generally led her to make her conclusions unfavorable to them in the end. "A father and grandfather are of course entitled to fondle children. If they could fondle us when children, why should they not have that privilege in our youth?" "It is very well to say so," replied Mukhoda, "but have you ever heard of a father or a grandfather fondle a lady of twenty in his breast. The old man would even kiss her, and she quietly submits to it."

Truly the Iron Age has commenced." Shamasoondory started in horror on hearing this. "O, sister! Have you really seen her quietly submit to his kisses? I have often heard of this, but could never believe it. Have you seen it with your own eyes or only heard of it like myself?" "What a simple girl you are!" exclaimed Mukhoda. "The thing has been going on for days and days, but as you both reside in a separate house, you may have not observed it. He not only kisses her but makes her recline on his lap." Shamasoondory bit her tongue and said, "you don't pretend, sister, that she *sits* on his lap. I could hardly believe what you say, if I saw the thing with my own eyes." "Ah! why did you not come to visit us only half an hour before," exclaimed Mukhoda. "The thing happened only a moment ago. She was reclining on his lap, not a minute or so, but a whole hour, during which many of us stood around. As you take the matter in so serious a light, you will probably be horrified to learn the whole"—and then she stopped. Both the listeners now expressed a feverish anxiety to hear the details. But to enhance the value of her communication, Mukhoda declared that family secrets ought not to go beyond the family dwelling. The ladies proceeded very earnestly to assure her that they considered her as their best and greatest friend, and that to entrust them with the secret, was equivalent to keeping it confined within her own bosom. Mukhoda clearly saw that her communication could not now fail to have the desired effect of destroying Bhooboneshoree's reputation which outwardly she shewed a solicitude to save. But to make herself doubly sure on the point, she still affected to hesitate. "I pray you both," said she, "do not let it go beyond your bosom. Nay, swear by my head that you would not impart it to other ears"—and she advanced her head that both her friends might swear by it. They reprimanded her for the unlucky ceremony, but yet touched her head and promised to "eat" it if they divulged the secret, which appeared so dreadful.

"The fact is," said Mukhoda with a grave air, "our grandfather caught Bhooboneshoree in his arms,

and having in spite of her struggle, thrown her on his lap, began to drink from her lips so lustily that the sound of his kisses drew us to the spot. He then praised her beauty like a lover, and poetically compared her to a lotus that concealed honey, and himself to a bee that wanted to taste its sweet." Here the listeners looked towards the sky, turned the whites of their eyes, and seemed to resign themselves to the will of Heaven from the injustice of man. "Nay, this is not all," cried their tormentor. At this, they shut their eyes and opened their mouths, as if to shew that they were in their last gasp under the effects of what they had swallowed already, and it would be extremely cruel to pour further poison into their system. Fearing however that Mukhoda would leave their curiosity unsatisfied, they made signs to her to proceed, but kept their eyes closed and mouths open as if the horrible truth gradually and faintly let in through the latter, could not, when unseen by the former, do further damage. "Horrid to relate," said Mukhoda at last, "Bhooboneshoree began to exchange jokes with the old man, and then they fell to kissing one another!" Shama and Chatura would not trust their ears. The former bit her tongue till it bled, and with a profound sigh, exclaimed in the words of Seeta—"O ! earth, open thy bosom that I may enter thee. This accursed village is not fit for habitation. I wish I could go away to-day to my husband's. What will that apostle of virtue say when he comes to hear of it ! He will probably shun my society for associating with Bhooboneshoree. Being himself pure, he cannot bear the sight of vile characters and has such a horror of unchastity that he may probably murder me in his rage. My only hope is, he knows and reveres me so well." "But, cousin," said Chatura, "methinks you put a very bad construction on the scene. The foolish old man may in his dotage have taken a fancy to fondle his favorite granddaughter on his lap. This, considering his relationship and infirmities, is perfectly harmless. Anything like passion for large rolling eyes, beautiful cheeks, fragile waist or bursting bosom has long since been extinct in his breast. What he feels for her

is fond parental affection running to excess. Besides, she, most charming one, "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes," to enjoy whose smiles hundreds of handsome youths are almost dying every day, cannot feel more than filial attachment for an ugly octogenarian whose face is wrinkled, and teeth and hair entirely gone, who can hardly walk without support, see without spectacles, speak without mumbling, or hear unless the words be thundered into his ears. As for jesting, are there, I ask, any grandfather and granddaughter who do not exchange jokes and play the lover and the mistress? Why, you know, as long as we are unmarried, our parents laughingly propose to marry us to our grandfather, and indeed he is the standing subject of jest from birth till death.—Besides Bhooboneshoree's chastity has become a bye-word in every house. All mothers tell their daughters to imitate her moral perfections. Don't you think that fortified by the sense of her own rectitude, she did not see any objection to satisfy the old gentleman in his whims?" Shamasoondory, who affected great chastity and was envious of Bhooboneshoree's reputation for that virtue, thought this defence beneath notice, and so did not open her lips. But Mukhoda observed—"what you say is all very true. But when this tale goes out into the world, what construction, you think, will strangers put upon it? They may not know that our grandfather is so old and infirm. They may not know that the scene took place in the open day and in the presence of so many ladies and gentlemen. You know how the wretched world is apt to put misconstructions" (here the speaker probably alluded to her own false step). "The only consolation is that Bhooboneshoree's reputation stands so very high." "That consolation," said Shamasoondory, "is no consolation at all. Who does not know that a lady may fall at any time? Numerous instances might be cited in which ladies have become victims late—after 40 years of irreproachable life. Besides, whatever others may say about Bhooboneshoree's chastity, I do not think her general conduct can be perfectly justified if judged by the high standard of purity," (of course as exemplified in the speaker.) *Mu-*

khoda added :—" Really, she is very imprudent. For instance, she speaks with many men not related to her, scarcely draws her veil over her face, and,—would any man believe it, she corresponds in writing with her husband's elder brother,—mind, his own uterine brother, not to speak of his cousins !" Shama being radical in her opinions, kept silence at this, but Chatura exclaimed—" Good God ! the end of the world is really come,—writes to husband's elder brother whose shadow we are prohibited to touch ! I remember my virtuous grandmother performed penance when once the corner of her *saree* (robe) came in contact with my eldest granduncle's person. Bhooboneshoree must be very daring to set the opinion of the world at defiance. But then her education, you know, has made her so bold. If she thinks with European ladies there is no harm in speaking with a husband's elder brother, why should she not write to him ? She follows a religion different from that of her forefathers. It is her husband who has spoilt her, you know. Is it true, as we hear it related, that she used to sit with her husband, converse with him and call him by endearing names in the open day and in the presence of his brother, mother-in-law and a host of nephews ?" "That is perfectly true," replied Mukhoda, I have been myself present at such scenes, and could hardly contain my laughter. She would however go on conversing with her husband as if there was nothing amiss. She has been now amply punished in losing her husband when she could not suffer to lose sight of him for a single day. What long journeys has she undertaken, what difficulties has she encountered, what privations has she undergone joining her husband in distant parts !! Too much of anything is bad. Had she not doted on her husband to distraction and been shamelessly fond of him so as to cast off the bashfulness of our sex, she would not have lost him so early. Narayan, you see, cannot bear extreme sights. But no, since he is dead, we ought not to speak ill of him." Tardy sense of decency !

"After a moment's pause, Mukhoda continued. "Her conduct towards her husband, however contrary to custom, may be excused. But who can bear to see

her extraordinary conduct towards the maniac who is said to have become mad out of despair to marry her. You would not believe me if I told you what I saw her do." Both the listeners here became extremely impatient to hear the secret. "But what is the good of my speaking it at all," added Mukhoda, "when you won't believe, for you think her so chaste." "We shall believe it, we will believe it, tell us quickly what it is," said the listeners at once. "We swear by our eyes, we will believe it. Tell us quickly, we fall to your feet." One would think there was not the slightest difficulty in making them believe anything against my charmer. Mukhoda seeing everything ripe for the occasion, said, lowering her voice to the lowest key it was capable of, "I saw the maniac kiss her feet." Both the ladies started as if a lightning had struck them. After the first surprise was over, they asked her what Bhooboneshoree did when the mad man kissed her foot, and Shamasoondory specially asked narrator whether Bhooboneshoree was aware of her presence. Mukhoda replied.—"Her mother who was sitting near, had seen me approach, but Bhooboneshoree herself was not at first aware of my presence. Coming from behind, I heard the madman raving wildly about his devotion and love. Approaching near, I saw he was sitting on the ground, and having reverently taken her feet out of her shoes as they hung from a raised seat on which she sat, was rapturously kissing the tips of her toes, which her occasional half angry glances prevented him from thrusting into his mouth. She was reading a book and giving occasional replies to her mother. When he saw me standing behind her, he said to me 'here is nectar spread for me. I won't give it to you.' This made Bhooboneshoree turn behind. As soon as her eyes fell upon me, she started and tried to snatch away her toes from his lips. In doing so, her feet were raised from the ground, and the madman held them tightly over his head, and the more she struggled to extricate them out of his grasp, the more he groaned for the supposed pain it gave to her limbs. Fairly vanquished, she burst into laughter in which I as well as her mother

heartily joined ; for the tender care which the maniac bestowed on her feet, the agony he affected as if in parting with them he was going to part with his life, and the grief he felt on account of the pain which he supposed she was herself inflicting on them, presented a sight which would excite the mirth of an ascetic. After a vain struggle, she resigned them to his keeping and went on leisurely speaking to me."

"Shamasoondory now plied the speaker with various questions. She asked if during her stay at Bhooboneshoree's parental house, she had ever seen her alone with the maniac, if they were ever seen to speak together in whispers, or exchange looks, and whether there was any rumour in the village affecting the conduct towards him. All these questions being answered in the negative, Shamasoondory appeared vexed and said—"as your stay there was not long, you might not have seen anything amiss. Besides many things have escaped your notice, since you could not watch her night and day. I think a man allowed to kiss the feet, would easily ascend to the face, even if he would stop there." "Oh sister !" exclaimed Chatura, "you are very uncharitable. Not a whisper of suspicion has ever been breathed against Bhooboneshoree's reputation. On the contrary, she is universally considered pure as Sabitree, and her conduct has been everywhere praised. The maniac, you know, is not a common man. He has sacrificed his estates, his riches,—everything out of love for her, and has at last been reduced to the condition in which you see him. With all these immense sacrifices, he had not a shadow of encouragement, and so became mad. Do you think she would now extend towards him a favor which she refused him when he was sane, and when he was in the pride of youth, beauty and riches." The orator now thought her eloquence had carried her beyond her mark, and so commenced another key. "It may be however alleged that having lost her husband upon whom she doated, she does not now regard him with the same indifference. It may be that being violently and madly loved by him, she has come to feel some attachment for him in return. But it is

just possible that his madness, arising from his passion for her has excited his commiseration, and so she lets him enjoy some privileges which she denies to others. I do not say that this is so, but it is very probable. I hear she used to sit with him and converse with him even when her husband was alive,—whether in his presence or not, I cannot say. Perhaps her conduct towards the maniac at that time would throw some light on the subject. Mukhoda can enlighten us in the matter.”

“Mukhoda being thus appealed to, replied :—“ During her husband’s time, Bhooboneshoree used indeed to receive visits from the lunatic. Her husband instead of forbidding such visits, would often encourage them. He had an immeasurable confidence in his wife’s virtue, but at the same time had so jealous a nature that he would hardly leave them alone. It is said that once in his presence, her eyes having dwelt rather long on the mad man’s feature, probably to contemplate the sad havoc which her charms had wrought on his frame,—once so handsome,—and on his mind,—once so healthy,—he was struck with a sudden fit of jealousy which made him wretched for several days. Unconscious of the mischief she had unwillingly committed, she however went on conversing with the madman, paying the same attention to his comforts, and often weeping at his misfortunes. But these, which did not attract any notice before, now fell like so many thunderbolts upon the poor husband’s head. Every day as the same attentions continued to be shown, he became more and more morose, sleep forsook his eyes, he could not taste his food, and at last fell ill. His fond doating wife wept by his side, not suspecting the cause of the disease. At last she happening to present to the madman a better-looking spiced beetle (*pán*) than the one her husband had received, the latter flew into a terrible rage, and revealed that jealousy which had been gnawing his heart. She burst into tears, requested to be put to death and even talked of suicide as preferable to being suspected by her beloved husband. He, in return, fell at her feet, asked her pardon again and again for his unjust jealousy, and compared her to Seeta who,

even in her sleep, is said to have never dreamed of any man except her husband. However much sorry she was to send away helpless to the wide world a maniac who had lost his fortune, his estate, his home, his family, his health, his happiness, his future prospect in life, and at last the light of his reason for her sake, she yet implored her husband to dismiss the poor madman from the house. For she could not, she said, bear the sight of the man who had been the cause of so much uneasiness to her husband. The latter, by prayers and entreaties, at last prevailed over her to retain the man in his house, and by little and little, she came to tolerate his presence. But as long as her husband lived, she would never show the same attentions to the poor madman as before. From this narrative you may judge whether her present excessive attention to the madman's comforts, and her compliance with his whims, even to the length of suffering him to kiss her feet, now that her husband is no more, are at all justifiable. I do not of course go so far as to impute any ill motives to her. But there can be no doubt that her indulging the madman in such liberties, is highly imprudent. It is however extremely curious that I have forgotten to tell you another piece of her imprudence, to call it by no worse name, of which I have been a witness. Once more I do not know whether you will believe it, since you think her so immaculate."

"Again the curiosity of the listeners was excited to the highest pitch. They prayed, implored Mukhoda to pour balm through their ear, for they were "bursting in ignorance." She was no less anxious to satisfy their curiosity, but she seemed to be in mortal dread of something. At last she said in a whisper. "I am afraid to speak of what relates to a Jogee who is generally believed to be almost a God in human shape. He may possibly know what we are now doing, and strike me dead for presuming to breathe against his reputation." "To whom do you allude," asked Chatura. "If you mean the old Jogee who goes by the name of Ramdas Babajee, I would think twice before I talked anything to his prejudice. Even if you were to utter anything against his good name, you would find very few to

believe what you say." But Shamasoondory ridiculed the idea of a Jogee being different from an ordinary mortal. She charged all Jogees with hypocrisy and deceit, and encouraged Mukhoda to divulge what appeared so interesting, by taking upon herself all the risk Mukhoda might incur in doing so. Mukhoda still hesitated, and even trembled from fear, the more she wanted to approach the subject. Scandal is however so dear to women that she found herself completely powerless over her tongue which seemed to go on glibly in spite of her efforts to restrain it. As for Chatura, she refused to listen anything against the character of so divine and revered a Jogee, but instead of leaving the place, she chose to thrust her fingers into the bores of her ears. By some mysterious process, however, she seemed to catch the slightest whisper uttered by Mukhoda. For during the progress of the discourse, her face and eyes underwent nearly similar changes to those which were visible on the countenance of Shamasoondory, except that she was often seen to shake her head as if to imply that the tale could not be true. The following is what Mukhoda said:—

"One day at noon while at her father's, I entered the room where Bhooboneshoree was praying, in order to spread some wet clothes over a piece of bamboo hanging from the roof. As she sat with closed eyes and concentrated attention on the floor, I did not like to disturb her devotion, and so stealthily proceeded behind her back to execute my commission. I had scarcely finished my work when the Jogee entered, shutting but not bolting the door behind him. The sudden darkness occasioned thereby did not allow me to see what they did at first, especially as I was behind the spreading clothes which screened me from their observation. But after a few seconds, the light proceeding from the halfshut windows revealed a sight which made me doubt whether I was really awake. For I saw the old Jogee had transformed himself into the handsomest young man that ever the eye beheld, and clasping Bhooboneshoree within his breast, was vying with her who should kiss the other most. Though the carpet on which they sat scarcely sufficed for one, yet they had

managed to squeeze their bodies within its limits for the sole purpose, as it appeared, of innocently fondling each other, and carrying on a whispering conversation in Bengalee which I could not catch. The only word that reached my ear was, "sister," which occurred as often as each addressed the other. The interview terminated on Bhooboneshoree handing over a few Rupees to the Jogee. When he rose to depart, with his bag thrown on one side and with his large ringlets of hair on his head, he again appeared to be the same old Jogee that entered the room a few minutes before."

"Though Shamasoondory was somewhat disappointed at the conclusion, yet she could not, in justice to her chastity, help expressing the utmost horror at the conduct of one whose reputation was gall to her envious heart. She swore to eat the head of her parents if she associated any more with Bhooboneshoree. But Chatura threw her doubts here and there, and little by little, came at last to question the truth of the whole. "I can not," said she, "wholly believe what you say. An old man of 70, suddenly transforming himself into the handsomest young man in the world, is beyond the bounds of possibility. But supposing he had the power of working such a miracle, why should he do it merely for the purpose of kissing a girl and whispering something into her ear. If he had fallen in love with her, and wished to appear lovely in her eyes, was it at all likely that he should go away thus easily and wait only until his application for pecuniary aid had been complied with. Nay, who has ever heard of a secret lover coming during the glare of day to kiss his mistress in the midst of a populous village, whilst she was surrounded by her parents and relations! Even supposing that he was rash enough to undertake such a feat, would her parents allow him to enter the room where she was believed to be alone? But the strangest part of all is, that such meetings are witnessed only by an occasional visitor to the house, and is never even suspected by her terrible stepmother who is always on the watch for an opportunity to wreak her hatred against everything that bears her name. If to this, we add the

fact of the door of the room being left unbolted, and its windows left half open, we have a wondrous tale, the like of which was never related in romance. Nay, this is not all. We are told that the conversation between the lovers was carried on in Bengalee. But the Jogee cannot, it is well known, speak a word of our tongue. If she spoke Hindoostanee as usual, Bhooboneshoree could not understand it, much less carry on a whispering conversation in it. If we further bear in mind that the Jogee has always been known as the great champion of female chastity, and his principal mission in this part of the country has been to protect injured innocence on earth, the story appears to be the invention of pure malice. But *Gosain* knows, I have not heard the story with my own ears. Had I done so, I might have found reasons to change my opinion. In justice to you I must observe”—

“The speaker, as usual, was going to qualify her remarks to the mutual satisfaction of all. But she was interrupted by Mukhoda, who seeing her interesting story annihilated thread by thread, and herself accused of malice and slander, at once broke out into ungovernable rage, and accused Chatura of a wish to imitate Bhooboneshoree as evinced by her conduct throughout the morning. Chatura was as much enraged in return, and by way of retort, reminded her of her youthful indiscretion. Not satisfied with this, she called Shamasoondory to take her part in the coming engagement. At this Mukhoda insinuated that Shamasoondory’s flirtations with Kadumbinee’s husband, and her rather long journey in a boat with a single male passenger in company, were very well known.

“The battle now raged with great animosity on both sides. They accused each other of fearful crimes, dragged their ancestors into the quarrel, and threatened to tear each other’s hairs. Mukhoda declared she would eat her antagonist’s eyes; the latter retorted by threatening to eat her nose. They then ate each other’s heads, and, as if this did not satisfy their appetite, they next ate each other’s children. From children they ascended to their respective husbands, from husbands to their

brothers, and then to their parents, but their stomachs growing more and more insatiable with what they devoured, they ate each other's ancestors and descendants up and down to the seventh degree, both on the father's, mother's, and husband's sides. In justice to them, it is necessary to state they did not eat the whole body, but only the heads and eyes, and sometimes drank the blood. Why our countrywomen, when eating, prefer these to other parts of the human body, I leave to philosophers to determine. That there could be no doubt of their ability to perform the process, each of the combatants said, "I eat, eat, eat, eat, eat your child's head," and so on. As if eating the head and eyes, and even drinking the blood, did not cause death, they went on murdering the above people in cold blood. Some of them were not perhaps yet born, and most were probably sleeping on their beds or had departed for the shades of Pluto, perfectly unaware of having given any offence to these fair combatants. But wherever they might be, they were cruelly dragged from their resting place, and ruthlessly murdered in the face of day, and in the presence of many other kind-hearted ladies who did not interfere. These ladies were more intent on fathoming the cause of the quarrel than protecting poor innocents from the teeth and claws of their fair companions.

How long the cruel scene would have lasted, is not certain, but the return of Bhooboneshoree seemed to put a stop to it for a moment.

BENGALA TO HER MODEL RULER.

1

Keep, Oh keep thy precious treasure, George !
Lock it in a casket richly chased ;—
Side by side with Northbrook's veto, George !
Be thy priceless jewel gaily placed.

2

Ever as Remorse for failure, George !
Pierces sharp thy soul with poignant sting ;
Glad thy eyes, still cheer thy spirits, George !
With the sight of this enliv'ning thing.

3

" Rich the treasure, sweet the pleasure," George !
Sweet is pleasure after travail sore ;
Bear, Oh bear thy gem in rapture, George !
To thy Highland home, to Callum More !

4

There, amongst thy gaping clansmen. George !
In gay tartan plaid and kilt arrayed ;
There, amidst the sound of bagpipes, George !
Be thy gem in triumph wild displayed.

5

If thy taste should so incline thee, George !
Fired by vanity and love of show ;
Welcome thou to wear thy jewel, George !
Yea—to deck with it thy brazen brow !

THE MODEL REIGN OF MAHARAJAH BLOWHARD.

(The right of translation reserved.)

THE royal philosopher has said that there is nothing new under the sun. Every hour of the day, every day of the year confirms the truth of this saying. The world of matter, equally with the world of thought, reverberates the grand old truth in sounds not to be mistaken. The new is always the old. The newborn day is but a continuation of old time. Pierce through the thick veneer, there is the old familiar face. All progress means but the advance of receded thought.

But what has all this to do with my subject ? Patience, gentle reader ! One is so accustomed to hear the flourish of trumpets and the sounding conch in connection with the most trivial concerns of even the slightest bit of vile earth dressed in momentary power, that I am afraid noodledom would go into fits if I neglected to comply with the prevailing fashion. I must *at least* let the tinkling bell announce the coming show. But here you will meet with no genial Punch and Judy,—but something higher—comedy and tragedy arm in arm or rather blended in a grotesque Hurryhur sort of compound.

I have already said, that there is nothing new under the sun. This is pre-eminently true of the science of government. All its recent flights are merely attempts to restore the truths imbedded in the past, and its newest discoveries are but the reproduction of old modes, old maxims, and old humbug. We have heard a great deal of the originality of recent theories of government ; we have seen countless broods of apparently new ideas of legislation bursting their fragile shells ;—we have witnessed no end of christenings of political bantlings at which doting godfathers waxed eloquent over the dear progeny ; but what, after all, are these births about which so much cackling is made by the human geese of the age ? Hold them up to the Cynic's lantern, and you will observe the rottenness

of ages dressed in new habiliments. How very mortifying must this be to mortal vanity !

I have been led into this train of reflection by the perusal of a most profound historical work by that renowned Indian sage, Vydia Sunya Shastree, who flourished during the reign of Hubba Kanta V., and whose productions are to this day the admiration of the scholar, the philosopher, and the statesman. As the work is rather very scarce—I believe there is only one copy in Bengal, and that in the possession of Rajah Balaki Kissen, to whose courtesy I am indebted for a sight of it—I propose giving my readers a brief summary of its contents, so that they may be able to judge for themselves whether the claim to originality advanced for many of the political dogmas which have established themselves of recent years is at all admissible. I may possibly translate the entire work for the edification of the world, if sufficient encouragement is held out to me to undertake the task.

Maharajah Blowhard was sovereign of the ancient kingdom of Pingal. He was in all respects a model prince: Energetic and restless, he was a living embodiment of matter and motion. It is said that a flaming meteor was visible in the heavens for days preceding and succeeding his birth ; and the said meteor was accordingly held responsible for certain eccentricities which marked his erratic course in life. For instance, he always insisted on having at breakfast a couple or two of equine eggs, and though the article was a rarity even in those days in Pingal, the Pingalees were obliged for their lives to procure him a daily supply of it. He himself discovered several mares' nests, from which a perennial supply of these eggs was obtained. They constituted both his ambrosia and nectar. He had them made into puddings and cakes and mixed with his beverages—boiled, fried, roasted, pasted, salted, and sweetened. He would account for his predilection for them by saying that they so nurtured his fancies. Again, he was exceedingly fond of shooting stars, which were caught as they fell down from heaven, and of which a variety of curious dishes were made for the

gratification of his appetite. A multitude of servants were charged with the duty of keeping a constant watch by day and night over the starry firmament, so that hardly a single runaway star could escape their dragon-vigilance. This fondness for shooting stars was the result of an opinion which Blowhard devoutly entertained that, by dining on their projectile force, he would be able to shoot *his* darts far and wide, and pierce his opponents through and through.

When he came to the throne, which the powerful aid of a friendly potentate secured him, he found the country in a primitive state of ease, and the people moving in a groove of their own. He determined to govern them with vigor,—to galvanize them into a new life of spasmodic activity. All the old landmarks of national thought were ruthlessly hurled down, and an impulse was given to new ideas,—new aspirations,—or, for that matter, to new whims fraught with the wildest conceit. He sent cartloads of reforms into every village—reforms relating to the minutest concerns of rural life ; for he held that no body understood the wants and appreciated the interests of the people better than himself.

This was no doubt a very sound belief. Is it not written in the Institutes of Kungsha that the rabble have no right to hold an opinion of their own, that every prince is an inspired being, and knows by intuition what is and what is not good for them ? Is it not also laid down in the same Institutes that the will of the sovereign is the highest development of human, moral, and divine law which those coming within the scope of its exercise are bound to obey in right *To hookum* fashion ? Blowhard had a perfect idea of this beautiful doctrine, and unlike some foolish princes who actually treat their subjects as capable of thinking for themselves, he treated his as if they were a herd of cattle which should only be driven about and milked. He taught them all kinds of genuflections and modes of obeisance,—prostrating the body, knee-bending, *Salaaming*, *Khoda wanding* and so forth—and most vigorously administered the cat, wherever the slightest want of docility became manifest.

His subjects might now and then grumble at such interference, but Blowhard was not the man to listen to their idle pratings. His officers might occasionally venture to point out the impropriety of an order, but they got only snubs and rebuffs for their pains. He knew better, far better than the whole lot of them; he, the inspired prophet, the anointed Vicegerent of God; and they—why, they were a parcel of idiots to dare to question his infallibility.

The Maharajah was a Wind-worshipper, and as jealously preserved the sacred element as the fire-worshippers preserve their's. Indeed, his circumspection went so far that, in order to guard against the possibility of the surrounding atmosphere being ever denuded of the volatile fluid, he stored his own head with a large—some people say—an inexhaustible quantity of it. Once the pressure of the element within was so irresistible that a portion of the superabundant air forced its way out; and it is said that there was a crack in his head ever since. To stop the fissure, a live pig served the purpose of a plug; and to prevent the escape of the precious element through the pores of his face, he always wore a brass visor, so that it could only issue through the mouth and nostrils. As the rush of the pent-up wind through these orifices was always great, he received the name of Blowhard from his subjects, a distinction more prized by him than empty titles by toothless scullity. The stream of air which he breathed out was always ignited by his favorite minister—thence named Burnhard—and the fiery current passed over the length and breadth of the land to the consternation of all. There was no mistaking it,—it was hot as a sirocco—stiffing as a sulphurous blast from some unmentionable hot region below.

He was beyond question an out-and-out Windian. Like a benevolent ruler, he deemed it to be his mission to convert the people to his faith; but many of them were unwise enough to differ from him on this immaterial point, and the consequence was a deservedly high pressure administration. Every measure of Government was calculated to promote his favorite religious views—the pro-

pagandism of the Wind doctrine; and he caused hymns to be sung in praise of Æolus in temple and church, in musjid and tabernacle.

"What a beautiful religion it is," he used to say, "and how very simple! There is no God but the God of Wind, and Blowhard is his Infallible Prophet. This is revelation *par excellence*, the Veda of Vedas, the Koran of Korans, the quintessence of all religious truth!"

From time immemorial, the Pingalees were worshippers of stocks and stones. A ridiculous allegory underlay their system of religious belief. The Invisible was worshipped in divers visible forms. The multitude who could form no abstract idea of Supreme Intelligence were accustomed to derive their idea of it from its concrete manifestations. Amongst other divinities, the Lord of the Universe was worshipped by them. A *ruth* or wooden car was usually set apart for the use of the deity, in which he took his airing once a year, drawn by enthusiastic hosts of devotees. This was of course monstrous. They had no business whatever to profess any religion but that of the said Infallible Prophet. Conscience is like a clock, which, to be well regulated, must be periodically wound up. Unfortunately, since the fall of Maharajah Soorja Dowlatia, no efforts in this direction were made by the succeeding monarchs, and the result was, that the conscience of the nation sadly needed oiling to lubricate its action. The Lord God of earth and sky was worshipped instead of the God of Wind or at any rate his Apostle, the Lord of the land. The latter naturally regarded the omission as a personal affront, a species of disloyalty to his throne which deserved to be put down by the strong arm of power. His duty dictated interference. Burnhard inflamed his heart. The God of Wind whispered in his ear "budge." Then commenced a ruthless crusade against *ruths*. Blowhard issued a strong manifesto—a thundering anathema against the prevailing belief. "His Sapient Highness," it said, "had observed with no less regret than surprise that a portion of his subjects were inconsiderate enough still to follow their old ancestral faith.

His experience in other parts of the world tended to shew that there was an inseparable connection between church and state, and that the religion of the sovereign was everywhere the religion of the people. In Pingal, strangely enough, this was not the case. His Sapient Highness was not disposed to attach blame to any particular individual for this. Probably the existing state of religious conservatism was due to the absence of a proper regulation, under state direction, of the national conscience, to which ancient cobwebs of thought necessarily clung in all their entanglement of dirt. But His Sapient Highness thought that the time had come when he could no longer *permit* the exercise in his territories of a faith of which the number of adherents was as nothing compared with those of the population who professed other more rational forms of belief. Although he was not so very deep in statistics as he was in all other branches of human and celestial learning, still he was unwilling to believe that on this point his information could possibly be erroneous. This being admitted, his Sapient Highness felt called upon, in virtue of his mission as a royal reformer, to extirpate the degrading worship from Pingal. He was determined that there should be no more *ruths* ; for religion was clearly one of the elegant arts, and it was blasphemous to allow those ugly, unwieldy cars to pollute the earth with their presence. The same remark still more strongly applied to the divinity who owned the equipage. Without the usual complement of limbs, that is to say, without arms—without legs ; with a flat face and a still flatter nose ; with a receding forehead and a protruding belly ; he was the archetype of all that was at once most hideous and imbecile in creation. His Sapient Highness could not believe that such a burlesque of the divinity was seriously worshipped in his dominions, and he therefore commanded that the mock god should be at once demolished. In response, however, to the wishes of the people, he was prepared to sanction some modified form of worship ;—he was even prepared to grant a large allotment from the public exchequer for the construction in lieu of *ruths* of go-carts

propelled by steam, provided His Sapient Highness was the object of that worship, and was drawn in those go-carts, during his annual tours, by all the Rajahs in his realm."

Every year he published a book called the Political Bagpipe in which his gubernatorial exploits were sounded with deafening clamour. From these books, it was abundantly clear that he had the highest respect for one person, whom he considered as the greatest, wisest, and best of mankind, and that person was—his own precious self.

His educational scheme was reckoned by his admirers as the corner stone of his fame,—the sheet anchor of his reign,—the immortal fruit of his inspired judgment. It was his opinion, and he held fast to it through good and evil report, that the legs which support the body deserved more cultivation than the head. He strongly condemned all education which aimed at developing the mental faculties instead of locomotive vigor as education turned topsyturvy, reeling drunk, stark mad. He insisted on his education minister encouraging by every means in his power all kinds of pedal exercises—walking, running, leaping, jumping, and what not—amongst the alumni of the public schools, and the head of each student was ordered to be filled with Wind, copious supplies of which were promised, whenever required, from the grand repository in the royal noddle. Nor did he stop here. Instructions were issued to the educational authorities to devise the best means for the restoration of that important limb which philosophers assert once formed the caudal appendage of primeval humanity; and all his officers were directed to encourage its development under most liberal conditions. For it was justly held, that power of locomotion would be greatly promoted and the kingdoms of the world immensely benefited by the reproduction of the limb in question. A short hymn composed by Blouhard, on this subject, was deservedly admired by his contemporaries. It ran as follows:—

With tail the finny tribe is blest,
By e'en the tadpole 'tis possess'd ;
The beasts and birds sport it behind,
All—all, alas ! save human kind.

Restore it, churlish Gods ! restore
 The pensile limb—we need it sore—
 To climb the wall, or tree, or hill,
 Or clear the hedge, or curling rail.

“ Though there was no visible addition to the corporeal frame in the expected direction of any man, woman or child in Pingal, there was nevertheless sufficient manifestation of it to indicate the presence in spirit of the caudal member in many of the elect in the kingdom.

No prince ever had the interests of his subjects more at heart than Maharajah Blowhard. Fully sensible that over-population was a most prolific source of national misery, he determined to check it in his territories, and was most unremitting in his exertions in that direction. To combat the evil most effectually, he formed an alliance with a dreadful giant called Fevero, who lived, according to some, in the air, while according to others, in the country of Waterlog.

This monster made his appearance in Pingal every year during the rains, and, after making sad havoc amongst the inhabitants, would depart with the setting in of cold weather, which had the same effect on him as morning is supposed to have on Lucifer and his night-wandering train. Of course, to quiet the fears of his people, Blowhard would make a show of fighting Fevero ; General Sawbones with a small army under him was always sent to meet the giant, but, acting on a well understood programme, like Soorja Dowlatia's forces, that army always went over to the enemy.

Another expedient to which he had recourse for the accomplishment of his humane object was remarkable for its ingenuity. He established the institution of total abstinence from all substantial diet, the people being required to feed on air, a diet which, in the opinion of the Maharajah, was deemed to be at once most nutritious and least heavy. As many silly persons were disposed to object to this inexpensive reform which ought to have commended itself to their understandings, if not to their stomachs, as involving the least exertion of sinew and muscle, elaborate schemes of taxation were devised for the

purpose of curtailing their means of traditional subsistence; for it was very wisely held that, when the people could not afford to pay for a substantial diet, they would be obliged to live upon the volatile fluid prescribed by their sovereign.

He accordingly placed Salliomán's seal upon every Pingalee's money chest, containing in most cases an immense live stock of cockroaches, which were supposed to yield golden eggs, just as the village *sojenay-gach* was supposed to be a pagodah tree, each shake of which brought down gold mohurs to its lucky owner.

Blowhard was particularly strong in his public works. With the proceeds of his multifarious taxes, he covered the land with a beautiful network of roads which went,—

Over marshes, and over dreary fens,

Through wilds, through paddy fields, into savage dens.

At length, when the whole was completed, he wept because he had no more roads to construct. But a bold spirit is seldom without resource,—some grand conception or other always terminates in a stupendous birth. This was exactly the case with Blowhard. After looking about him for sometime—glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven—his imagination bodied forth the unseen form of a road to the moon. He determined, by hook or by crook, at all hazards, to carry the bold project into execution. He anticipated immense advantages to his kingdom from the establishment of a communication with the lunar world; and what would not the father of his people do for their lasting welfare? He always gratefully acknowledged the genial influence of Cynthia as being unto him what water is unto the finny world,—the element of vitality in which he lived, and moved, and had his being. Under that influence, his mind was enabled to conceive a multiplicity of schemes which were the wonder and admiration of contemporary monarchs,—schemes redolent of moony inspiration—and not more remarkable for their originality than the philanthropy which they breathed.

"What an Eldorado of wealth," he said to Burnhard, "this road will open to my people! What a miracle of love it will prove when completed! To ages hence, like the Pharaohs' pyramids, it will remain an eternal monument of my prowess and wisdom and glory." He threw his whole heart and soul into this scheme. He was particularly anxious to enjoy an occasional *tête à tête* with his friend the man in the moon,—to learn by personal observation what course of administration was followed in the lunar world,—what systems of taxation and education obtained there,—to bring down a few of its wise inhabitants in order to make them his legislative councillors,—aye, to take up his kingdom and all and tack the whole on to one of its horns. Indeed, his excitement on the subject at length became so intense that, one fine night, unable to control his impatience, he got to the terrace of the palace, and determined to make a grand effort to reach the moon. But, unfortunately, an erring Providence had forgotten to bless him with a pair of wings, though he needed them more sorely than the whole race of psalm-singing cherubs and seraphs, if we might judge from the good use he daily made of cart-loads of goose quills. He was in a fix. He knew not what to do. At length it occurred to him that the tendency of gas was to mount upwards; and as there was, happily, a precious large quantity of it stored in his head, he might safely make an attempt to rise aloft in air. But he skipped and frisked and leapt and jumped—all to no purpose. The stern law of gravitation every time brought him back to the ground. He was very angry with the law of gravitation and wanted to fight it. He was angry with the earth for not relaxing that law in his favor. He stamped it with his foot nine hundred and ninety-nine times. He resolved to rectify the mistake of a blundering Creator. He was angry with the sun for maintaining in their integrity the physical forces of attraction and repulsion which bound the earth with iron fetters to its orbit. He wished he could hold the entire solar system in his armpit. But all this was, *somehow* or other, impracticable: he was compelled to abandon the

design of visiting the moon in the flesh, of planting the standard of old Pingal in the lunar, to redress the balance of the terrestrial, world.

Thus reigned Maharajah Blowhard. His throne was adorned with all regal virtues ; and his distinguished career was without a parallel in the annals of Pingal. Ever keenly alive to the welfare of his subjects, he tried all possible and impossible schemes of Government to render them supremely happy. Nay, there was no such word as impossible in his dictionary. And if occasionally he failed, his failure was more due to the frailty of our common human nature than to any relaxation of efforts on his part. No wonder, then, that both he and his favorite minister were the theme of many a poet's song. Amongst innumerable pieces, which recounted their triumphs in glowing numbers, the two following might be quoted by way of example :—

“ Two statesmen in one golden age were born,
And with lurid light Pingal did adorn ;
The first in restlessness of soul surpass'd,
In supple flexibility the last ”

“ Blowhard and Burnhard—both alike in mind—
Were loving friends and fast by heav'n designed ,
The one does blast, the other burn away,
And both with answer'ing vigor rule the day.”

I have done. Let me now make my exit by bidding my readers—each and all,—

Nomoshkar ! Kolyaan !!

RAM SHARMA,
Madnipoor.

A FORM OF BEAUTY.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF SÂ'DI.

How often wakes before my eye
In youth's first prime that day of bliss !
When, as entranced, my eyes they fell
Upon a form of loveliness !

Autumn wind was hot and burning—
I was weary, sunk in grief,—
Autumn sun was red and piercing,—
Faint I sat and asked relief.

From the shady portico
Issued forth a form of beauty !
O ! the voice of eloquence
Describeth not such radiant beauty !

Seemed from gloomy shades of night
Issuing fresh and dawning brightness !
Seemed the stream of life and light
Issuing from the realms of darkness ! *

Bearing in her snowy arms
Cup of ice and filtered water,
Bearing with a modest grace
Juice of grapes and sprinkled sugar.

From the drink a fragrance issued,—
Might be of the rose distilled,—
From the blossom of her cheeks,
Might be some sweet drops instilled !

* The Mohammedans believe that the stream of life issues from mountains of darkness, a beautiful metaphorical admission probably of our complete ignorance of our origin.

Thirst of lips was soon allayed,
 Freshening strength I soon did gather,
 Thirst of heart the maiden waked
 Streams of rivers cannot smother !

Happy youth, whose eye each morning
 Opes upon a face so lovely !
 Happy youth, whose night's last glances
 Close upon a face so lovely !

Intoxication from the red wine
 Ceases when night fades away,
 Intoxication with such beauty
 Ceases not till Judgment Day !

REPLIES TO QUERE I. BHET MAROCHA.

II.

TO THE EDITOR OF MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

Allow me to make the following suggestion with regard to the origin of the words, *Bhet Marocha*.

The word *Marocha* may be a compound of *mara* and *cha* ; *mara* being a corruption of মরাণ (temple), and *cha*, that of চাওন (to see).—The word *mara* is still used in some parts of the Jāhānābād Sub-Division in the district of Hughli in the sense of *Mandapa*. People there, I have learnt, use such phrases as *shiva mara* and *shetalā mara*. I think মাড় is derived from মরাণ in the same way as গুড়ি, হাঁড়ী, নাড়, ডাঁড়, সাঁড় and মাড়, from শোণ্ডিক, হাণ্ডিকা, দণ্ডিকা, ডণ্ড, বণ্ড and মণ্ড, respectively ; the letter (ণ) being eliminated in the same way as the letters (ক) and (খ), in শোণ্ডিক, হাণ্ডিকা and দণ্ডিকা, and the (ব) becoming (বা), just as the (হ) and (খ) of হাণ্ডিকা and বণ্ড, have become হা and খ. According to this view of the origin of the word it would mean—seeing the temple.

It is not altogether unlikely that ryots in times goneby used to make their bridegrooms and brides visit the temples of their landlords' family gods and goddesses and there present some *Darsani*, *Bhet* or gift ; and that this gift has in course of time grown to what *Marocha* now is.

BEGUMGUNGGE,

6th. January, 1873.

Your's faithfully.

A READER.

NURSE CHARLOTTE TO GEORGY BABA.

A LULLABY.

It is the hour of midnight deep ;
And earth and air are hushed in sleep :
Yea—Nature's quiet as in death,
Nor throbs her pulse nor flows her breath !

Now Grief her limbs in slumber steeps,
And but Remorse her vigils keeps ;
No sound disturbs the silent air,
Save the owlet's screaming here and there.

Amidst this calm lo ! yonder child
Is tossing now his bedsheets wild ;
While thus his nurse in accents mild,
Singeth to him—that restless child.

“ Sleep, little one ! Sleep calmly here ;
Thy nursey's by—there's nought to fear :
No ogre will molest thee, dear !
Nor goblin vile while I am near.

“ This mansion lofty—spacious—fine,
These acres broad, all—all are thine ;
'Tis thine the rod of power to sway,
O'er millions born but thee t' obey !

“ Why restless then ? what aileth thee ?
Thy pillow's soft as soft could be ;
Of cygnet's down the bed is made
On which, fortune's child ! thou art laid.

“ Born thou wast 'neath a cold, bleak sky,
Where balmy southwinds never sigh ;
Where wrapt in mists and snowy flakes,
Hoar Winter rules thy land o' cakes !

"But fates' propitious, kind decree
Hath here, dear one ! transplanted thee,
Where all is warm and soft and bright,
And nature's robed in splendid light.

"Why restless then? what ails thee, say ?
My charms will drive thy pangs away.
Is it thou dreamest, dreamest still
Of Doctor Northbrook's last bitter pill ?

"Or of the bones which whit'n the earth ?
Or of the lightless, cheerless hearth,
Where once in peace, the rustic pair
Discussed their homely frugal fare ?

"Or of the cries the welkin rend ?
Or of the sighs the dying send ?
From hamlets fair where Death in glee
Holds his destructive revelry ?

"Oh ! mind not, heed not, dear one ! these !
Oh ! perish all of fell disease !
Let Death's swift shafts the country clear,
Enough the Grim King knocks not here !

"Hush'd is the land in stillness, dear !
Sleep, little one ; sleep calmly here ;
Georgy shall have, for morning mess,
Such dainty dishes made of cess !"

The nurse she ceaseth now her strain ;
Her song hath not been sung in vain :
The song with which the nursey dear
Essayed to lull her infant care.

He slumbers now—that restless child,
His limbs are still, his face is mild ;
But e'en in sleep his lips express
Some sounds resembling 'cess—cess—cess !'

A FUNERAL SERMON.

Oh ! kiss the rod with cheerful grace,
Nor fret thy mind, nor cloud thy face
With boiling rage, or dark'ning grief,
But kiss the rod of him thy chief.

Our judgments always are not right,
Eclipses shade the god of light,
Through error lies our mortal way,
Not oft illumed by reason's ray.

There is cloud-speck in the clearest sky,
There is mote in each piercing eye ;
What oft as right we fondly view,
Is grievous wrong in tempting hue.

Go, burn thy bantling all resigned,
Go, blot its mem'ry from thy mind ;
Oh ! hope not, sigh not, try not thou,
To raise what's pulseless, lifeless now.

Lie it for ever, ever still—
That hated Frankenstein of Ill !
Death follow'd fast the monstrous birth,
Commit " dust to dust, earth to earth !" *

হরি বোল ! হরি বোল ! *Horibol ! Horibol !*—P. D.

BUSINESS CONDITIONS AND PARTICULARS

OF

MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE.

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MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE

MAY 1873.

THE SONG OF THE PLOUGH.

Oh God! I can endure no more
This crushing load of tax and toil;
Is this the curse of being poor—
Thy curse on those who till the soil?
Ah me! it is a fearful life
To know no hope, no gleam of joy,—
To wage a sharp, eternal strife
With ills that flesh and soul destroy!
Strike hard the turf, oh drive the ploughshare deep,
And sow that Wealth your harvests all may reap!

They say Creation's fair and bright,
The sun and moon and stars above—
All—all are things of joy and light,
Of joy and light and hope and love.
But the earth is hard, the sun is hot,
Bear witness, my worn limbs and frame!
The moon and stars—I know them not—
I scarce can give a thought to them!
Strike hard the turf, oh drive the ploughshare deep,
And sow that Wealth your harvests all may reap!

3

Day after day in weary round,
 I work and work and work away,
Or on the stony, scalding ground,
 Or deep in water or in clay,
Till earth and sky all seem to whirl
 Around confused in th' reeling brain ;—
As in a fevered dream they twirl
 And dance, and dance and twirl again !
Strike hard the turf, oh drive the ploughshare deep,
And sow that Wealth your harvests all may reap !

4

Above—below, in earth and sky,
 For me their beauties vainly glow ;
Unheard the birds all carol by,
 Unseen the flow'rs around me blow !
What is that thing called joy on earth,
 That curls in smile the lips and eyes ?
Where is it seen, or has its birth,
 In this dark vale of tears and sighs ?
Strike hard the turf, oh drive the ploughshare deep,
And sow that Wealth your harvests all may reap !

5

Onward through life, I toil and sweat,—
 I sweat and toil,—again—again,
From early dawn to evening late,
 In heat and cold, in sun and rain.
But still beneath the tyrant's rack,
 I drag a wretched life away ;
With scarce a rag to hide my back,
 With scarce a meal to bless the day.
Strike hard the turf, oh drive the ploughshare deep,
And sow that Wealth your harvests all may reap !

6

Still by my toil I scarce can earn
So much as ANNAS TWO a day;*
On this I yet must live, and learn,
Besides, my *rent* and CESS to pay !
What with the landlord's dreadful tool—
Too oft alas ! a heartless clod,—
And the tax-gatherer's scorpion rule,
I'm fleeced and fleeced and fleeced, my God !
Strike hard the turf, oh drive the ploughshare deep,
And sow that Wealth your harvests all may reap !

7

Breathe I beneath free Albion's sway ?
Ah no ! the scourge too well I feel ;
A hundred years have passed away,
Yet sink I deeper, deeper still !
A plea for cess—I want not roads !
They 're thorny to the voiceless poor !
Albion ! Remove these madd'ning goads !
All bloodless, I can bleed no more !
Strike hard the turf, oh drive the ploughshare deep,
And sow that Wealth your harvests all may reap !

* About three pence in English coinage,—the average of the Indian laborer's daily wages in Bengal, if always and in every district so much. In the North-Western Provinces it is *not* so much. In several other Provinces and remote districts where very little coin passes in circulation, it is certainly much less, though the people there generally live in more comfort than their brethren in Bengal. And yet the latter, decimated as they are being by a dreadful epidemic fever which carries off thousands every year, just as they were recovering from the effects of the Great Orissa and Bengal Famine of 1865, have been marked by their paternal rulers,—no doubt from an overflowing regard for their happiness—for tremendous local taxes, unknown in the former history of the Province, cruelly unjust in their incidence, and wholly unjustified by the *present* condition of the peasantry.

THE STUDY OF HINDU PHILOSOPHY.

AS yet no serious attempt appears to have been made to estimate the value of Hindu Thought and its influence on the progress of civilization. It is generally assumed that outside the limits of India, Hindu Civilization has exercised little influence. Perhaps the assumption is, on the whole, correct. The intellectual relations of Greece and through it, of Europe, to India will perhaps never admit of being fully cleared up. But apart from the question of its influence on the world at large, the history of the Hindu Intellect has a value of its own which has been but imperfectly recognised. If Europe presents to the student the more perfect type of civilization, India offers to him the more instructive though less interesting study of arrested development and decay. The intellectual history of Europe bears to that of India the same relation as physiology does to pathology ; while the one presents the richer field for the investigation of the laws of the healthy and vigorous growth of civilization, the other furnishes greater facilities of studying it under the conditions of disease and death.

The study of Sanskrit is making its way in Europe, and the history and the literature of India occupy, it is satisfactory to know, a considerable share of the attention of her scholars at the present day. But it is to be regretted that the literature of Indian mythology and ritual should engross the attention of the learned, to the exclusion of the higher forms of intellectual activity which were developed at a later period of Hindu history. It must, of course, be admitted, that Hindu mythology is a subject of universal interest on account of its real or supposed affinity to the primitive beliefs of all the Aryan races, while Hindu Philosophy has no higher claim than that which arises from its being exclusively Indian. To us, indeed, who are the children of the soil, Hindu Philosophy is a far more important study than Hindu mythology. To us the

nearer and more local is of greater interest than that which is the common property of all nations, and the real significance of which is lost in the dim shades of remote antiquity.

We have not, however, by any means shown any readiness to recognise Hindu Philosophy as an important branch of study. It is, indeed, still taught with reverence, and learnt with awe, in the secluded *tois* of Nadiyá and other seats of ancient learning, but the philosophy of the *tois* is the most barren and unprofitable study in which the human intellect can engage itself. Philosophy as taught by the pandits, is simply a storehouse of verbal quibbles, and high proficiency in it is considered synonymous with high proficiency in the art of profitless wrangling. Why Jagadisa should have used nine letters where he might have used five, or of how many significations an ambiguous word in Gadādhara's Commentary can admit, are regarded as the highest problems of which it is allowed to the human intellect to attempt the solution. The sum of useful human knowledge would in no way be diminished, if by some fortunate accident, the philosophy of the *tois* disappeared from the face of the earth.

There are two aspects in which the natives of India can regard the study of Hindu Philosophy. We can study it for its own sake,—for the philosophical knowledge which it will yield. We can also study it for the sake of the light it can throw on the past history of India,—on the great social changes of which it has often been the cause and often the consequence. It will be generally admitted that at the present day, in the full blaze of the light which the science and the philosophy of Europe pours upon us, the value of Hindu Philosophy, for the sake of the knowledge of Nature which it can impart, is insignificant.

The principal value of Hindu Philosophy consists in its bearings on history and on sociology. As the great causes which have influenced the destiny of India, which have moulded the national character, taught the Hindu to despise the blessings of existence and to look upon inaction as the ideal of human happiness ; as causes in short

to which a very great deal of the characteristics of national life may well be referred, the importance of the philosophical doctrines of India cannot be overestimated. There are, however, no indications of any tendency among native scholars to take up the study in earnest. Natives of India, so far as they have hitherto interested themselves in its past history, have generally followed in the wake of Europeans, throwing little handfuls* of materials upon the structures reared by the giants of another clime. It is a painful proof of the absence of originality and vigor in the intellectual character of the natives of the present day that we little relish pursuits which are not sanctioned by the example and the approval of Europeans; that we dare not ascend heights which they have not attempted to climb. The traces of European footprints must encourage us in any journey we undertake; we lack the courage—not the ability—to venture upon an untrodden path. There is always present to us a morbid dread of failure which itself is a powerful cause of failure.

Hindu Philosophy has not been wholly neglected in Europe. But its spirit has never been seized—it remains to be understood. Natives of the country alone can fall into grooves of thought which they imbibe with their earliest education, but which appear unintelligible and grotesque to the foreigner. The study of Hindu Philosophy in Europe has therefore been barren of results. It is, on the other hand, pursued by a certain section of native scholars with life-long devotion, but only as the science and the art of verbal quibbling. Here, too, has the study of Hindu Philosophy been barren of results. Natives who have fitted themselves for the work by that wider culture which a complete acquaintance with European science alone can impart, are in a position peculiarly suited for giving to Hindu Philosophy its proper position in the history of human achievements.

But no study is likely to be fruitful of results if carried on without a system. The majority of those who pursue knowledge for its own sake pursue it after an

* Every native of India must remember with pride that there is at least one remarkable exception to whom such language cannot apply.

aimless and desultory fashion. An aimless and desultory pursuit of knowledge may be productive of good in other cases, but in the case of Hindu Philosophy it can lead to no good whatever. Hindu Philosophy must be studied with certain definite objects or not studied at all. My object in the present paper is to suggest some of the leading points on which attention should be bestowed in a special manner.

I. *The relation of Hindu Philosophy to Hindu Mythology.*—A sort of hazy perception that Hindu Mythology is in a great measure the parent of Hindu Philosophy is not wanting among those who have bestowed any attention on either. It is again believed on the other hand, that the philosophical systems arose out of that reaction against the mythological religion which culminated in Buddhism, and that while some systems were aggressive and hostile to the national religion, others aimed at its conservation, and attempted to rebuild the fabric of superstition on rational foundations. All this may be true, perhaps is so, but the great problems of history still remain unexplained. How is it that we find a cumbrous mythology and an absurd ritual flourishing gaily side by side with enlightened rationalism and searching scepticism, nay, not only flourishing side by side with them, but riding triumphant over both? Again, without questioning the general affiliation of philosophy to mythology, it is of great importance to trace how each individual myth developed itself into a philosophical idea. Lastly, it is of still greater moment to ascertain, if we can, the national modes of thought common both to philosophy and to mythology, which gave its distinctive character to each and which influence the national character even at the present day.

I will try to explain what I mean by an illustration. We find the principle of triple existence running throughout both Hindu Philosophy and Hindu Mythology. The Supreme Soul has, in philosophy, the threefold attributes of Godness (*satva*), Passion (*rajas*) and Darkness (*tamas*). Next, as separate impersonations of each of these three

attributes of the Supreme Soul, we have the Paurānic Trinity, Brahmā, Vishnu and Siva. This trinity has no existence in Vedic literature, but there we find another trinity as the more primitive representatives of the Paurānic Triad, viz., Agni, Vāyu and Surya. (Nirukta VII., 5.)*

These, again, in their turn represent the Light. Agni the terrestrial light, Vayu the light of the atmosphere, and Surya the light of the sky.† This triple light is traced through the Nirukta (XII., 19,) to the three steps of Vishnu in the Rig Veda. The following is the explanation from the Nirukta :—

“Vishnu strides over this, whatever exists. He plants his step in three-fold manner. *i. e.* for a threefold existence, on earth, in the atmosphere, and in the sky according to Sakpuni.‡”

The verse in the Rig Veda which is explained here is as follows:—

“Vishnu strode over this (universe) ; in three places he planted his step.” &c.§

So that here at least we can trace a philosophical idea to its source in a myth in the Rig Veda. No other intelligible explanation can be offered how philosophy came to announce so fanciful a doctrine as that of the three attributes of the Supreme Being.

He who will write the history of Hindu asceticism, from its first appearance in the Vedic Theology to its most complete development in the Buddhistic philosophy, will earn a title to the gratitude of India. Lecky has shown, with a power of gloomy narration rarely surpassed, the evil influence of asceticism upon the destinies of mediæval Europe, but no country in the world has suffered more deeply from its baneful power than India. Both the mythology and the philosophy were intensely imbued with the ascetic spirit. Buckle has shown how the imposing aspects and unconquerable forces of nature create superstition. Imagination invests these mysterious

* Muir's Sanskrit Texts, IV., p. 57, et seq.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid p. 55.

§ Ibid p. 54.

powers of nature with human volition and superhuman caprice and aptitude for mischief. After man has once assumed their unlimited capacity for taking offence, his next step is to assume that they are constantly offended at intentional and unintentional human actions. Hence arises the sense of *Sin*. The sense of Sin leads to Penance. Wrathful divinities must be appeased by suitable expiations. When man is unable to rise to the lofty doctrine of Repentance, the only form which penance can assume is that of physical privation. Hence the rise of asceticism in Hindu religion.

Philosophy, seeking a loftier ideal and proceeding on a more rational basis, discarded the notion of Sin. But the same causes were at work. The mighty energies of nature worked with impressive force on every side. With no more than the appliances of primitive life, existence was felt to be a burden in a climate and a country which overpowered human powers and neutralized human energies. What had appeared to the theologian as the vengeful action of offended divinities appeared to the philosopher as the omnipotent but natural causes of human misery. Hence in philosophy the sense of *Suffering* took the place of the sense of *Sin*. These two notions, the sense of suffering and the sense of sin, run side by side throughout Hindu Philosophy and Hindu Mythology respectively. The end and aim of the Sāṅkhya is the Cessation of Pain by the Cessation of all Experience. The Buddhist, not satisfied with the Cessation of Experience, aims at the Annihilation of the Experiencing Soul as the only effectual means of securing freedom from misery to man. The Vedānta declines to believe that so much apparent misery can be real and resolves existence into a mass of illusions. The Yogin in the madness of despair constructs a fanciful machinery for conquering the powers of nature. Everywhere the philosopher labours under an overwhelming sense of human misery and directs all his efforts against it. The vast field over which these two leading notions, the notion of sin and the notion of suffering, have spread, giving rise to asceticism, to fatalism, to apathy in politics

and to sensuality in poetry, is one of the most interesting subjects of study with which the Hindu can occupy himself.

II. *The relation of Hindu Philosophy to true Science.*
It must be borne in mind that Philosophy in India had never the restricted signification attached to it in modern Europe, but was co-extensive in meaning with the knowledge of Nature. Philosophy therefore included Science. The Hindu laboured under the disadvantage of an erroneous method. An intense theological spirit rarely leads to anything but the deductive method, and the Hindu method was almost solely and purely deductive. Observation and Experiment were considered beneath the dignity of Philosophy and Science. Nor is even deduction as a rule pushed on its legitimate consequences. First principles are assumed on no grounds, and with the most perfect weapons of deductive logic at his command, the Hindu thinker contents himself with the most fanciful inferences. Mighty glimpses of truth reveal themselves to men of almost inspired intellect, but the Hindu sage will not follow them out to their legitimate consequences.

When the gardeners of Florence found that the column of water in the water-pump will not rise to any greater height than thirty-two feet, the idea of the atmosphere exerting a pressure upon the water outside flashed upon Torricelli like an inspiration. But Torricelli did not stop at the inspired thought. "If the pressure of the atmosphere sustained a column of air," he reasoned, "it ought to sustain a column of mercury also." He experimented with a glass tube filled with mercury, which verified his conclusion. Here was a splendid triumph, but European energy of thought would not stop here. Pascal argued, that if the atmosphere supports the mercurial column, the higher we ascend the lower ought the column to sink. Pascal took a barometric column to the Puy de Dome and the column sank.

A Hindu Philosopher in Torricelli's place would have contented himself with simply announcing in an aphoristic *sutra* that the air had weight. No measure of the quan-

tity of its pressure would have been given ; no experiment would have been made with the mercury ; no Hindu Pascal would have ascended the Himalayas with a barometric column in hand. To take a parallel case. The diurnal rotation of the earth is shadowed forth in the Aitareya Brahmana.* Arya Bhatta distinctly affirms it. "The starry firmament is fixed," says he, "it is the earth which, continually revolving, produces the rising and the setting of the constellations and the planets.†" In addition to this, the apparent annual motion of the sun and the periodical motion of the planets were well known. The only legitimate deduction from the combination of these three facts, viz., the diurnal rotation of the earth, the fixity of the heavenly bodies, and the apparent annual motion of the sun, was the heliocentric theory. But the heliocentric theory was never positively put forward—never sought to be proved—never accepted and never followed out to the establishment of the further laws of the universe. In modern Europe, the announcement of the Copernican theory rendered certain the future discovery of the laws of Kepler and of the great law of Universal Gravitation. In India Arya Bhatta's remarkable announcement rendered certain that nothing further would come of it.

Examples might be multiplied. But the point for enquiry is, did India make no contribution of value to the sum of human knowledge ? Did no power of intellect suffice to neutralize the fatal error in method ? Is the intellectual history of India nothing but the longest page in that unwritten chapter of the world's history—the history of human error ? If not, if truth is still to be gleaned from the recesses of Hindu philosophy, where and how can we find it ? What is in fact the real place of Hindu philosophy in the history of Science ?

Those who follow with admiring reverence Mill's exposition of the Law of Causation must be startled to find that the Hindu Naiyāyikas arrived at precisely the same

* Colebrooke's *Essays*, ii. p. 392.

† Dr. Haug's Translation, ii. p. 142.

result as Mill. The following is Mill's definition of Cause, the net result of his exposition :—

"The cause of a phenomenon" is "the antecedent, or the concurrence of antecedents on which it is invariably and unconditionally consequent."

This is nearly identical with the Naiyāyika's definition, which is as follows :—

"*Anyatha siddhi sunyasya niyata purvabartita Karanānvam.*"

Literally translated it runs thus :—

"Being a cause is being the invariable antecedent of that which cannot be brought about without it."

There are two elements in Mill's definition, viz., the concurrence of antecedents, and the unconditionality of the consequent, which may at first be missed in the Sanskrit definition. But this defect is apparent only. The aphoristic form in which Hindu Philosophy was taught precluded the concurrence of antecedents being prominently brought forward in the definition; it was sufficient that the definition did not exclude such concurrence. But the point is explained and illustrated at great length in other texts. For the *unconditionality* of Mill the Nyāya substitutes an awkward periphrasis, which, however, in reality signifies *unconditionality*, and is elsewhere explained in the Nyāya to do so. Mill explains unconditionality by the illustration afforded by the sequence of day and night. Night is the invariable antecedent of day, but is not its cause, because if the sun did not rise there would be no day. Day is not, therefore, the unconditional consequent of night. Precisely the same thing is meant by "*anyatha siddhi sunyasya.*" Day cannot be brought about without the rising of the sun; therefore the rising of the sun and not night is the cause of day, though night is also the invariable antecedent of day. The identity of the two definitions is remarkable.

The point for enquiry is, what measure of sterling gold like this can be found amid the dross of Hindu Philosophy?

It is by no means so small as is generally believed.

This strictly philosophical conception of the law of causation suggests an important point, viz., the recognition of Law as the only agency in the government of the universe. That which specially distinguishes the superiority of modern Europe over the Europe of the past and over all other countries whatever, is this unflinching recognition of the absolute sovereignty of Law. I have not space to dwell on the point, but I must indicate that the same spirit reigns over the higher forms of Hindu thought, such as the Sāṅkhya and the Nyāya. Whatever the character of inferior schools, such as the Mīmāṃsā, Law is recognised as supreme in the more advanced systems. No divine interposition, no especial providence, no miracle, not even the initial Creative Act is recognised here. Indeed after the great law of causation has once been seized in a true philosophical spirit, the recognition of the Reign of Law must supersede all theological conceptions. So it did in the superior systems of Hindu Philosophy.

III. *The effect of Hindu Philosophy on the political and social life of the Hindus.*

This is by far the most important point in the study of which enquirer into the Hindu Philosophy can engage. A single question, such for instance, as the share which philosophical systems like the Sāṅkhya had in causing the birth and promoting the growth of such a stupendous social revolution as Buddhism, is alone of engrossing interest. But this portion of the subject is so important that it will not admit of being treated at the close of this paper. It must be reserved for a future occasion.

B. C. C.

STANZAS.

1873.

There are rumours of war and invasion,
There are whispers across the wide sea,
There is news of a king who is arming,
To conquer the land of the free.
There is waving of plumes and of banners,
Bright falchions leap forth to the sun,
And the trumpets announce in shrill union,
That the march has already begun.

Will the sons of the desert bend tamely
Their necks to the yoke of the foe?
Will they cringe to the haughty invaders,
Nor strike for fair Freedom a blow?
Will they, the descendants of Timour,
The fierce,—the unconquer'd, agree
Like slaves to give up their proud birth right
And forever despised to be?

3

No,—death is more welcome than thralldom,
—And hark, through our passes are borne,
The shouting of warriors assembling,
The blast of the deep mountain horn;
The horsemen are mustering in thousands,
—Each chief at the head of his clan,—
By the banks of the mighty Sir Daria,
On the steppes of wild Badakshan.

4

Will the war-tide roll red o'er *our* frontiers?
 Will the bolt of destruction be hurled;
 And is there a chance of our seeing
 Death's flag o'er our country unfurled?
 —Are there limits to pride and ambition—?
 Go learn from Truth's chronicled page,
 That the insatiable thirst for conquest,
 No means upon earth can assuage.

5

To our Father our head we bow humbly,
 To the God of all nations we pray,
 To keep our dear land from alarms,
 And send us sweet Peace in our day;
 To bless our good sovereign,—O, may she
 Long, long over India reign,
 And enshrined in the hearts of her subjects,
 Our idol and empress remain!

O. C. DUTT.



BHOOBONESHOREE

OR

THE FAIR HINDU WIDOW.

CHAPTER X.

"Bhooboneshoree," continued Preo Nath, "asked the combatants the cause of so many murders in one day. They seemed disinclined to satisfy her curiosity, but at last Chatura informed her that the quarrel arose from Mukhoda's attempt to announce his reputation. "Did I attempt," said Mukhoda, "my march has already ordered Bhooboneshoree's reputation, you know." and infamous Shamasoondory who spoke loudly against her conduct." Chatura and Shamasoondory were not slow to retort the accusation, and return the abuse with interest. From murder and bloodshed, the combatants now proceeded to rake up stories reflecting on the character and antecedents of themselves and their ancestors through all the generations up to the time of Bullal Sen. A nice and faithful family history might be collected from the materials at their command. It happened that in their childhood, they had not only learnt their hereditary science of war, but had studied their relatives' and neighbours' family histories with no inconsiderable care, and as was now plain to great advantage. Ladies who did not know their own grandfather's name glided over the most interesting stories connected with the immoral lives of their neighbour's ancestors up to the tenth degree, as if they were events of yesterday. It was not now difficult to get at the history of the quarrel. After Bhooboneshoree had learnt the general features, she first told Chatura, who was the most innocent of the three, that as she (Bhooboneshoree) was the party whose character had been vilified, others need not quarrel about it. She had more cause to complain, than any other, but as she did not take any offence

others ought to sit content. If she could pass over deliberate attacks, her cousins need not mind thrusts made in the heat of passion. By such arguments as these she prevailed upon Chatura to go home.

"To Shamasoondory, Rhooboneshoree then addressed as follows:—"Cousin, I have the highest respect for your virtue. The simple circumstance of your wishing not to come in contact with me, because you considered my conduct reprehensible, shows the strong moral principles that have been implanted in you. I wish I could be as pure as you are. From what I have just heard, I am proud to call you my cousin and if you do not condemn this poor wretched creature as incorrigible, I shall be very happy to count myself one of your disciples. For I can not associate with such of all nations without imbibing some of your principles, or land from afar. I am not as pure as you are known to be, I confess to you that the faults you condemn in me lie more in my head than in my heart. When a child, my mother used to say that I was a simpleton. She even now would occasionally call me her foolish wild daughter. My beloved husband whose fondness for me led him always to magnify my good qualities and to extenuate my faults, would often lay the latter to the account of my weak understanding. So what appears reprehensible in my conduct, often arises from my not knowing what is proper to be done. I do not say that my heart is entirely blameless. For I often lack moral courage to do what I know to be proper. The fear of wounding other's feelings very often leads me to omit what I know to be just, and to commit what I know to be wrong. I am generally inclined to pull well with all, be she good or bad, and this leads me to commit many errors. I have often endeavoured to correct this trait in my character, but it has struck such roots in my system, that I find it impossible to eradicate it. Had I been endowed with your firmness of character, or that repugnance to associate with the frail which you have, I would have been more righteous than I am. My unfortunate situation is the cause of many of my faults, or indiscretions as you have charitably termed them. Had the beloved partner of

my life been alive, he would have infused firmness where I was weak, warned me when I was doing wrong, and pointed out the right path when I went astray. Had I even a pledge of his love, I might not have been so bad as I am. But it has pleased Heaven, for its own wise purposes no doubt, to deprive me of husband and child, and I am left in this wide world without a guide, protector or friend."

"Every body was moved. Shamasoondory who had some superior elements latent in her nature, burst into tears. She could hardly believe that a lady, whom she had deeply injured by her vile insinuations, could be, not only forgiving, but so pure as not to perceive her malignity, nay to give her credit for virtues which she never possessed, and to take upon herself blame which she never merited. Suddenly catching hold of Bhooboneshoree in her arms and laying her cheeks over her's which she bedewed with her tears, she exclaimed, "O ! you angel of purity and innocence ! You are too good for this world. Heaven reflects itself in your bosom, while your flesh and blood are all that belong to this earth. I am unworthy of you, I do not deserve credit for virtues which you have been pleased to ascribe to me. The failings you have enumerated in yourself, are so many perfections which I should be proud to possess. Whatever your husband or your mother might say, I can hardly regard your amiable weaknesses as so many defects. Nay, I would not like to see you free from them, for without them you would not appear so admirable as you do. Angel of a cousin ! you have not been guilty of any indiscretions. Had we been as pure as you are, we should have regarded them in a different light. I was really mistaken in my construction, but you must remember that I acted from the purest motives." Shamasoondory did not admit that she was actuated by envy or malice. Such a confession could not, perhaps, be expected from human nature. She ought at any rate to have asked her cousin's pardon, but this even she omitted to do,—probably because she had acted from the purest motives,—as every one does, at least according to him or herself ! It was not

difficult now to prevail upon her to go home instead of renewing her quarrel with Mukhoda.

"Bhooboneshoree now turned towards the latter. Chitra was not correct when she said that Bhooboneshoree knew not how to be angry. For Bhooboneshoree's noble features now assumed an expression far from amiable. Her eyes reflected for a minute the hues of the rainbow. However attractive a pretty lady, when angry, may appear in a poet's eyes, Bhooboneshoree's charming face was rather disfigured than beautified by her momentary passion. It appeared so foreign to her nature. The colour came and went up to her eyes and cheeks for a minute, and then she observed to Mukhoda, "cousin I am so angry at this moment that I do not know how to commence the subject. My passion may have led me to judge uncharitably, but I cannot help thinking that you have acted a very faithless part. Being the nearest and dearest to me, you would be naturally expected to defend rather than vilify my character. If you considered me guilty of any impropriety, you should have pointed it out when it occurred, instead of now raking up old stories to my disadvantage. But whatever be your conduct towards me, you ought to have at any rate respected the memory of the best and dearest husband who is now in heaven. To drag him thence for the purpose of bespattering his spotless life and reputation, is more than I can forgive."

"I must here observe to you," said Preo Nath addressing the Doctor, "that whatever admiration I may feel for the character of Bhooboneshoree with all its weakness, I cannot help thinking that her conduct towards Mukhoda was entirely unworthy of her. Her reproaches were rather harsh and unsuited to her gentle and mild nature. Then what she said regarding her husband was perfectly unjustifiable, not to speak of the bad taste evinced by the allusion." The Doctor here told Preo Nath to wait that he might bestow due consideration on the subject. After deliberating a minute, he shifted his seat and sat just in front of Preo Nath. Casting his eyes repeatedly towards the light, he requested Preo

Nath to move it a little further off that he might the better see his face. He then asked his friend to repeat his remarks on the character of the "syren" as he called Bhooboneshoree. Preo Nath did so. "Not so fast, pray," exclaimed the Doctor, "your sentences are so ambiguous." Preo Nath repeated them a third time. "The last sentence once more, if you please, it is so philosophical," said the Doctor. When this request was complied with, the Doctor told him to lessen the light of the lamp, while he himself shaded his eyes with his hand. After all these preliminaries, the Doctor having cogitated deeply delivered as follows. "The apparent harshness of the syren is due to her devotion to her husband. She was much moved, because she could not bear any unfavorable reflection on her husband. I do not clearly understand your remarks. They smack of jealousy, for evidently you do not relish her great attachment for her husband. "O Doctor!" replied Preo Nath, "you are very uncharitable in your construction. I do at upon my charmer, especially for her unearthly chastity, her faithfulness to her marriage vows." "For all that," rejoined the obstinate Doctor, "you do not seem to like her strong and undying love for her lord. But we should not quarrel about it. Let me hear what the syren did afterwards. I may, however, tell you for your consolation that I would like to see her forget her husband, he being dead so long. A lady of her transcendental beauty and attractions is made to diffuse joy among thousands, instead of mourning for one whom she cannot get back."

Preo Nath was rather irritated at the Doctor's unworthy insinuations. But the latter portion of his speech seems to have restored his good humour, and he resumed the narrative as follows:—"In reply to Bhooboneshoree's angry and, I must continue to say, unworthy remark, Mukhoda burst into tears and said she had been very badly treated by her beloved cousin; that while she had charity and admiration for Chatura and Shamasoondory, she had none for her, although she was the most innocent of the party, having all along defended her character from

their foul aspersions. But she need not have spoken all this. Her tears were sufficient to touch Bhooboneshoree's tender heart. She first tried to kiss away the tears. Finding that her caresses rather increased than diminished the flow of Mukhoda's charity and kindness through her eyes, she fell at her feet and said, "cousin, do not weep for my sake. I am perfectly convinced that you are innocent. So soft and loving a heart like yours, could not have breathed a word against my excellent husband. You, who have seen him with your own eyes, could not vilify him, let others misrepresent you as they may. The sun has spots, but he, you know, had none." Then seeing Mukhoda nod in assent, she continued :—"I have been very uncharitable and unkind to so good a cousin as you. Since you are my elder cousin, you should consider me as your child, and extend a mother's forgiveness to me. A child, you know, may commit ten thousand offences against her mother with impunity. I have been over-hasty. I ought to have first asked an explanation from you before condemning you. But that weakness of understanding which my mother attributes to me, has done all the mischief." It was not till Mukhoda had ratified her pardon that Bhooboneshoree rose from her feet.

"The turmoil now subsided. But if Bhooboneshoree thought that she had, by her tact, brought the battle to a close, and re-established peace and amity between the combatants, she was greatly mistaken. To achieve this, was not so easy as to prevent her grandfather's journey to Brindabun, make him eat the food which he refused to taste, or lay him down to sleep when he refused to go to bed. For as soon as Mukhoda's feet were released from her grasp, Mukhoda went over to the roof of the house, and tracing a figure on the floor, kicked at it repeatedly. Chatura and Shamasoondory who were watching her motions from the top of their own house, imitated her example, and moreover spat on the face of the picture. Mukhoda was not slow in doing the like. Each party now brought broomsticks, and struck at the face of the unfortunate figures in spite of their struggles and

groans, as reflected in the face of their merciless tormentors. This ill-treatment not having satisfied the kind-hearted ladies, they threw ashes at their faces. This seems to have extinguished the little spark of life that remained of the pictures, for the humane ladies now sat upon their inanimate corpses, and by cracking the fingers, striking the ground with their feet, and the gnawing of their teeth, seemed to fight or devour each other in imagination. This went on for several hours, and when the men left the house on their respective occupations, the ladies beat each other down by the force of their tongues. This fight continued for several days. When the combatants retired to their respective duties, they seemed, like their sisters of Dacca, to have covered the cause of their quarrel with a basket so that during their absence it might not fly away to their disappointment. Those women, when they return to their respective positions on the battle-field, open the basket, and taking out the poor quarrel, hungry for want of nourishment for several hours, feed it by launching wordy javelins at each other. But, Doctor, as you have often observed how your mothers and sisters quarrel with their female neighbours, I need not dwell on the subject any longer.

CHAPTER XI.

"Now to return to my charmer," continued Preo Nath. "She stood upon a raised wooden seat, and unloosening her massive locks of hair which descended considerably below her feet, exposed them to dry. Her present attitude served to display her beautiful and majestic figure to the best advantage. Her left foot was raised so as to rest on its toe; her body was slightly bent so as to form an angle in the region of her waist; one of her hands was stretched to separate the clusters, while the other hung negligently by her side; her head lay a little inclined on her shoulder, and her eyes, instead of looking in front, were turned a little to guide the movement of her fingers; while her black and curly locks by falling over her

fair forehead, neck and cheeks, completed a picture which no one could behold without love and admiration. Like a Fairy, she seemed to have spread charms and enchantment around, and even her envious cousins could not help admiring the scene.

"Kadumbinee and Kusam tried to dispel the illusion by insinuating that she displayed all her arts and charms for the sake of effect. Just at that moment, their respective husbands Dwarik and Chunder coming to the place on their way to the dining room, Kadumbinee and Kusam of course retired out of sight, but stood sufficiently near to hear what their husbands said, while the other ladies remained sitting as before. You know, Doctor, how ladies in our country consider it incumbent upon them to crack jokes with their sisters' or cousins' husbands as often as they meet, and how those husbands have the privilege of playing the lover, and indulging in passages of gallantry with them. On coming nearer, Dwarik accosted Bhooboneshoree in these words: "Goddess of beauty and grace!! why have you kept your temple closed against us? In vain have we watched for opportunities to offer the incense of our adoration and love at your holy shrine. Blessed be the day which has been so propitious to us, and brought us to your presence. You have to this moment conjured up a fairy scene which no one can pass without being bound by the spells you have spread around. Nay, your present attitude, the raised seat on which you stand, your dishevelled hair and your divine face remind me of the beautiful goddess of fortune whose Pujah we celebrated the other day. Say, goddess, how have you so soon returned to illumine the house with your presence." Here he paused for a reply, but getting none, continued in another tone. "Do not, I pray you throw at me the dart held in your uplifted hand. I am already bleeding from wounds your eyes have inflicted, and can ill bear a dart from those lovely hands."

"The sentiments expressed, the tone in which they were uttered, and the eyes of the speaker dwelling rapturously on her lovely face, showed that Dwarik did not

merely feign a flame. The ladies exchanged looks, Kadumbinee's cheeks glowed with rage, while the aunts retired to allow the young people to carry on what they regarded a merry warfare. Bhooboneshoree, who was smiling during the progress of the above speech, observed at its conclusion,—“you profane your goddess's temple by addressing her in the language of impassioned love. You cannot adore her as a goddess who inspires you with unholy desires.” “Pardon me, goddess,” said Dwarik, and down he went on his knees. Taking a rose from his pocket, he held it for a minute near his heart, and then laid it respectfully at her feet. “Now,” said he, “let me contemplate thee, goddess, in my heart.” Making this as an excuse for dwelling on her form, he reverently crossed his hands on his breast and rivetted his eyes on her lovely face. Bhooboneshoree felt rather uneasy under his prolonged gaze, and therefore said, “well, devotee, thy prayers are accepted. Now let me know what thou wouldst have.” “Grant me, O goddess,” cried Dwarik, “thy lotus feet. I do not covet riches, beauty, power, fame or children. Only grant me thy lovely feet. I want nothing else, may thy lotus feet for ever play on my breast. May there be no devotee more favored than I. Wherever thou beest do thou fly and lay thy beloved feet on my breast the moment I invoke thee.”

“This, you know, is the set prayer generally offered by the most devout Jogees to the Gods. Neither Bhooboneshoree nor any one could take any exception to it. But she still felt uneasy under his passionate looks, for he gazed as if he was absorbed in the contemplation of her charms. Besides, his language became so passionate by degrees, and his voice was so tremulous with emotion, that she was thinking how to fly. But it would be highly improper to run away from a brother-in-law who complained of her neglect, and was only addressing her on subjects which form the general topic of conversation on similar occasions. To avoid her face being devoured by his eyes, she however turned towards the left, but to her horror she met the eyes of Chunder glaring at her.

She then turned towards the right and observed her cousins intently watching the scene. Some of them were asking Chunder to sit near them, but he, without paying any heed to their request, was gazing at her as if he had never seen her before. As there was no other direction towards which she could turn her eyes, she cast them towards the ground and affected to be busy with separating the clusters of hair with both her hands.

"At this stage Dwarik exclaimed:—"Beautiful goddess! be thou propitious to me who have centred my soul in thy feet. But why cast thine eyes on the ground? I beseech thee, I entreat thee, raise those orbs and shed their benign influence upon me. Thou hast set up in my bosom a flame which *they* can only quench. Behold, I am being consumed to ashes. Pray look up before it is too late. Beautiful as thou art, thou canst not revive me after I am dead." Saying this, he bowed low and raised his eyes so as to catch her sight. As their eyes met she burst into laughter rather from vexation than merriment. She was surprised to observe that her laugh, instead of calling up a corresponding emotion in him, only served to rivet his fond looks upon her face. She tried, however, to put a bold face on the matter. "Thy prayers, devotee," said she, "are granted. Thou shalt have my feet on thy breast." "Thank thee, goddess!" exclaimed Dwarik, and laying bare his breast, brought it almost in contact with her feet. She was offended as well as frightened, but receding a step, still affected to continue the joke. "Nay, do not," said she, "presume to approach me, or touch me with your profane body. If my feet come in contact with your breast, you will no longer remain a denizen of this earth." "I do not," replied the counterfeit devotee, "wish to live in this world of woe. I would like to be absorbed in your beloved lotus feet. You have once granted my prayer, you cannot now recede"—and he approached nearer as if to catch hold of her feet. She shrieked and retreated to the margin of the raised seat.

"Dwarik, as the illusion under which he had hitherto laboured was destroyed, now awoke into reality, and reproached her for unkindness. "Am I not your

cousin? But your conduct shows that you do not regard me as such. The other day you gave me a *pan*, but for fear of your hand coming in contact with mine, you threw it into my palm as if I was a low-caste whose touch was contamination." Bhooboneshoree blushed red and held down her head. Dwarik could not evidently bear to see a shade on her beautiful face. "Cursed be the tongue which has caused that blush on those lovely cheeks," said he, "forgive me for presuming to judge by human standard the acts of a divine being. Since thou wouldst not be propitious to the extent I desire, give a token of thy favor." "I am so much pleased with your devotion," said Bhooboneshoree, evidently wishing to obliterate the recollection of her unkindness, "that I must grant you whatever you may desire. May you enjoy happiness in your devoted wife, have a large family, rich estates, money in abundance——" "I do not," interrupted Dwarik, "ask any of those blessings. Grant me, with thy own beautiful hand the rose with which I have worshipped thee." "But it has been trampled so under my feet," replied she. "It has, therefore," rejoined Dwarik, "become so desirable."

"She hardly knew what to do. It would be improper, she thought, to return a flower which had been trampled under her feet, by way of a token to which he seemed to attach so much importance. But as she had already offended him in the *pan* affair, she was not willing to offend him again. On the contrary she wished to obliterate that unpleasant recollection from his mind. Perhaps her noble nature was also touched by his enthusiastic love and devotion for her. In this frame of mind, she had raised the flower, and was turning it in her hand, when on looking down she perceived the joy beaming on his face in anticipation of the gift. Her mind again misgave, her hand trembled for a moment, and the flower fell from her hand into his. With horror she saw him raise the flower respectfully to his mouth, and kissing it again, lay it fondly on his heart. Of course the ladies were laughing, and in order to laugh it out as best as she could, she affected to join in their mirth.

"Dwarik did not, however, join in the merriment, but holding the rose on his breast, seemed to be absorbed in the contemplation of her charms, surveying her from head to foot with passionate longing and open admiration, depicted in every feature of his face. Bhooboneshoree happened at the moment to glance at his eminently handsome features, and as their eyes met, her cheeks were overspread with blushes, and her lips and hand trembled more than ever. This evidently did not escape Dwarik's notice. For his eyes now floated in an ocean of bliss, and he seemed to scan every lineament of her face. Feeling rather uneasy under his gaze, she drew two locks of hair over her eyes, and while pretending to separate them, observed more with a view to divert the attention of the company from the scene than for any other object.—"Your lips must forfeit all claim to your wife's fair cheeks when they can kiss a rose trampled under my ugly feet. Nay, why desire the latter when you can have her handsome feet, in which you may seek for salvation or absorption just as it suits your humour." The fool answered:—"I would infinitely prefer your feet to her cheeks. The dust from your feet is far more delicious than the nectar from her mouth."

"This remark elicited considerable laughter from the other ladies. Considered as a joke, there was no harm in it. But Bhooboneshoree held such utopian notions about the holiness of conjugal union that she was highly incensed at the remark, and flatly refusing to hear anything further from him, turned her face towards Chunder, whose existence she appears to have forgotten all this time.

"If you," said Chunder coming forward, "would no longer accept my rival's suit, vouchsafe, kind Goddess, to accept my adoration. I have been long contemplating your divine form in my soul." "You should contemplate the form of my cousin Kusam," replied Bhooboneshoree. "She can grant all your prayers, not I. So farewell." Saying this she began to collect her scattered locks preparatory to her departure. "This is extremely unjust and partial," retorted Chunder offended. "One votary is

allowed to present his offerings and to obtain some favors. The other is to be dismissed without a hearing !!"

"Bhooboneshoree evidently did not like to be charged with shewing partiality to the handsome Dwarik. But still she thought that the joke had been carried too far, and that the exclusive devotion she seemed to command from the young man would not be appreciated by the other ladies who had been hitherto disregarded to their great chagrin. She therefore reminded Chunder that the time for Pujah was over, that her aunts had repeatedly thrust their heads from behind the pillars to imply that dinner had been served, and that her uncles having already arrived to partake of the same, his absence would excite attention and provoke comment. "No, Goddess, no," cried Chunder. "I must first worship you, and then satisfy my appetite. You know worship precedes a meal. I have not so long contemplated your divine form for nothing." Bhooboneshoree was extremely averse to enact another scene like the preceding, which in her estimation was rather improper. She was moreover vexed to see that most of her cousins, instead of joining with her as they usually did on such occasions, suffered her to carry on a war of jests single-handed with a brother-in-law, and instead of laughing as they usually did at most of the jokes, silently and intently watched the scene as if the young men were serious in what they said to her. She, therefore, implored Chunder to desist, promising him another interview—"a secret one if you like," added she with a ravishing smile. But the young man was inexorable. "I have got this opportunity," said he, "after a great length of time. You avoid us so carefully that I despair of obtaining another favorable occasion. At this time you would be with our grandfather. There is hardly a moment when he would allow you to come out of his presence. But this day his projected journey to Brindabun has turned everything out of the usual order. Pray, why make invidious distinctions? You were all graciousness as long as my rival's worship lasted, but would turn away when I came to offer up my adoration. She was rather vexed at this suspicion of partiality.

towards the handsome young man. Not liking to dissuade him herself, she implored her envious cousins to interfere and put a stop to the scene, but they pouted their lips saying they were too ugly to command his obedience, and too discreet to intermeddle in affairs of love. She saw that the joke would end in something serious. She, therefore, became more and more unwilling to indulge the young man in his ravings. She was even vexed with herself. "It is to avoid such scenes," said she to herself, "that I do not mix with these young men, being even guilty of rudeness towards them at times. From tomorrow I must give them no occasion to crack such jokes with me any more. My beloved husband could never bear to see me enact these scenes—perhaps from jealousy. But then his love was intense, and from unbounded love springs jealousy. Since he disapproved of them, they can never be proper." As she revolved these thoughts in her mind, a shade passed over her lovely face.

"Do not," exclaimed the young man, "let the clouds intercept thy beams, but scatter them away with thy powerful rays. Thou, queen of the sky, rise in all thine glory and illumine my heart which is darkened with many contending passions arising from thy charms. Let not the *rahoo* devour and eclipse thine lovely self. I am already grown so jealous that I will ascend the sky through thy aid, and kill him in personal combat." Bhooboneshoree could now perceive that Chunder's ravings would be no less troublesome than Dwarik's, but she thought the former could not take much of her time. While she had been struggling, the part he wanted to play, would probably have been over. Besides, to show more unwillingness would more and more invest the scene with a show of reality, and lead others to believe that she attached to it greater importance than it deserved. "There is one consolation," said she to herself, "that this young man's gaze is neither so passionate nor so oppressive as the other's." As this idea crossed her mind, she turned towards the left, and observed with surprise that Dwarik far from going away, as she had thought, was silently devouring her person with eyes that seemed to revel in her charms.

Her figure trembled for a moment as she met his frenzied gaze, and in an absent mood, she nodded assent to Chunder's request.

"The young man joined his hands in the attitude of prayer and said:—"Sincerity is to be judged by the nature of our adoration and not by the time devoted to it. Ravana and the great jogees propitiated the gods by personal sacrifices rather than by their prolonged prayers. I will imitate their noble example." Saying this, he affected to wound his heart with a knife, and having taken a rose from his pocket, bathed it in the blood supposed to issue from the wound, and then laid it on her feet. He then took out another rose, and having washed it similarly in his heart's blood, laid it respectfully on the other foot. Bhooboneshoree could not help laughing at the young man's fancies, and some of her envious cousins were no less amused. In spite of the agony depicted in his countenance, his eyes were fondly raised towards her face, and seemed to overflow with love and tenderness. Far from feeling oppressed under his looks, Bhooboneshoree laughed more and more, and her cousins did the same. The young man now feigned to root out one of his eyes, with great difficulty he affected to wrench it out of its socket, and lay it reverently on her feet. He next pretended to make the streams of blood rushing out of his socket, fall at her feet till they were completely drowned up to her ankle.

"As this even did not move his goddess, he threatened to take out the other eye. Bhooboneshoree now interposed and said, "Nay, devotee, cease, I am satisfied with your devotion, and have come to grant whatever you may ask." But the devotee affected to be so much absorbed in the contemplation of the goddess's lovely form that her words did not appear to reach his ear, as he proceeded to wrench his other eye. She then spoke in a louder tone. "Nay, devotee, the goddess thou adorest, being unable to bear the brunt of your devotion, is come and stands before thee." The devotee refused to believe the evidence of his senses. "Many a syren with your heavenly tongue is sent by the envious gods to disturb

my devotion, and to allure me to my destruction, you may tell the gods, I do not covet their heavenly seat or heavenly joys. I only seek to be absorbed in the lotus feet of my goddess, I cannot believe she is come unless she ratifies her presence by some token." "What token wouldst thou have," asked Bhooboneshoree. "I would be satisfied when I feel my goddess' feet press my breast." The ladies laughed, and watched to see how Bhooboneshoree would get out of the difficulty. "Search thine heart," said she, and there shalt thou find me. Why ask for the evidence of thy touch, when thou disbelievest the evidence of thy ear. If fallacious, the one must be as much as the other."

"Yes," exclaimed Chunder, "I am convinced of the presence of my Goddess at last. Such a superb figure, such captivating features, such a noble mien, can belong to no earthly being or heavenly syren. Yea that gorgeous mass of hair descending below the feet; that majestic forehead commanding veneration; those vaulted eyebrows resembling heaven's rainbow in archness and symmetry; those large rolling eyes in which the God of love sits with darts quivering in his bow; those blooming cheeks in the whirlpool of whose dimples many a mariner longs to be shipwrecked; those ruby lips beaming with perpetual smile; those rows of pearly teeth that stand like sentinels at the portals of heaven to guard the nectar concealed within; that alabaster neck proudly rising as if consious of the precious burden it has to support above; that slender waist bending under the weight of a bosom bursting—" "Cease thy ravings," cried Bhooboneshoree interrupting. "Thy Goddess is come to confer blessings, not to hear thee prate about her beauty in language unbecoming the lips of a votary." "Pardon me, Goddess, for my presumption," said Chunder with hands joined, "I will now name the boon I ask. Let me, beloved Goddess, be absorbed in you or be united to you so as to be one and indivisible with you."

"This boon it is beyond my power to grant," replied Bhooboneshoree. "Thou art still too impure to be absorbed in me. After six more transmigrations, you may

expect your essence to be united to mine. Ask any other boon, and it shall be granted."

"I do not ask any other," said the jogee. "If you must not grant me the boon I have asked, you may go. My sacrifices have not yet satisfied you. I will pray till you are rocked in your throne, or till the heavens are in a blaze"—and he proceeded to take out another eye. The other ladies now interposed. "Nay, jogee," said they, "do not take out the other eye. If you do, you will be perfectly blind, and not behold your Goddess." "Syrens ! avaunt," said the jogee amidst general laughter. "You little know the power and nature of my Goddess. She is so kind that she is unable to bear the sight of woe. She is so compassionate that she weeps on seeing tears in other's eyes. She is so alive to other's feelings that she will give anything you ask, and so bashful that she knows not how to refuse a favor. You may deeply injure her but manage to bring out a tear and she will ask your forgiveness, believing you to be the injured and not the injurer. Offend her mortally—your submission will immediately melt her heart. The eyes I sacrifice, she will restore to me. She may go away angry at my pertinacity but unable to have me long in woe she will soon return to shower on me twenty times the favor she had already refused to grant. She cannot forsake her devotees, whatever be the sacrifice she is obliged to make."

"The jogee had so feelingly and truly portrayed the character of my charmer that some of the ladies cheered; and Dwarik, coming forward, clasped his rival in his embrace, and said—"you have far surpassed me in adoration." Bhooboneshoree perceived their drift, but obstinately refused to believe that Chunder's portrait had any reference to herself. She exclaimed admiringly,—
"Yes, such is the character ascribed to the gods and goddesses of our country. A devotee raises his sincere prayer on high, and the throne of the goddess is rocked; she is unable to remain away any longer; she hastens to him and gives anything he asks. If the favor asked, is improper or cannot be given, she demurs, and goes away, but if the devotee persists, her heart is melted, she

returns, tries to convince him of the impropriety of his request and tells him to ask any other. If he is still obstinate, she goes away probably in a rage, but her kind heart is again touched at sight of his suffering, and unable to remain away, she visits him for the third time; dissuades him once more,—and failing, grants him the favor asked. A god is in this way made to give away his favorite consort to his votary; another is induced to become his devotee's son and suffer all the woes incident to flesh and blood; the third gives away his heavenly seat and remains in the nether world a prisoner at the devotee's house. Indeed there is no favor which the pertinacity of the devotees has not extorted from the gods. No nation perhaps burns with greater religious zeal and enthusiasm than the Hindu. They would even desire annihilation in order to be absorbed in the feet of their favorite god. O! that the Deity were really so kind, and that my prayers could restore my—." The foolish lady perhaps wanted to get back her husband and child in this way, but her pathetic exclamation was interrupted by the voice of the ladies who chid her for converting an occasion for jest into one for lamentation.

"Beauty in tears is at times irresistible. This appeared from the passionate looks of the two young men as they gazed at Bhooboneshoree's face. The ladies exchanged glances and Bhooboneshoree's fair cheeks were overspread with blushes. There were however far mightier feelings struggling in her breast. "It is very late, my hair has dried, and I must go," said she, and turning behind, began hurriedly to collect her hair. Chunder started from his reverie, and with joined hands, implored her to stay that he might finish his puja, but she continued to collect her hair still more hurriedly than before. "If you would not," rejoined Chunder, "stay another minute, pray trample those flowers under your beloved feet and return them to me." By this time she had hastily tied her hair in a loose knot, and was descending from the raised wooden seat, but Chunder's profound sighs and imploring looks seemed to arrest her course for a second. For she readjusted her dress so as to make the skirts touch the wooden seat; and

as she descended from it, they swept the roses towards the direction where Chunder was sitting. She glided along without perceiving what Chunder did with the flowers. Nor did she appear to have noticed the rueful looks of Kadumbinee and Kusam as she passed the room where they stood. Indeed so pre-occupied was she with her own thoughts that she overturned several articles that lay in her way, and was in danger of coming in violent collision with the rest. Hastily entering her room she closed the doors and windows, and no one could know what she did afterwards."

DIFFERENT NAMES GIVEN TO IRELAND.

Apuleius and Caesar called it Hibernia, which is Iernia, a corruption of Iar-inni-a ; Orphius, Aristotle, Claudian and others,—Ouernia, Ierna ; Juvenal and Mela—Juverna or Jubernia, the same as Ierna or Iernia ; Solinus,—Juvernia ; Ptolemy,—Javernyá ; Eustathius,—Vernia ; Diodoras,—Irin ; Plutarch,—Ogygia ; Avienus,—the Holy Island ; Jocelin,—the Island of Saints ; others,—the Island of Destiny ; others again,—the Emerald Isle ; Bede and others,—Scotia ; the English, Gauls, Italians, and Spaniards call it Irland or Irlandia ; the Welsh,—Yver-den (west valley), the Irish themselves,—Ere or Eriu (Celtic), from *Eri* or *Iar* meaning Western and *Innis*, island ; the moderns,—Ireland from Iar-en-land (land of the west). Wormius derives Ireland from *Yr*, the Runic for a *bow*, in the use of which weapon the Irish were very expert. Lloyd (*State Worthies*) derives it from *Ire*, from the constant broils in the country for 400 years.

UMESH CHANDRA GUPTA.

Shattighur, Teota.

VERSES

*Supposed to be written by MAHARAJAH BLOWHARD before his
departure for the clouds.*

I am hated by all I survey,
 This truth there is none to deny ;
From Kurmnassa all round to the Bay,
 I am scorn of the low and the high ;
Ambition ! Oh where are the charms
 My fancy had seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in Obscurity's arms,
 Than *sink* in thy hollow embrace.

I am out of all sympathy's reach,
 My reforms I must cherish alone,
Never hear Admiration's sweet speech,
 Save thine, O Burnhard ! and my own.
The beast, that came over the sea,
 Fresh laws for the country to 'breed,
Is so disrespectful to me,
 His rudeness is shocking indeed.

Society, friendship, and sway,
 To all I would bid farewell still,
If but to revive for a day
 My darling M—c—l B—ll !
My sorrows I then might forget
 In the ways of taxation so sweet ;
Might revel as Anarch the great,
 And care not for the sallies of wit.

* * * * *

How strong is my longing for cress !
Compared with the glow of its fire,
All paleth D——k's passion for place,
And the passion of urchins for mire.
When I think of my recent rebuff,
I am tempted at once to resign ;
But alas ! Sc—t—a's clime is so rough,
I needs must forego the design.

But dread Indra is gone to his rest,
The gods are now nodding on high ;
Even Blowhard must take to his nest,
And off to the hills must he fly.
There's D—p—r to rule in my place,
And D—p—r, encouraging thought !
Gives even my measures a grace,
And reconciles men to their lot.

THE RUINS NEAR BIDYA'NANDAKĀTĪ.

THE place where these ruins are situated is about 24 miles south of the sudder station of Jessore, and 4 miles from Ganj Kesabpur. In other words, it is almost on the boundary line between Jessore and the 24 Pergunnahs.

The first object that attracts attention at the place is an enormous Dighi or artificial lake measuring 2,358 feet by 1,062 at the top of the bank, and 2,160 by 864 feet at the bottom. That the Dighi is extremely old, appears from the fact of its having been discovered above 400 years ago by Khán Jehán A'li, who reclaimed it from the jungles with which it was covered at the time. From this circumstance, it has come to be called Khánjálee's Dighi, Khánjálee being the name by which the saint is popularly known. Popular tradition, indeed, ascribes the origin of the Dighi to Khán Jehán A'li. This is not surprising when it is remembered that he is the patron saint of the neighbouring villages, to whom is due the first milk of the cow, and in whose honor an annual *mela* or Fair is still held on the southern bank of the Dighi on the anniversary of his death or the full moon of Fálgun or Chaitra in which the *Holee* festival takes place. At one time he was held in so great a veneration that no one, be he Hindu or Mahamedan, would construct a masonry work at Bidyánandakāti without adding a brick to the structure erected to his memory on the bank alluded to.

All these honors are or were paid probably in acknowledgment of Khán Jehán A'li's services in having reclaimed the neighbourhood from the jungle to which it lapsed after the catastrophe, whatever its nature may be, to which the depopulation of the Sunderbans is due. That the Dighi was not excavated by him, is abundantly clear from the simple circumstance that it is long from north to south, which is also the case with many other old tanks in the neighbourhood similarly ascribed to him. For it is a well known fact that the religious

prejudices of the Hindus lead them to make their tanks long from north to south.

It is just possible that Khān Jehān Aḷī's principal claim to the construction of the Dighi which goes by his name, is due to some repairs or improvements he might have effected in the way of keeping it supplied with fresh water from the Bhaddra which flows along its eastern and western banks. And indeed all the popular legends extant which are to be presently noticed, would seem to confirm the view of the case. For the purpose alluded to, he seems to have deepened the channel towards the north-east corner of the Dighi, which connects it with the river. But if the channel, so deepened, carried fresh water to the Dighi, it brought also mud and sand which gradually filled its bed till in course of time it became completely dry. At present cultivation is carried on within the body of the Dighi, and various cereals are seen to grow except in parts which are washed by the river water during high tide. According to popular belief the Dighi was never excavated deep enough to bring out water from the bottom. But this belief, which is chiefly derived from some of the extant legends, probably modern, is falsified by the very sight of the tank, which is 99 feet broad at the base and 63 feet at the top, and which in spite of rain and wind beating against it for several centuries, is still on an average 9 feet high.

Of the legends alluded to, one runs as follows. Khān Jehān Aḷī had, within the course of a single night, nearly completed the excavation of the Dighi, together with six score and six tanks, when the Hindu deity Krishna, growing jealous of his achievements, and of the influence he would thus acquire over his votaries, imitated the voice of a cock, and with his penetratnig and shrill-sounding throat announced the approach of "the God of day." This made the Mahamedan saint desist from his labors, and return to Bāgīrlāt, where finding it to be still mid-night, he executed, before dawn, those works which have excited the admiration of posterity. According to another legend Khān Jehān Aḷī was interrupted in the course of the excavations by the river Bhaddra which, rising till it

overflowed the high banks of the Dighi, implored him to desist, urging that its own water would be considered impure when the Dighi was completed. The saint thereupon cut the channel alluded to, and opened a communication with the river. A third legend again attributes the interruption to a jogi (yogin) buried in the earth near the channel, who, when uncovered by the diggers, laughed in their faces. They got frightened, and left the work unfinished.

But whatever the legends may assert to the contrary, the fact of the Dighi having been originally very deep is established not only by its unusually high and spacious banks, but also by gold and silver ornaments as well as household utensils occasionally found buried in its bed,—a circumstance which tends to shew that the Dighi was at one time extensively used for bathing purposes. The articles thus found were formerly so numerous that the Dighi came to be considered as a great repository for hidden treasure. It is popularly believed that as long as there was a free communication with the river, gold mohurs and various articles used to float on the surface of the Dighi, and go out and return to it with the ebb and flow of the tide. When in process of time, the water became sufficiently shallow to excite the cupidity of the neighbouring people, two great earthen jars (মাটির জাল) —in the Calcutta Bengali dialect, জাল *jālā*—filled with gold coins were seen to issue from the middle of the Dighi, and cutting a passage in its bank near the south-eastern corner, glide through it at a rapid rate till they disappeared beneath the waters of the river. In proof of this fact, people appeal to the gap still existing, which in remembrance of the circumstance, is called Chhenrakonā (ছেঁড়া কোনা) or torn corner.

About a hundred yards north of the Dighi, there are several brick-kilns whose tops are only visible above the surface, the rest having sunk in the bosom of the earth. The bricks which appear to have been cut and not moulded are generally thinner and smaller than those made at the present day. They have been lying useless since they were made, as no one ventures to touch the kiln for

fear of incurring the vengeance of the "mighty dead." Some years ago, a gentleman in the neighbourhood carried a cart-load of these bricks to his home. Not long after, his child sickened and died. Attributing his misfortune to the sacrilege he had committed, he carried the bricks back to the kiln, and placed them in positions they had occupied before. In 1867, a school house was set up near the spot by the united exertions of the neighbouring gentry. But the laborers employed in the work, could not be made to remove any of the bricks with which they came in contact in the course of their diggings,—a beneficial piece of superstition which serves to preserve ancient monuments from desecration. The house was destroyed by the cyclone of 1st November of the same year, the combination was dissolved, and the project was abandoned. A Ganj set up at the same place several years previous, had also shared the same fate. Well may the ignorant multitude repose undisturbed in their belief that nothing can prosper at a spot which has evidently been the scene of a mighty revolution!

Near one of the brick-kilns, and almost on the margin of the river, is to be seen an oven or fire-place built of brick. The remains of similar ovens may also be traced near the spot. A few feet below, there are some masonry steps leading to the river. From the plinth of one or two round pillars found under the steps, it would appear that there was an awning or roof erected over the *ghât* for the convenience of people who came to bathe in the river, just as there was a range of kitchens for serving those who resided in the palaces above.

About 50 yards west of the *ghât*, runs a *pucca* road from north to south. As it has been greatly destroyed by the cultivator's plough, it is difficult now to ascertain how far it extended or where it led.

Proceeding further north; we come to a very old tank which though extremely shallow, is never dry,—owing probably to the deep strata of mud to be found underneath. The water is considered very wholesome and during the hot season, supplies drink to many neighbouring villages in which all artificial reservoirs of water

are then dried up. There are so many wonderful stories told of this tank that it is not suprising if no one dares approach its middle part. All household utensils, it is said, used formerly to float on its surface at times, and to disappear whenever any one wanted to appropriate them to his own use. If not meddled with, they would come out and go away of their own accord, no one knowing when the one or the other would take place. People would often hear sounds, as if some one was rubbing and cleansing household utensils in its water. As few people dare catch fish in the tanks, it is no wonder if members of the puny species of the finny tribe are occasionally seen to attain unnatural sizes. But some of those fishes are believed to have red spots marked on their foreheads in imitation of those found on the foreheads of Hindu wives. Superstitious people in the neighbourhood pretend they still hear the beating of the gong and ringing of the bell proceeding from the middle of the tank. There are two *bur* (banian) trees on its eastern bank, which are respectively called *Arín* and *Barín*.

From this tank, which is situated at Sofrabaz, there is a very spacious road (partly damaged) about half a mile's length, leading to a similar old tank at Altápol. Like the former, the latter, though shallow, is never dry and supplies very wholesome water to the neighbourhood. Some years ago, the rich gentry of the place excavated a tank in the vicinity, but though they dug very deep, they failed to come at any fountain. The reason was explained to them in a dream. The presiding genius of the old tank could not, it said, allow a rival tank to dim the glory of his own.

There are several other old tanks to be met with within a circuit of 304 miles, but none of them deserves any particular notice. The total number of tanks dug by Khán Jehán A'li in the neighbourhood, are popularly believed to amount to six score and six. The same is said to be the case at Bágirhát. The natives seem to have a particular predilection for this number which they generally use to express any large quantity. Neither here nor at Bágirhát, are there half the number of tanks.

to be seen. Several have no doubt been dried up, and all traces obliterated in the lapse of ages. There are at most twenty old tanks to be met with in the neighbourhood of Bidyānandakāṭi. These, as already observed, are long from north to south, which unmistakably shews their Hindu origin. If any doubt were left on the point, it is removed by the fact that some years ago, when re-digging one of the so called Khān Jehān A'li's tanks, which had been nearly filled up and converted into a rice field, a piece of putrified *bel* wood, surmounted by Mahādeva's *trisūl* or trident, was found imbedded in the earth several feet below the surface, such symbols, it is well known, being generally fixed in the centre of old Hindu tanks. The tank is situated across the river in Mazidpoor about a mile from the *gha't* alluded to, and the remains of a road, about 20 feet broad, which formerly connected the two, may still be traced along the entire distance. There can, therefore, be no question as to the tank belonging to the same group that goes under the name of Khān Jehān A'li, since it is evident that the man who built the *gha't* must have also constructed the road and excavated the tank.

There are several other old roads in the neighbourhood, most of which have been not only damaged, but so obliterated by the cultivator's plough as scarcely to leave any vestiges of their former existence. Here you meet with a little mound of earth surrounded by rich fields on every side; about 50 yards off another mound appears, perhaps similarly situated; far as your eyes can reach, a third breaks into view; and it is when you compare their position and appearances, and discover their aim and object, that you come to consider them as detached portions of a road, other traces of which have completely disappeared.

Returning to Bidyānandakāṭi which lies south-east of the great Dighi, we find an old road in a tolerable state of preservation, running along the borders of the river, and extending throughout the entire length and breadth of the village towards the south and the west. The road which was once very spacious, has been much,

reduced by the inhabitants of the place who have from time to time encroached upon it and included bit after bit within their respective gardens planted along its sides. Still in many places, it is broader than roads to be met with even in important villages. There are traces visible of a similar road, running similarly along the banks of the river, and bounding the village towards the north and the east. Indeed the latter is the continuation of the former, rather than a separate road, the whole having been evidently designed either as a fortification to protect the place from invasion, or as an embankment against the encroachments of the river which bounds the village on every side. The only natural approach to the place formerly lay through an opening towards the north-west which afterwards was wholly taken up by the Dighi ; so that the village could not be entered except by a single road running over the high bank of the Dighi towards the west, the channel already described effectually preventing the approach of an invading force by the road existing over the opposite bank. Indeed the selection of so unsuitable a spot for so magnificent a Dighi, could possibly have no other object in view than what is here specified. For, a few hundred yards in front, or a few hundred yards behind, the Dighi would have far better chance of containing deep and wholesome water, and would have commanded a more extensive and beautiful prospect on every side, than being, as it is now, blocked up between two streams.

The above view is also suggested by a sight of the position of the village. Those who have seen the jungle forts of Behar, such as that of Lackimpur in the district of Bhaugulpore for instance, cannot, on a view of the situation of Bidyānandakāti, fail to be struck with the idea that, in ancient times, the place was the most likely to be chosen, by an independent Hindu chief for the seat of his fortress. It is an island on the bed of the Bhaddra, the height of the opposite banks completely concealing it from observation from a distance. The river is, indeed, almost dry except during the tide, and has ceased to be navigable except during the rains. But

as old men still exist who have seen large traffic carried on it at one time, it may be naturally concluded that, centuries hence, when the Dighi was excavated, and when Bidyanandakāti was a fort, the river must have been a deep and running stream which was not safe for an enemy to cross.

Unless we suppose Bidyanandakāti to be the residence of a powerful and independent chief, it is difficult to explain the existence of so enormous a Dighi on its borders. He must be a man that had unlimited labor at his command, who could have executed so stupendous a work. The absence of tradition may be urged against the supposition. But this may be easily accounted for by the circumstance of the place lapsing into primeval wilderness, and being subsequently reclaimed by a man who is revered as a saint, and whose achievements were calculated to throw the previous imperfect history of the place into the shade.

The existence of numerous tanks and roads, and the discovery of bricks under ground in the vicinity, seems to show that the chief who established his fort at Bidyanandakāti held sway over a rich and flourishing community. From the direction of the tanks already alluded to, it may be safely presumed that this community consisted wholly of Hindus, the Mahamedans apparently not having yet set foot in the country.

It remains now to say a few words about Khān Jehān Āli, to whom the above works are generally ascribed. All accounts, it would seem, agree in describing him as a great man who was sent by the Emperor of Delhi with a large army to bring the inhabited portions of the Sunderbuns into subjection, and to reclaim such lands as had lapsed into jungle owing to the incursions of the *mugs*, or from causes which cannot be now ascertained. According to a popular tradition, he received tributes from the Rajahs and collected rents from the ryots for many years, but like the famous Collector of Ganjam, who in the early part of the British rule built palaces at Rombha on the banks of the Chilka Lake, he spent the money in digging tanks here, and erecting,

mosques there, and forgot to remit it to the imperial exchequer. After vain remonstrances, the Emperor sent another army to enforce obedience, the former having become disaffected like their leader. When the news reached Khán Jehán, he did not, like the same Collector, retire to his circular palace within the Chilka with all his accounts ; nor did he, on the arrival of the troops, put the papers into a boat, row up till half the way from the shore, open a leak, and sink the whole into the lake, the rowers and himself swimming to the shore. But he hit upon an equally ingenious expedient. For he concealed his treasure in various places under ground, and became *alī* or saint. The imperial general did not venture to adopt coercive measures on a man so holy. When the army at last returned to Delhi, Khán Jehán *Alī* dug out his treasures from time to time, and spent the same in excavating tanks, building mosques and palaces, constructing new and repairing old roads, and generally in executing throughout the Sunderbuns those useful works which have endeared his name to posterity. When he died, all the treasure had not been dug out or expended. The discovery or flight of hidden treasures in later times near the scene of his works, is ascribed to this cause.

RAUSBEHURRY BOSE.

ETYMOLOGY OF THE WORD EVE.

A celebrated Latin author relates a very pleasant fact respecting the etymology of the word "Eve."

"Eve," he says, "is derived from a word that signifies "to prattle." The first woman took this name for the following reason. When God had created the world, he threw down from Heaven twelve baskets filled with prattle ; the woman gathered up nine of them, whilst her husband had hardly time to collect the other three.

UMESH CHANDRA GUPTA.

Shattighur, Teota.

THE COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES OF INDIA.

‘ANOTHER VIEW.

I have carefully perused the article in the last number of this periodical entitled “A Voice for the Commerce and Manufactures of India.” This voice is not a novelty, but a mere echo of that clamour which at the present moment is raised by several unpractised theorists throughout this country and even in England.

Many loudly deplore the loss of our trade in Indian Cotton manufacture, and evince a wish for its restoration, which is the offspring of an unprofitable over-zeal. This show of patriotism reminds me of the well-known fable of “the cats and the mice ;” but none I see, practically speaking, dare hang the bell by suggesting even the plausible means for attaining that desirable end. That India once enjoyed exclusively the boon of this once flourishing branch of our commerce, none can deny. In those days of yore she had no rival, weak or formidable, to compete with. She had all the advantages of a monopoly, which as a general rule, can never be lasting to doomsday. Take, for instance, the monopoly in this region of the late East India Company, which was knocked at the head by the English Parliament after it had existed for fully 200 years. To that monopoly were our weavers chiefly indebted for the consumption of their manufactures. In bewailing the extinction of the Indian trade in Cotton piece-goods, we may as well bewail the loss of the Company’s monopoly, and pray for its revival.

I regret the writer of the article in question should insinuate that I do not sympathize with our spinners and weavers for the prostration of their trade. Nothing certainly, would be more unbecoming in me than to be wanting in that natural feeling. The fact is, as I conceive, that their misfortune is past all remedy.

This writer as well as others ascribe the cruelty of depriving our weavers of their bread, to commercial and political handicapping of the English, but they seem to be totally unmindful of the real cause of that disaster. It was no intrigue or unfair play on the part of the British Government or merchants that ruined our trade in cotton goods, but in truth it was the power-looms of Great Britain and the best quality of the cotton produced in the United States which killed this trade in Bengal, not all India, as I shall show hereafter. The unrivalled superiority of the most valuable fibre of America at once enabled the Manchester millers not only to produce cloths of unexceptionable qualities, but to lay them at outports at costs which proved highly tempting to customers of all classes. These cloths were sought after with the greatest eagerness, and this in the face of a rapid increase in their imports : our own cloths, which theretofore had cost three to four times as much as the price paid for English goods, made room for the latter. For instance, a piece of 39 yards 7lb grey shirting could lately be had for 4 Rs. 8 as. per piece ; whereas a piece of Bengal cloth of similar texture and dimension, if such Bengal ever produced at all, could hardly be procured for less than 15 Rs. a piece, or 6 As. a yard at the least. As to the comparative qualities of the two species of cloths, I cannot help stating here candidly, though somewhat to the disparagement of our country's manufacturers, that our Indian cotton goods were generally of a deceptive make and character, while the English, especially in earlier days, were even and smooth from one end to the other. Poor souls whose comfort in the cold season was formerly basking in the sun in the morning, and warming themselves in the evening by the side of a fire made of dry leaves, were afterwards in a position not only to cover their indecency, but to cover their whole frame with the products of Manchester. Thus millions of the poor are benefitted, whilst a few thousand weavers suffered by the influx of foreign goods. Well, gradually then, our own manufactures, as a matter of course, died a natural death. What I say here is not a hearsay, a

mere hypothesis, or an exaggeration, but is the result of personal experience.

Unfortunately for the artisans of Bengal, supineness and the total absence of that energy which behoves them, especially when they have to contend with foreign invasion of rival articles, are their characteristics. For these reasons they evidently slackened themselves in their perseverance to keep up their trade with greater care and assiduity. Had they acted with a moral courage, they might have still retained in their hands some portion of the trade now almost totally annihilated. They were then more independent and not in need of foreign encouragement, and might have to some extent sustained their position.

From the appearance in these markets of a new and a powerful rival, the Madras weavers had cause to share a similar fate with those of Bengal, but it is no little praiseworthy to the former to hold out yet, in their honest occupation both at home and even in a country whose products have shoved out of market those of Bengal.

From the following extract from Messrs. Kilburn Kershaw and Co's circular dated 6th February last, it will be seen at once how the Madras cotton piece-goods are to this day esteemed in the London market, and how remunerative must have been the result of a recent sale to the shippers, and how encouraging it is to the manufacturers of the Madras Presidency.

"East India Cotton Piece Goods.

"The usual quarterly public sales were held this day and passed off well, the quantities were small and the prices obtained as follows :—

"Blue Sallampores :—242 Bales of 80 pieces each, of which 73 Bales found buyers at from 8s. 8d. to 9s. 6d. for common light Pungums, being 6d. in advance upon last sale's prices, and a very high quotation; 10s. to 10s. 8d. of medium heavy Pungums, say 6 to 7lbs; and 13s. 6d. to 14s. for a few bales of best heavy Pungums, 7 to 8lbs. For Filature 8 kalls there was very little enquiry, and

as importers held for firm rates, only 20 bales were sold at 9s. out of 136 bales offered, the remainder being bought in at 9s. and 9s. 10d.

"Madras Handkerchiefs. Quantity offered very small; 77 trunks of 60 each against 166 in October last. There was good demand, and with the exception of certain parcels which were held for extreme limits, everything at all current found ready sale at fully last sale's rates. 62 trunks sold, 15 trunks bought in.

"Ventapollam Handkerchiefs. Only 13 trunks offered, all sold at good prices, say 7s. 8d. to 9d. for "Red White," and 11s. to 11s. 6d. for "Red Green White." "

The reader will observe that while Manchester could not afford to sell her 7 lbs grey-shirtings for less than 8s. 3d. per piece, Madras Punjums weighing 7 to 8 lbs fetched 13s. 6d. to 14s. The Madras goods, I verily believe, are the produce of manual labor, and of her own superior cotton.

This report at once refutes the assertion that *all India* has lost the trade in cotton piece-goods from the manœuvres of the British Government and merchants, who, it is surmised, have lent a hand in undermining the Indian manufactures. If the Bengal manufacturers should have suffered from such dodges, Madras must have suffered likewise; but no, the misfortune so bitterly complained of in sympathy with the Bengal weavers, has independently of what I have observed before, visited them from scientific inventions and natural incidents, as well as the incomparable wealth of Great Britain; advantages which Bengal never possessed for warding off that misfortune.

The writer of the article under review says:—"If India's manufacturing power was so great in times of misrule and anarchy, when genius had little encouragement, and labor a scanty reward how many times more would that power have increased under the security of life and property we now enjoy, under increased intelligence, increased energy, and increased prosperity." Now he runs down the English and gives them credit in the same breath. He talks of "misrule" and "anarchy".

of the former dynasty, and with some degree of candour unconsciously expresses his gratitude to none but the British Government "for our increased security of life and property, increased intelligence" and so forth. All I can make of this assertion is a desire for transferring the gigantic power of England in cloth-making to India, and to give all the prestige now enjoyed by Manchester and Glasgow to our Dacca and Santipore.

The writer perhaps is not aware of the attempts heretofore made, not by natives of Bengal but by men of that august nation to which we are indebted "for our increased intelligence, energy and prosperity" to manufacture cotton piece-goods at places not far from Calcutta. All their combined efforts failed, though millions of rupees were sunk in the undertakings.

The fact is that cloths made in this part of India do not and cannot generally pay by reason of the absence of those advantages which England possesses over other countries. Germany lately attempted with the aid of her powerful machinery to compete with Manchester by importing here her own cotton twist, and soon after gave way to the more economical and more useful twist of England; though every encouragement was afforded by our Government by the removal of differential duties on foreign goods. Even the United States attempted to trespass here upon Manchester, but failed at last, though she possesses an ascendancy over all other countries in respect to the production of cloths with her own cotton on the spot. In 1859-60, the year before the Civil War in America, she had sent us her cotton goods of the value of Rs. 5,43,280, and in 1869-70 Rs. 31,824 only, whereas from Great Britain alone we imported in the last mentioned year cotton piece-goods of the value of Rs. 8 crores and 12 lacs.

I have already said that all cotton-growing countries depend upon the manufactures of Manchester. A few years before the American War when cotton wool was cheaper, and the produce of Manchester was inexhaustible, her customers at home and abroad were unable to take up her enormous stocks. England then

openly expressed a wish for the discovery of another world for consuming her vast produce.

In the face of such an all-absorbing power of English manufacturers any attempt on the part of our Bengalees at cloth-making under a renewed activity and with the support of English skill, English machinery and English capital, would be preposterous in the extreme. One word more on this subject, and I have done with it. In the event of Bengal being in a position to surmount the existing difficulties, by securing all that may now be wanting for resuming her manufacture, where, I ask, is she to get raw cotton of any quality, which would be equal even to the ordinary kind of America ! In the first place Bengal does not produce cotton, but common *Karpas* scarcely fit for making *gijee* cloths. She must, therefore, depend on cotton from the N. W. Provinces.

In a price current dated 6th March last, the quotation for the ordinary American Upland, which is the lowest grade of the American kinds was $8\frac{1}{4}d.$ and that for *good middling Bengal* $3\frac{3}{4}d.$ per lb, or nearly one third of the former. Now the reader will observe how far the writer of the article on Indian manufacture is correct in his statement that "the nearness of America" to the English market made her "cotton not a little cheaper than what went by the long route of the cape."

I hope I shall be pardoned by the reader for laying here the startling account of the annual value of cotton-wool consumed by the Manchester and Glasgow mills, which will at once give him an idea as to the practicability or otherwise of countries in other parts of the globe to interfere with goods produced by the power-looms of Great Britain.

In 1872 the total quantity of imports from all ports delivered from the warehouses in England for the use of the people of Great Britain and consumers in out-ports, was 3,265,620 bales, each bale containing 362 lbs. The average delivery per diem (Sunday excepted) was 3,788,942 lbs or 50,737 Factory maunds. The total quantity consumed in 1872 was 1,182,154,440 lbs, the value of which estimated at $7d.$ per lb would come to £ 34,479,504. So

much for the value of raw material alone. If to this amount the cost of manufacturing goods be added, it will in all probability be raised to twice as much, say more or less 70 millions of pounds sterling or 70 crores of Rupees.

The Manchester millers and merchants, as well as our English importers here, are content with almost a nominal profit. It would therefore be a fruitless attempt on the part of the manufacturers here to undersell them. It is urged by many that the saving of transit and other incidental charges to which the imported goods are subject, is a sufficient inducement for a fair trial in this part of the country ; but in fact, as experiment has shown, the advantage of manufacturing in Bengal is more than counterbalanced by those numerous drawbacks which counteract a successful issue. The cost of the block and machinery, the heavy charge of keeping the engines in good repair, the extravagant expense attending the maintenance of a European establishment, the impossibility of getting at raw cotton of a superior quality at a moderate cost, and above all, the interest upon the capital which will have to be borrowed, would tell seriously upon the concern. To any individual of practical experience these drawbacks are enough to discourage him at once.

By heedlessly laying blame at the door of England for destroying our piece-goods trade, we may as well find fault with her for shutting out of foreign markets our once extensive trade in Benares Sugar, with China for throwing into the shade the bulk of our raw silk, and with Germany for interfering with our saltpetre. Common sense ought to teach all non-commercial theorists that cheap goods of one country supersede those of another when they are comparatively higher in value.

Now there are several of our staples which are most in favor with customers in other parts of the world, and their exports have increased and consequently their prices are high. To protect them from being encroached upon by rival countries I ventured to recommend an extension of cultivation in order that we might lay our produce at a more tempting price.

I was, therefore, of opinion, as I still am, that agriculture is our only resource. If we have lost our export and home trade in Bengal cotton piece-goods to the extent of, say 3 crores of rupees, we have since produced articles of a value of five times that amount for export only.

Rice.....	3 Crores.
Jute.....	1½ Crores.
Linseed.....	1½ Crores.
Opium.....	6 Crores.
Tea.....	2 Crores.
Indigo.....	2 Crores.

How far our landholders, agriculturists and laborers of every denomination have severally benefitted by the extension of the produce of our soil, I need scarcely dwell upon. It is very justly and truly observed by some journalist that out of the total profit derived from our products, 5 per cent only is left to the exporter, if any thing at all. To any impartial observer, the increase in our export trade is glaring enough not to admit of the loss of our commerce in Bengal cotton manufactures having been by far compensated. If a section of the Bengal populace has suffered in one department, they have in common with several others reaped rich harvest in other divisions of our traffic. To say that England pockets 10 crores of rupees by importing here piece-goods of that value, is to ignore that she has had to pay us by far more than that sum by taking off our hands commodities of various descriptions too numerous for detail. We do not pay her the equivalent in coin, but in kind, nay receive from her more than she does from us.

I have recommended our enlightened natives to "wield the plough." I now more confidently aver that in our agricultural pursuits solely depends the prosperity of our countrymen. In these unpropitious times, such as are engaged in trade frequently are crossed by adverse results. Those who labor under the bondage of servitude are hardly in a position to meet both ends. Being

so situated, what can be more desirable for us than to take to an honorable and independent profession which holds out to us at all times the brightest prospects for acquiring that prosperity which we are fruitlessly hankering after by unprofitable pursuits? Let us produce articles by means of extended cultivation and bring them to market at reduced costs, and we shall never be in want of customers to purchase them of us at remunerative rates.

I have presumed to point to waste lands in the Sunderbuns where they can be had either rent-free or for a mere nominal rent. They are exceedingly fertile and capable of producing most useful articles both for local consumption and export to any extent we might desire. A thousand beegahs of *Lakheraj* land under cultivation in permanently settled districts may be worth 20 to 30,000 Rupees ; but a similar quantity in the Soonderbuns may be cleared and rendered fit for cultivation at an outlay of more or less 3,000 Rupees. Application is all that is necessary, and in course of time, as energy and enterprise shall hold out an encouragement, ample will doubtless be the reward for all labor and expense for bringing those lands under cultivation.

Let us act prudently and in harmony with those under whose rule and protection it has pleased Providence to place us, and we shall not fail to prosper and be happy. But it is much to be pitied that talking at random against power and policy is becoming a chronic disorder with the more enlightened of our present generation.

It is indeed a misuse of the liberal education which has been afforded by the government to our children at an unlimited cost and with no little care and anxiety, and this has been done with no other object than to see them prosper, and to render them capable of appreciating the boon thus conferred on them. We should not forget that it was not by threats that we have acquired an elevated position to which heretofore we never dreamt of aspiring; but that it has been in a manner thrust upon us unasked and unsolicited, purely through the munificence of the generous government under which we live.

In thus laying my views before the public, I earnestly hope to be understood that personality is foreign to my thoughts. My object is solely to see my countrymen act with modesty and propriety towards our government and the ruling nation.

KISSEN MOHUN MULLICK.

A FABLE.

1

A pig of purest porkine blood
Once squeaking near a dunghill stood.
When lo ! a jewel caught his eye,
A gem that lay all sparkling by.

2

“What’s this, mamma, what’s this ?” he cries ;
“Not our loved dirt !” his dam replies.
The shining thing in scorn they hold,
Thus proving true the proverb old !

3

Give swinish herds their filth, they will
In grunting transport have their fill ;
Reserve for cultured taste and wit
Ambrosial food and nectar, sweet !

A BRAHMAN'S COMMENTARY ON DARWINISM.

I CANNOT help wondering at the supineness of men, specially Englishmen, under the Darwinian fancy or freak. What are we to think of people who read his work, one after another as they issue, and quietly discuss them, once and again—all respectfully though a few disapprovingly—some indulging in mild criticism, most accepting the main statement but hinting flaws in detail, a considerable number swallowing the whole hog, head and tail, theory and evidence and all—a few, if any, avowing a general initial dissent,—none such a dissent as the case demands? What a Pacific Ocean of a temper must they be blessed with who can pursue the even tenour of their way unruffled under the grave imputations cast in right earnest against us all by Mr. Darwin! I must in justice to them confess that at first I took that gentleman's first essay for a joke, a little heavy, indeed, both in the wording and the machinery, but a joke nevertheless :—a huge clumsy *jeu d'esprit*. I thought he aspired to authorship in the line of Lucian in the ancient world and Swift in the modern—and did not shine in it. I thought his work, in its *object*, rather of a piece with those artistic efforts, the latest but by no means most successful instance of which is Mr. E. W. Cooke's book, in which the lower animals are caricatured to resemble man in his various peculiarities, changes of costume and posture, &c., and *vice versa*. I understood it as the fancy of a learned man who meant to try to see how plausible a case might be made by learning for the ethnic identity of man and beast—the near consanguinity of the genus *Homo* with the genus *Honoo*—the kinship of Man and Hanu-man. And I allowed that both the learning and the wit are characteristic—professorial. Mr. Darwin's next appearance dispelled the illusion. A joke in *serial*—a *jeu d'esprit* extending through thick volumes—is too

much of a good thing to ascribe to even a *savan*. Particularly as now the author, not content with reducing man to the level of the brute, proceeded to let him down below the lowest forms of animal life—to make him a cabbage or an onion. There was plainly ground for alarm that the whimsical gentleman would not rest till he had proved to his entire satisfaction that we are not good enough to be the lineal descendants of a salad or a mustard seed, but are, in very sooth, begot on a clod by chance. The matter, indeed, was far too serious for a joke even for English professorial wit. All at once, against my strong prepossession, I awoke to the consciousness of the business-like sobriety and earnestness of a man, a gentleman and scholar, versed in all mundane, lunar and infernal knowledge, not yet in Bedlam, who insists upon telling the world and frowns at all signs of scepticism, that mankind, including, I dare say, his own precious self, are rather high-favored monkeys—brutes who bear to other apes the same relation that grain-fed beef does to ordinary market meat. Every new publication of this curious specimen of humanity or inhumanity (as wanting in the essential pride of the lords of the Creation) has confirmed me that I did not awake to the truth too soon.

And now for sometime past I have been haunted by the idea that I ought to enter a decided large protest against the theory of this learned monomaniac, gifted with the power of writing and a fatal facility in intellectual invention. Of late the carrying out of the idea has been felt by me more and more a necessity. Others may put up with the insult—may go their accustomed avocations heedless of the abuse—may have their night's rest under the imputation. I cannot. It may be bad in me. I am sure it is unfortunate, but so it is. I am helpless in the matter. Others may have good reasons not to be irritated at any reflections on their parentage and ancestry,—others still to be afraid to challenge an enquiry into them. I have no obligation to silence or to fear. I must out with it. It is due to my parents and progenitors. What is the good of my regular periodical *shrads* (invocations

and offerings to their manes) if I let such an open impugning of their identity go without reproof ?

I should have no quarrel with Mr. Darwin with one limitation. He is quite welcome—or rather should I not say, if the poverty of the barbarous English tongue which I have been compelled to learn to the neglect of my national classics, permitted me,—should I not say *welgo*?—to ride his hobby to the below-stairs of the universe, provided he goes alone—does not drive us before him by the cracking of his whip.

He says we are descended from monkeys. I don't know whom that ominous "we" consists of, but I am sure I have nothing to do with it—at least I will have none of it! Mankind? what does Mr. Darwin know of mankind? There are men and men—Jews and Gentiles, Pagans and Christians, Greeks and barbarians, Iranis and Turanis, Arabs and Ajami, Chinese and outer-barbarians, Hindus and Mlechcha. Is it to be supposed that they all sprung from the same pair? Then how absurd to imagine that a number of human pairs themselves descended from some other species of animals! One concession, however, I am prepared to make in favor of Mr. Darwin. I dare say a learned man like Mr. Darwin—who knows such a world—or, for that matter, several worlds—of things, and dogmatizes on the descent of all manner of animals—is sure of his own genealogy. The cynic who boldly proclaimed that there was no honest man in the world provoked the remark that he at least by his own confession was dishonest, for it was impossible any one could know the hearts of others, not to say of all men, but his evidence regarding his own might be relied upon.

Of course Mr. Darwin, like a true Briton that he is, can never be suspected of conscious neglect of the interests of the first person, either plural or singular; is very careful, indeed, so far as his Northern imperspicacity enables him to be. Only I do not understand his labors. A birth may be a misfortune—an ancestry a reproach, but what can be the good of procuring at no small trouble and expense

from the Heralds' College and displaying a coat of arms which is a standing reproach? For just such an act I regard Mr. Darwin's learned and painstaking volumes. Mr. Darwin has made no hasty confession. His is a deliberate policy. Such a personal statement any critic would accept on trust. But, here is a man who feels himself under the necessity of piling volume upon volume of evidence to establish it! There may be merit in the frank admission of an unpleasant truth derogatory to one's vanity. But Mr. Darwin goes much beyond such a course. His anxiety and long-continued industry almost suggest a novel aristocratic pretension—a new *koolinism*—the pride of a literally *blue* blood, is it? Certainly his repeated pompous assertion of direct and immediate kinship with the ape is due to an utter obtuse unconsciousness of the degradation that relationship involves. Or, it may be referred to another precedent, if not accounted for on another principle, for the principle is not clear. Men's genealogical preferences are strange. The thirst seems to be for antiquity rather than for dignity. Sensible enough men—men of the world, with all imaginable shrewdness—are not only not ashamed, but are actually proud to be able, to trace their descent from any scoundrel, however infamous—any robber or cut-throat or traitor, hung or unhung, any menial, cup-bearer, pander, or son of a courtesan, provided he can be invested with the enchantment, robéd with the azure hue of a distance of some centuries. Decent people supposed to be learned are regularly at work to discover all the *badmashes* who disgraced the early history of the world with the same care and zeal that another class of learned men display in hunting for bits of old bone or rude stone implements buried in the earth. So transcendent is the glory of being the great-great-great-great-grandson or nephew of a man who was either executed or deserved to be executed in his generation for crime, and whom every Christian believes to be reserved for hell, that if real bad characters are not available, fictitious ones are grasped at with an energy as if it were a question of life and death to get them. And if not bad characters, then indifferent

ones, by all means ! I once heard a late Agent to the Governor-General at Moorsheadabad gravely informing the Nawab Nazim that he (whose respectability at that time Impertinence and Scepticism had dared to canvass, not to say question) was the lineal descendant of no less a personage than—whom does the reader fancy ?—Banquo of Shakespearcan memory. I could scarcely contain my laughter, which the Nawab, much the more intelligent of the two, perceiving, I was pressed for my opinion in the matter. I was obliged to confess that, so far as my reading went, I always understood that, though Shakespeare's historical plays were founded upon real or traditionary history, the dramatist, even in them, not uncommonly, drew upon his imagination for subordinate characters and incidents, and, that though the principal characters in Macbeth are all taken from Scottish history. Banquo, him whom Mr. Agent, Governor-General, claimed for his honored progenitor, happens to be the only exception—he is a pure creation of the Poet's brain. The scepticism was to little purpose. The poor driveller bothered the life out of us by his persistent assurance of the sacred truth of his grand genealogy which gave him the right to despise most of the British peerage, let alone the Smiths and Joneses of the army and the so-called Heaven-borns of the Civil Service at Berhampore—a right which he did not exercise from the excess of philosophy in his nature—and, to convince us, gave us a pretty little romance of how accidentally he had come by the knowledge of his greatness :—how his elder brother, who by virtue of a horrible law was master of the domains of the family—though he himself, in his moments of forgetfulness, talked of his Zemindaries at home, the affairs of which occupied much of his time in this country—once had left a roll of paper in carelessness for a few minutes in the room in which he (Mr. Agent, G. G.) was, while on a visit to his brother, and how he had taken the opportunity to unroll it and have a peep at it and lo ! what should it prove but a genealogical tree which for the first time revealed to him his illustriousness or at least satisfied him that the whisperings of his moral consciousness about

it were well-founded: a narrative of discovery which beats hollow all travellers' tales, and is, the ingenious reader must be prepared to confess, not a little creditable alike to his head and heart, which is certainly elucidatory of his duties of guestship and ideas of gentlemanliness and morals ingeneral. The only slight subject of wonder is that the man who goes to romances and dramas for an ancestor does not make choice of the most eminent names. The taste of Japhet in search of a father or rather of Snob in search of a fore-father among the *dramatis personæ* of *Macbeth* lighting upon *Banquo* of all others as a desirable sire in preference to *Macbeth* himself or *Duncan* or *Macduff* is inexplicable! The man made a narrow escape from tracing his descent from one of the Witches who deliberately chose for founder of his house "Banquo's Ghost."*

I have no quarrel with Mr. Darwin for his strange preference, or his strange outspokenness. I am ready to admit that he has discovered his family records and settled his genealogical tree. I have no objection even to his summary adoption of an ancestry which he considers illustrious, after the manner of so many Europeans. But I decidedly think it very wrong of him to include other mammals in that degradation, such as they consider it, which he courts and glories in. There are some eccentric and not always brilliant men who affect dirt for the mean pleasure of dirtying others by their officious company and familiarity. Can Mr. Darwin be among the number? Be that as it may, let him keep the foul *ga'li* which his philosophy implies all to himself!

We at least are particular in the matter of blood and lineage—very sensitive to *ga'li*. In that necessary relation which is the first step to obeying, in a legitimate way the divine command and the law of our nature to increase and multiply, which other peoples are so ready to enter into with such headlong fury, looking neither before nor

behind, this side nor that, we are more gravely circumspect than others in their nicest transactions—scrupulous in giving as well as taking.

Would it be beleived by Mr. Darwin and his countrymen—what many Anglo-Indians must know—that one of the severest forms of abuse amongst us is *to call a man a father-in-law*? I believe few Anglo-Indians even know that the horrible crime of female infanticide—condemned alike by Shastra and natural affection—not long ago so widely prevalent in Upper India, was caused by the anxiety, weak I grant, and sinful in its consequences, to avoid the liability to this reproach. The axe was laid at the very root—the fact was prevented to make the *gûli* impossible. Nor is this sensitiveness a piece of barbarism peculiar to the Hindu. Our Mahomedan brethren—the best of them—share it to an equal degree, though be it confessed that they never carried it to the same guilty excess in practice as among the Rajpoots and Chettryas. These are not matters on which foreigners will ever have any opportunities of acquiring information by the most persevering enquiry; so let them be satisfied with the following anecdote, for the authenticity of which I can personally vouch. At the same native court where I made the acquaintance of the worthy representative of the Viceroy and maintainer of the dignity of the Paramount Power, of whom honorable mention has been made above, once came a Syad from a district between Allahabad and Cawnpore, to exhibit his rare horsemanship, and instruct our princes in the same. He was a remarkably tall man, but already curved by age, for he must have been verging upon eighty. His feats of bygone days was the theme of admiration of those who knew him in his prime, and he still commanded a noble seat, though he was unable to maintain his reputation against the intriguing riding masters of the Durbar and was ultimately actually invalidated by a vicious horse they once mischievously gave him, and which he kept under him at the expense of his future usefulness. He had of course been an athlete and a gymnast in his day, and of course he was quite innocent

of trickery. I pitied the wreck of a man. One day he was asked how many children how many boys and girls, he had. He remained quiet after his manner. A repetition of the enquiry brought the blood to his cheeks and he gruffly expressed thankfulness that he had never married. "What! was there any harm in taking to wife a respectable girl?" asked the querist. The reply was characteristic—"What! did they wish him to be a father-in-law!" meaning the father of a daughter for whom he had to seek a husband.

This is by no means an exceptional case. It is merely the exaggeration of a feeling strong both in Hindus and Mahomedans. It is this morbid feeling which causes the evils for which Koolinism is popularly held responsible—which devotes to forced celibacy ladies rather than their fathers should accept a slightly reduced position among the true nobility of the land. Nor is it confined to the upper classes. The same or similar pride of blood and care for purity exist among the lower castes, down to the veriest pariahs. These latter are supposed by Europeans to have no caste and no class-pride. Such a thing is impossible in Hinduism. Even pariahs are a caste. Castes are but professions petrified from of old. Individuals may be outcasted—not whole professions. They are all necessary to the organization of society. The Chandals who must remain near cemeteries and not enter a village without warning, are a profession—more necessary, because disgusting, than others, perhaps—and of course a caste. We have often seen Europeans amused at the pretensions of "nigger-gentility" in India. If they have any clear, sound notions of what constitutes gentility, and if they take the trouble to enquire into the facts of Hindu society, they will find that of all nations in the world—more than Hungarians or Spaniards—the Hindus are a nation of gentlemen. Members of all classes of society possess some of the distinctive characters of a nobility. Take any class however low in the scale or degraded by occupation—Domes or Mehters—and you will find it is a caste, with its own Government, laws, &c.—its pride, its endeavors to

maintain purity of blood. No true Mehter but will refuse marriage with another caste however superior to his own. He thinks *his* good enough. He knows his inferiority, but he knows he is not base-born. His inferiority is the reputable one of a particular place in the gradation of being. He does not despise himself, does not wish to hide which class he belongs to. Indeed he has a distinct caste pride. What other nation can in its lowest grades show a hundredth of such magnificent self respect, perhaps the essence of all gentility ?

Let it not be thought that the pride belongs only to Hindus or among Mahomedans to only Indian Mahomedans tainted by Hindu example. It reigns supreme in the heart of all true Islamites. It seems to me a characteristic of the Semitic race. The Jewish pride is proverbial. The Arab pride is, if possible, greater. It is indeed opposed to the all-embracing spirit of Islam which considers all members of the Church equal. Religion fails before Race. It was, I suspect, too strong for even Mahamad, and so he allowed the consanguinous marriages he found in vogue. Even to this day the Arabs will not easily marry the despised Koord, Persian, Circassian, Georgian or Turk—probably never give his daughter to one of these races, any more than he will sell his thorough-bred stallion, or favorite riding animal. The other races who have been received into the Moslem communion, without any thing like the pretensions to purity of the Arabs, follow the Arab lead at a distance.

There are those who consider any symptoms of a desire for purity as the greatest possible offence. They best know the cause of their irritation. But it is as well to remind them that it is not merely Brahmans and Arabs and Israelites who are guilty of this superfluous impertinence. The Royal Families of Europe form a caste as exclusive as any order of Koolins among us. I believe it was stated that there was only one other lady besides the Princess Alexandra of Denmark whom the Prince of Wales could marry. Suppose those two even had been wanting—what then? The fate of the daughter of the proud Koolin Brahman would have been that of

our future King ! He could not marry beneath him—nor, for that matter, above. He could not accept a daughter of the Benoo Sheyaban or of the Benoo Sanhedrim or of the House of Kam Dev Paudit. A sentiment condemned in men of less degree may be reconciled to average humanity by the recommendation of the possessors of wealth and power. And Europeans are ready to see the order of nature in practices which they denounce as conceited, selfish and barbarous in Heathen knights and nobles, in Arab Sheikhs, Hindu Koolins and such like scum of the earth.

Tastes differ. While in the new lands of the West they are busy proving their cousinhood to the chimpanzee and the baboon, in the East the Chinese, Japanese and others from time immemorial claim kindred with the sun, moon and stars.

Of two such courses why forswear

The nobler and the maulier one ?

If it is humility in the one case and conceit in the other, I think the humility is by far the more misplaced. There are such infinite grades of men that it is quite possible to be humble without the necessity of actually hailing the monkey in the nearest tree as "uncle." The conceit is energizing. At all events, nothing, I presume, can be said against the genealogy, or genesis if you will, of the Hindus who, in a myth more rational, beautiful and significant than the one attributed to Moses—have sprung from the mouth, arms, legs and feet of the great Creator himself, respectively as they are Brahmians, Khatryas, Vaishyas and Sudras.

THE ECCENTRIC STAR

OR

MAHARAJA BLOWHARD TO BURNHARD.*

1

I have won the fond prize, dear Burnhard !
 May the Duke for ever be blest !
I have won—I have won my reward !
 See the star sparkling bright on my breast !

2

I must beg of His Grace by next mail
 To make you a Companion, old boy !
And I know my durkhaust will ne'er fail, --
 Let us then wish each other joy !

3

The horizon of India will shine
 With new lights that most brightly will glow,
The Ursas above will repine
 To see Ursas that shame them below !

The star secured *me* by my kin
 In a necklace of skulls will be set;
And enrobed in jackal's sleek skin
 I would look then like Rudra¹ the great !

5

And you, dear Burnhard ! must attend
 On your Knight like dread Nundi² of old;
And inflame my brain with no end
 Of wild crotchets and fancies untold !

* The *oraculal flattery* of this poem will, it is feared, act on the "Observer" as water does on a person afflicted with hydrophobia.—P. D.

¹ The All-destroyer, who is represented in Hindu Mythology as wearing a necklace of bones, and clad in a tiger's skin.

² The faithful servant of Rudra, whose main duty is said to have been to serve his Lord with intoxicating potions, and divers preparations of *bhang* or hemp.

6

Go fetch me my last hobby—I mean
 The *Roth* of Blowhardian design;
 The eleventh Avatar must be seen
 To be worshipped by Babus supine !

7

Like Death's Lord through the land I will ride,
 But this difference our actions will bound:
 He levied his *Viz* from his bride,²
 I will levy my cesses all round !

RAM SHARMA.

Madnipore.

TO THE EDITOR OF MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE.

The Allahabad journal is awfully sarcastic about the word *cools* as used in the verses entitled "A Coronat" which appeared in your last number. If my little hopeful who has been put to school but the other day, were guilty of the interpretation placed on the term by the up-country critic, paterfamilias would at once make his cuticle smart under the correcting rod. Either the writer must have knowingly misconstrued it to raise a stupid laugh or he must be shamefully ignorant of English poetry, in which nothing is more common than the use of transitive verbs with the object understood. In either case,—whether as a dishonest, or as an ignorant censor, he is guilty of the unpardonable offence of misleading his readers. Will he construe the italicized words in the following lines :—

" All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body nature is, and God the Soul :
 That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
 Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame ;
 Warms in the sun, *refreshes* in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars and blossoms in the trees."

POPE.

¹ The Vagrant's black-mail or cess if you like.

² A beautiful allegory underlies this legend, which implies the exaction of his tribute by Death from all created objects.

Take, again, the following lines from Wordsworth :—

“ Long have I loved what I behold,
The night that *calms*, the day that *cheers* ;
The common growth of mother earth,
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.”

What is it that the night *calms* and the day *cheers* ? not your critic I am afraid, Quilycish, khuskhus tatties and dysentry notwithstanding ! Possibly he may recollect the oft-quoted lines of Cowper, “ the cup that *cheers*, but not *inebriates*.” How does he construe the words *cheers* and *inebriates* ?

I see the “ Indian Observer,” with his farthing rush-light, is also afore. In his issue of the 26th April, with ferule in hand, he treats the educated natives to a grandmother’s lecture on poetry in general, and the poetry of your Magazine in particular. Unfortunately, native productions of any merit have the same effect on Huzrut John Bull that red rags are supposed to produce on his four-footed namesake ; and hence when judging of them, he cuts all sorts of mad capers, butting away at them in all the impotence of splenetic rage. But Indian poetry is not like Indian offices—the exclusive birth-right of the white population. The Baboo (God bless the mark !) may sing as well as Brown, Jones, and Robinson, perhaps in more dulcet numbers than ever grace the pages of most Anglo-Indian periodicals.

For bright specimens of the kind of poetry much admired by Huzrut, let me commend your readers to the columns of the “ Observer.” Here is a nosegay in verse taken from the same number of that journal, in which his honest criticism of your Magazine appeared :—

ODE TO W. H. M.

HAIL, mighty genius ! hail thou heaven-born king !
Let thy poor bard thy lofty praises sing.
Hail, mighty genius, just emerged from school,
Born as thou tellest not to ride but rule !
What adverse fate e’er brought thee to these shores
Of women grim and men who’re stupid bores ?

Hard is thy lot—in some gay city blest,
 By lovely women thou wert erst cared,
 While wits and sages in a rapture hung
 On every accent of thy school-boy tongue.
 Now in a penial settlement confined,
 Chained like an eagle is that giant mind ;
 Talent and rule in thee personified
 Dull plungers mock because thou can'st not ride ;
 Because thy knees thy saddle do not grip ;
 Because in short thou ridest like a snip ;
 Because the cricket-ball thou can'st not swipe ;
 Because thou can'st not floor the darling snipe ;
 Thy soaring mind such vulgar business spurns ;
 A nobler ardour in thy bosom burns.
 Full well thou knowest that before thy birth
 Destined thou wert to rule upon the earth.
 Alas ! alas ! that this ungrateful land
 Thy brilliant genius cannot understand.
 Why should this flower of wisdom rich and rare
 Waste all its sweetness on this desert air ?
 Coriolanus left ungrateful Rome,
 And with the Volsci found another home.
 Thy faithful bard beseecheth thee to go
 And take thy passage by the P. and O.
 So shall another land thy worth perceive.
 And all too late her loss poor India grieve.

F. R. S. C.

Is this the sort of wretched stuff the educated natives are asked to imitate ? I pause for a reply.

Your's

BIRCH.



NE

A





MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE .

JUNE 1873.

THE TWO SISTERS—ENGLAND AND INDIA.

On holy Ganga's margin green
Musing I stood at even-tide;
Before me rolled in silver sheen
Her waters, sportive in their pride,—
Laughing and dancing merrily,
Resistless in their boist'rous glee !

From the cerulean arch of sky
Gleamed thousand sparkling jets of light;
The crescent moon now rose on high,
Like eastern bride half-veiled from sight !
While Zephyr breathed his am'rous tale
To plain and forest, hill and dale.

Now oped the flowers their odour-cells,
And nature smiled beneath the light;
Now Fancy wrought her magic spells,
Waked by a scene so fair and bright.
A scene so bright, it seemed to me
To hold the soul of poesy !

Entranced I heard the water's roar,
Entranced beheld the billows' play,
Ceaseless they kissed the loving shore,
Ceaseless they came and stole away. •
They came and went unchecked and free,
Revelling in love and liberty !

I caught their spirit, caught their mirth,—
 Yes, caught their wildest mirth and spirit !
 And dreamt the while, I stood on earth
 Which only freemen must inherit !
 Freemen said I ? Where—where are they ?
 This land obeys a foreign sway !

And yet, where'er I turn my eyes,
 In this fair land by nature blest,
 Visions of vanished light arise,
 And cheer and swell the sinking breast.
 Each scene—each spot that meets the sight,
 Is redolent of mem'ries bright !

The mountain pass, th' extended plain,
 The snowy peak, the valley green,
 The sylvan bower, the sacred fane,—
 Glitt'ring with glory's magic sheen—
 Recall the days of freedom, when
 Our fathers lived and died as Men !

Dear India! once home of the free !
 Where are thy former virtues fled ?
 Where now thy ancient chivalry,—
 The spirit of thy mighty dead ?
 Urjoona, Vishma, Lukshman's dart,
 The spirit of their lion-heart ?

Is yonder grovelling dastard slave
 Who sees, unmoved, famed field and flood,
 Descended from the gallant brave ?
 Swell his veins with heoric blood ?
 Alas ! to foreign steel and thrall
 Is due his own, his country's fall !

Yet still 'tis sweet on thee to gaze,
To linger on thy rifled charms ;
To dwell with thrilling soul on days
Thy sons were great in arts and arms.
Each wound that makes thee bleed and smart,
To thee but closer draws my heart !

Fair England ! Fortune's darling child !
Dowered with every grace divine,
Amidst earth's dreary cheerless wild,
Thou heroes' home, and freedom's shrine !
I breathe thy name, and off meseems
Drop the chains, from my fettered limbs !

Though mighty thou, and rich and bright !
Though great thy name, and grand thy story,
To raise this land to life and light .
Be still thy aim, thy highest glory !
In thy grasp quivers India's fate,
Oh ! raise her, bless her, make her great !

A thousand years have rolled away
Since foreign thralldom laid her low,
Still seems her life an endless day
Of weary care and dark'ning woe.
Her spirit crushed, her valour fled,
Oh ! wonder not she's all but dead !

Thy reign has cast a ray,—a gleam
Of hope, where all was dark despair ;
Dispel not, oh ! the pleasing dream
She nurses 'neath thy fost'ring care !
But still, oh ! teach her rulers still,
To HEAR, NOT SPURN, THE PEOPLE'S WILL !

A VOICE FOR THE COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES OF INDIA.

SECTION II.

THE PAST OF THE COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES OF INDIA.

PART I.—COMMERCE.

"The ruin of Tamluk as a seat of maritime commerce affords an explanation of how the Bengalis ceased to be a sea-going people. In the Buddhist era they sent warlike fleets to the east and west, and colonized the islands of the Archipelago. Even Manu, in his inland centre of Brahmanism at the far north-west, while forbidding such enterprises, betrays the fact of their existence. He makes a difference in the hire of river-boats and of sea-going ships, and admits that the advice of 'merchants experienced in making voyages on the sea, and observing different countries,' may be of use to priests and kings. But such voyages were associated chiefly with the Buddhist era, and became alike hateful to the Brahmans and impracticable to a deltaic people, whose harbours were left high and dry by the land-making rivers and receding sea. Religious prejudices combined with the changes of nature to make the Bengalis unenterprising on the ocean. But what they have been, they may under a higher civilization again become. The unwarlike Armenians whom Lucullus and Pompey blushed to conquer, supplied, seven centuries later, the heroic troops who annihilated the Persian monarchy in the height of its power. To any one acquainted with the revolutions of races, it must seem mere impatience ever to despair of a people; and in maritime courage, as in other national virtues, firmly believe that the inhabitants of Bengal have a new career before them under British rule."—Hunter's "Orissa."

I think all must agree with me, that the time has come for taking up, and concentrating light from every source upon, the great question of India's Commerce, and Manufactures, with which her welfare is so largely bound up. In India, land obtains the first and most universal preference over every other source of income. The State values it for yielding the largest revenue. The private individual values it for bringing to him all the three most desired things of life—profit, power, and honor. In the eyes of Government, no Indian stands so high as a Landlord. Native Members for the Bengal and Supreme Legislatures are all selected from the land-owning class. No sooner, therefore, does a native make money, than he seeks to invest it in land. No one thinks of employing his capital in the revival of our cotton industry, or starting a project for the improvement of our iron-trade,—no one thinks of working a mine, or setting up a factory. To the important bearing of Commerce and Manufactures on the financial prosperity of a nation, the native mind, as yet, has not become sufficiently awakened. But next to our vast landed interests, rank our vast commercial interests. "Land and Commerce," says the Lieutenant Governor, "contribute the Income Tax in about equal numbers—say nearly 23,000 each."* The aggregate value of our landed property, calculated at twenty times the value of our 20 crores of Land Revenue, may be estimated at 400 crores of rupees. Adding to this another 300 crores, which is the twenty-folded sum made by 15 crores derived as rent by our Zemindars and Taluqdars, the total of the two amounts to 700 crores of rupees.† Similarly does a high figure represent the commercial wealth of our nation. The value of our Foreign Commerce, to quote from last year's return, is 107 crores of rupees. This is insigni-

* "Report on the Administration of the Income Tax in Bengal for 1872."

† Mr. Fawcett, in his examination of Sir E. Trevelyan, calculated the income of our Landholders at 15 crores of rupees. The value of our landed property given above does not include buildings, or forests, or mines.

ficant, compared to the enormous value of our local and international traffic—and the value of our immense stocks on hand. But unfortunately those values have not yet been statistically ascertained, and they cannot be given in figures. It has never occurred to our Government to inquire into the quantities in which rice, wheat, dal, sugar, oil, ghee; and tobacco are annually produced and consumed in the country, and what stocks of them are always held on hand. Doubtless they must be commensurate with the needs of our vast realm and population. To calculate the value of a single article—Rice. Taking the average at a quarter of a seer per head, per diem, and the price at 1-8 the maund, the value of the quantity of rice that is annually consumed by 200 millions, alone amounts to rupees 70 crores. There are four other articles—wheat, dal, salt, and sugar, of similar universal consumption in India, the values of which would no doubt swell the last sum to double its amount. If the values of all the good things of this world that are used and consumed by us be taken into the account, the total would not fall much short of the value of our landed property. There is, besides, the value of stocks, kept in reserve, to be taken into consideration. The enormous sum that represents our agricultural and commercial wealth, is annually created and consumed by us. By how much more can that sum be increased, if the improvement of our resources meet with that due attention which it deserves ! *

Favourable opportunity to agitate for a change of our commercial policy.

The Natives are not at all sufficiently educated to appreciate and gauge the effects of this large home-trade on our national prosperity. There is no Native gentleman in the Legislature to guard our interests of such great magnitude. Our Foreign Commerce has all passed away from our hands. Our indigenous industry is declining year by year. Our

* The 26 crores of Excise Revenue emphatically tell of the enormous extent of the drink-trade of England. The capital of this trade is 117 crores of rupees.

mineral resources are entirely neglected. Now, that a Committee of the House of Commons is sitting to consider our financial administration, is the most favourable opportunity to represent our grievances. Of all the evils, from a financial point of view, that we labour under, there is none that presses with so severe a weight, and is felt with so great a poignancy, affecting as it does universally the interests of all classes of the population, as the one-sided selfish commercial policy of England, which has been the greatest obstruction that exists to our prosperity. The Income-Tax is complained of as vexatious. The Road Cess is said to be the last straw on the camel's back. The Stamp Tax is denounced as making justice sold and bought. Loud is the clamour against the expenses of the Ball to the Khedive, of the Abyssinian war, or of the Zanzibar expedition being charged on India. But heavier by far than the incidence of the Income-Tax, the Road cess, the Stamp Tax, or any and every of the contingent charges, is the loss to the nation that results from that commercial policy. Our pockets are touched more by our consumption of foreign goods, than by all the taxes taken together. Manchester takes away more money in one year than what has been raised by the Income-Tax from 1860 to 1872. The public cry only against direct taxation—when it is tangible that a rupee goes from the hands of the taxpayer to the hands of the tax-gatherer. No voice is raised when the foe is sly, and undermines unseen. On the use, then, which may be made of this auspicious moment, depends the prosperous future of India. Let us, throughout the land, forget all our divisions and petty jealousies, adjourn all differences and disputes to a more convenient season, and join together, Hindus and Mussulmans, Zemindars and Ryots, Brahmos and Dharma-Rakshini-men, conservatives and reformers, the orthodox and the heterodox, in one concert, to bring to bear the moral pressure of a well-digested and honest public opinion on the minds of the members of that Committee. The pursuit of Commerce and Industry is politically necessary to ensure the wealth

and material resources without which there can be no true greatness of a people. Into that pursuit we crave for an admission. But prohibitory duties, and one-sided statutes, and political privileges, carefully hedging it in, deny us every access. This exclusion forms an urgent case for appeal and redress. Under the selfish policy of Manchester, which strongly influences the views of our statesmen here as well as in England, we must despair of seeing India ever raised up.* It is the policy of "Philanthropic Filibustering" men, who, among many instances of the kind, recently went up to the India Council, with a prayer for the construction of a Railway, from Rangoon to Yunnan, with Indian money—*for the benefit of England and China*. To deliver the country from their domination and interference, should be the first object of every enlightened native politician and patriot. There is, therefore, no subject—no important political measure, which, I am persuaded, ought to be brought to the notice of the Parliamentary Committee with so much earnestness, in the interest of the right government of India, as the revision and modification of the commercial principles which at present guide and control our legislation. Those principles have sapped the foundations of the industrial economy of India, and a material alteration in them has become necessary to avert the eventual ruin of our country. They exclude all Indian enterprise, and "overlay and push it out" from the market. In giving his evidence before the Indian Finance committee, Sir Charles Trevelyan happened to remark, that "our great object should be to encourage English capital to resort to India." But I would ask how would the English nation like to see an Indian Company carry on Railway traffic from London to Liverpool, and earn dividends from England's

* It has been remarked :—"Unfortunately the Bengalis as traders, and usurers, are the worst enemies of the simple aboriginal tribes whom our laws, our officials and our missionaries are required to protect." In the same manner, and with far greater truth, it may be asserted—unfortunately the Europeans, as merchants and planters, are the worst enemies of the poor conquered Indians whom our laws, officials and the Parliament are required to protect.

revenue. There would be a growl of discontent from John O' Groat's to Land's End. Sir Charles also observed "what is required for India is to give all possible encouragement to imports." I would welcome all imports in the shape of treasure, to make up the balance of trade left due to us by our exports. But I have the strongest objection to imports of any kind, of which India does not stand in need. Now that coal is dear in England, how would the English people prefer to burn Raneegeunge coal, and pay us in hard gold coin? It is as much to carry muslins to Dacca, as it is to "carry coals to Newcastle." I want no foreign capital to resort to India; her own capital should be created. I want no foreign imports which she can manufacture herself at home. I want to see the end of the influence of the English mercantile classes on our legislation. I want to see the cessation of their interference with our commercial interests. I want an independent commercial policy for India. I want all prohibitory duties on the exportation of our manufactured goods to be taken off, and to keep out all foreign manufactures, that we do not require, by the imposition of a heavy duty. I want to counteract protection by protection. I want to see the bona-fide enterprise of India encouraged and called forth, her commerce carried on by her own children, and her vast natural and industrial resources worked by them. Let us improve the shining hour which has presented itself, by entering a protest against the policy now in existence. Let us make known our grievance at our dear interests being sacrificed, and our discontent at the dependence upon foreign imports to which we have been reduced—a melancholy condition unknown under any previous rule. Let us be prepared with trust-worthy statistics to prove that we are not merely an agricultural people—that, out of 200 millions, our agricultural population is no more than 64 millions. Let us show to what a low figure our manufacturing population has arrived—it being for all India in the proportion that 2,321,968, is to 66,000,000, which is the population of Bengal; and that commerce and trade are not followed by a larger number of men than 1,216,750 in all the

Bengal Presidency.* Let us be bold enough to point out that the Indian Government is little better than a vast Encampment, under which there is no greater solicitude for the welfare of its subjects than that they should exist to yield revenue, and consume English manufactured goods.† Let us ask for something more than mere security of life and property, which is the great boast of English rule, but which alone cannot keep us content for all eternity. The time is opportune to begin the controversy, to enter upon the literary conflict. Poverty presses down the mass, and the country is threatened with ultimate bankruptcy. It behoves all sincere friends and well-wishers of India to turn their thoughts to the question of her Commerce and Industrial Economy. They should make it the great public topic of the day, in order to succeed in directing to it the attention of Government, of Parliament, and of the civilized world.

Thus impressed, I come forward to contribute my humble share. But to address the public on the above most important and comprehensive topic, is a task which I undertake not without feelings of considerable diffidence. I rush in where angels fear to tread. I am almost hopeless of getting people to hear me, and look at the truth of the matter. I labour under the disadvantage of writing in a foreign tongue. I belong not to the race of the conquerors, whose very nonsense has a currency in this world. I have not any of those magic letters before my name, which prepossess and incline men to listen with an attentive ear. I have not been brought up in office and administration, to give me a reputation to precede me, and secure a favourable reception. I have no friends, and reviewers, and newspaper correspondents to take up my arguments, and cry them up to the skies. I am an humble and

* These figures are quoted from the late Census returns for Bengal.

† "The import trade of the country, as respects European piece-goods, has hardly developed of late: and we expected that the people of India, with their recently good harvests and general prosperity, would have augmented their consumption of these goods more largely than has been the case."—*The Budget Statement for 1878*. Does not this passage betray that the anxiety of our government for a good harvest proceeds less from humanity than greed?

unknown individual, without any pretension to ability, or reputation, or position to recommend me in the eyes of an authority-worshipping world. The only recommendation which I might venture to rely on, is my caste. In the classification of Manu, I take rank with those whose time-honored and hereditary profession is trade. In that profession I have been trained up from early years, and the experience of a quarter of a century, combined with local travels and observations, is all that I have to offer in my favour. I have, besides, truth on my side—benevolence in the principles which I shall have to avow. This is the great sheet-anchor of my hope. The cause also in which I appear—the RESCUE AND REVIVAL OF THE INDUSTRIES AND COMMERCE OF INDIA—is one in which I feel I shall be able to carry with me the sympathies of all right-minded and liberal men. However I may fail to treat the subject in a worthy, statesman-like manner, the magnitude of the interests at stake urge me to make an effort. I rely upon “men’s charitable consideration” for all imperfections and short-comings in the performance of my task. Let me but pioneer—and I hope that a commercial genius shall arise from among my countrymen to do adequate justice to the subject.

In order to make a systematic exposition, let me divide the subject into three parts—the past, the present, and the future of the Commerce and Manufactures of India.

The *past* of the Commerce of India.

It is essential to make myself clearly understood, that I should start with a slight account of the trade and arts of our nation in past times. No portion of our annals has been so little investigated, and is, therefore, so little known. My own countrymen labour not the less under erroneous impressions than foreigners. The most elaborate historians have treated this interesting branch with neglect, and left a link broken in the connected chain of their narratives. Mill has but a small chapter on Indian agriculture and manufactures, in which his usual carping spirit got the better of his judgment, and made him wholly ignore the ancient commerce of India with Europe. Elphinstone has strung together a few

detached facts, which throw a few faint gleams of light, but leave the subject in as much haziness as ever. Dr. Buchanan Hamilton and others furnish us with many valuable statistics, but which bear no reference to the state of our commerce and manufactures in past times.* The same remark applies to Sir John Colekrooke's "Treatise on the Husbandry of Bengal." This omission does a great wrong to the memory of our ancestors, and I feel strongly called upon to introduce my subject with an account of their maritime exploits and mercantile operations, in order to do the justice that is withheld from them, and render apparent the extent of our loss from what we once had and possessed. But it is very much to be regretted that there exist not sufficient materials from which to spin out an interesting yarn. Ancient nations, unlike the moderns, had no taste for statistical writings. They had no idea of the usefulness and importance of political arithmetic—no appreciation of its logic. In ancient Hindoo literature, there is no book which furnishes us with accounts of the state of our commerce and manufactures in the different Vedic, Buddhist, and Brahmanical ages. The only technical work extant is the *Viswakarma Silpa*. But in spite of this dearth, we are not quite without the means of procuring reliable information on the subject. From the accounts left by foreign travellers, from scattered hints and facts in various Hindoo works, and from vestiges surviving the revolutions our country has undergone, there is obtained abundant evidence, direct as well as inferential, to help us in forming a tolerably correct idea of the state of things in the past, and in clearing up all doubts as to the commercial habits and doings by which our nation was anciently distinguished.

The Hindoos may be traced as a commercial and seagoing people from a remote antiquity. The Rig Veda speaks of "merchants pressing earnestly on board ship for

Hindoo Commerce from
the Vedic Era.

* Dr. Hunter, in his "Orissa," gives, in a foot note, the names of some twenty official and private writers on the subject.

the sake of gain." This is not less than 4000 years ago. The vessels in which they ploughed the ocean then were hundred-oared ships, called *Sataritranavams*. Naval expeditions too were undertaken in that early age, as they are evidenced by the instance of Bhujjiya, the son of Raja Tugra.* In the code of Manu, there is a passage touching rules for "interest on money lent on bottomry." This interest was usually fixed by men well acquainted "with *sea-voyages*, or *journeys by land*." The great Hindoo legislator "makes a difference in the hire of river-boats and of sea-going ships, and admits that the advice of 'merchants experienced in making voyages on the sea and in observing countries,' may be of use to priests and kings."† The legend of Sagara, in the Ramayana, evidently relates to an ocean-king, and his maritime enterprises. Similarly is the legend of Rajah Bali to be interpreted. Evidence referring to commerce and arts in ancient India is scattered about in the Mahabharata. The famous episode of the Churning of the Ocean, is nothing more than a mythic account of the treasures of the sea. From native testimony let us go to foreign testimony. In the book of Genesis, there is mention that the productions of India were early in request among distant nations. The earliest rudiments of the Indian trade with Egypt may be discerned in a passage, in the same book, wherein it is stated that "a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead with their camels bearing spicery, balm, and myrrh for Egypt." From the aromatic spices burnt before the Egyptian Osiris and Isis, we see how early the trade in spices had been developed and carried on by the Indians across seas unknown to the rest of the world. In the days of Solomon, there went from this country "ivory, garments, armour, spices, and peacocks," which found customers in ancient Syria. Ezekiel dwells on the commerce of Tyre, and speaks of "embroidered works, and chests of rich apparel bound with cords, which were drawn from the distant countries of

* Wilson's Translation of the Rig-Veda. Vol. 1.

† Cap. iv, sloka. 406.

Eastern Asia"—evidently meaning India. He also alludes to "a trade in precious cloths across Arabia, by way of Dedan and Idumea," which is supposed by Dr. Vincent, the translator of the *Periplus*, to have been "undoubtedly an Indian trade." To quote an opinion of the Revd. K. M. Banerjee, "there is no extravagance in the supposition, that the route which the *Berenice*, the *Sesostris*, the *Cleopatra*, the *Victoria*, the *Akbar*, &c., are now taking every month with the overland mails from Bombay, had centuries past been marked by Hindoo vessels trading on the Red sea."* The Revd. gentleman does not indulge altogether in a visionary retrospect. He means no more than to vindicate his nation as the first and earliest commercial people in the world. He alludes to the pre-historic intercourse between Egypt and India, which commenced prior to the days of Moses. This Indo-Egyptian trade is the oldest in the annals of mankind. No doubt that in prosecuting this trade, those voyages were made in *Sutaritranavams*, either up the Persian Gulf, or the Red Sea, which gave occasion to the chanters of the *Rig-Veda* to speak of merchants eager for the profits of sea-borne traffic, and which made *Manu* allude to bottomry-interest.

In later times, the Greek writers become our informants. They expressly allude to "Hindoo pilots and mariners." Strabo makes mention of "the Indian navy." Arrian speaks of "Hindoo ship-builders and sailors." From Agatharcides we learn that "ships from India visited the port of Sabea"—the modern Yemen, carrying, among other things, cinnamon and cassia. The *Periplus* next throws abundant light upon the subject. It is the valuable record of an experienced practical sailor, who bears witness to Hindoo settlements in the island of Socotra. They formed mixed colonies of Indians, Greeks, and Arabians, who all followed a maritime and commercial life. The island seems to have formed to the ancient Hindoo merchants the starting point for inward voyages to India, and outward voyages to Europe. "The formation of the temples, and other ancient remains in Aden, and several parts of Arabia,

* *Kulinism in Bengal*, in the Cal. Review.

may the discovery of Sanscrit inscriptions in Europe, leave no doubt in the mind that Hindus in olden times navigated the open sea, and freely communicated with the inhabitants of the other parts of the world." *

This Western trade with the nations on the Mediterranean, was the most important and valuable of all the trades of ancient India. To notice some of its salient points. It is observed, in the earliest Vedic ages, to have consisted chiefly of spicery, for which there had early sprung up a demand in Egypt. Nothing is known of the foreign imports of those days. By the age of Solomon, this trade had gradually assumed larger proportions, when garments, armour, and other commodities also went along with spices. In the time of Ezekiel, or some 500 years later, it appears to have developed itself in a still greater degree. The export of manufactured cotton-goods from India, is distinctly traced from this remote period. But the greatest expansion of this western trade took place under the Greeks and Romans, when a powerful impulse was given to it by the greater civilization, wealth, and luxury of those nations. The exports from India under the Romans comprised nearly all the valuable commodities, which constitute the pabulum of commerce in the present day. They are mentioned to have been "cotton-cloth, and muslin, and chintz of various kinds; silk-cloth and thread; indigo and other dyes; cinnamon and other spices; sugar; diamonds, pearls, emeralds, and many inferior stones; steel; drugs; aromatics; and sometimes female slaves." The imports consisted of "coarse and fine cloth (probably woollen); brass; tin; lead; coral; glass; antimony; some few perfumes not known in the country; wines (of which that from Italy was preferred); together with a considerable quantity of specie and bullion."† In the *Periplus*, there is an account of the assortment of cargoes, both outward and homeward bound, for the vessels fitted out to different ports of India, from which the reader may well

The Exports and Imports of Ancient India.

* The Indian Mirror.

† Elphinstone's India.

form an idea of the nature and extent of this ancient trade. It is stated therein that "the first place in India in which ships from Egypt were accustomed to trade, was Patala, on the river Indus. They imported into it woollen cloth of a slight fabric, linen in chequer-work, some precious stones, and some aromatics unknown in India, coral, storax, glass vessels of different kinds, some wrought silver, money, and wine. In return for these, they received spices of various kinds, sapphires, and other gems, silk stuffs, silk-thread, cotton cloths, and black pepper. But a far considerable emporium on the same coast was Barygaza.*** Its situation corresponds exactly with that of Baroach, on the great river Nerbudda, down the stream of which, or by land carriage, from the great city of Tagara, across high mountains, all the productions of the interior country were conveyed to it. The articles of importation and exportation were extensive and various. Besides those already mentioned, the author enumerates among the former, Italian, Greek, and Arabian wines, brass, tin, lead, girdles or sashes of curious texture, melilot, white glass, red arsenic, black lead, gold and silver coin. Among the exports he mentions the onyx, and other gems, ivory, myrrh, various fabrics of cotton, both plain and ornamented with flowers, and long pepper. At Musiris, the next emporium of note on that coast, the articles imported were much the same as at Barygaza : but as it lay nearer to the eastern parts of India, and seems to have had much communication with them, the commodities exported from it were more numerous and more valuable. He specifies particularly pearls in great abundance and of extraordinary beauty, a variety of silk stuffs, rich perfumes, tortoise-shell, different kinds of transparent gems, especially diamonds, and pepper in large quantities, and of the best quality."* Dr. Robertson has selected for notice only the two principal ports. But the whole coast, extending southward from the gulf of Barygaza or Cambay, presented a considerable number of ports or local emporia in those days. Those which came after Barygaza, were

* Robertson's India.

"Akabaras, Oopara, and Kalliane, the last of which is easily identified with Kallian opposite to Bombay. It had once been open to Grecian enterprise, and was a place of considerable resort. Having reached the island Leuke (Angedive), the vessels approached the fertile shores of Limurike, comprising Canara, with part of Malabar Proper, and which seems to have formed the centre of their commerce with India. The three great emporia of this coast were Tyndis, Musiris and Nolkunda which Dr. Vincent thinks may still be traced in Barcelore, Mangalore, and Nelisuram. Although the second of these was a place of extensive resort, yet Nolkunda, is described as the principal emporium. There appears much reason to conclude that the Egyptian navigators proceeded no farther, but found there an assortment of all the goods produced on the eastern shores of India, and even in the regions beyond. These were pepper in great abundance, pearls, silk, ivory, spikenard, diamonds, amethysts, other precious stones, and tortoiseshell. The imports were nearly the same as elsewhere, except that money was in very particular request."*

The articles in which the Romans appear to have largely carried on their trade with India, are spicery, precious stones, pearls, and silk-goods. "In every ancient account of Indian commodities," says Dr. Robertson, "spices and aromatics of various kinds form a principal article. From the mode of religious worship in the heathen world, from the incredible number of their deities, and of the temples consecrated to them, the consumption of frankincense and other aromatics, which were used in every sacred function, must have been very great. But the vanity of men occasioned a greater consumption of these fragrant substances, than their piety. It was the custom of the Romans to burn the bodies of their dead; and they deemed it a display of their magnificence, to cover not only the body, but the funeral pile on which it was laid, with the most costly spices. At the funeral of

The Spice-trade of the
Romans with India.

Sylla, two hundred and ten burthens of spices were strewed upon the pile. Nero is reported to have burnt a quantity of cinnamon and cassia at the funeral of Poppaea, greater than the countries from which it was imported produced in one year. We consume in heaps these precious substances with the carcasses of the dead (says Pliny): We offer them to the gods only in grains. * * * In the Augustan age, an entire street in Rome seems to have been occupied by those who sold frankincense, pepper, and aromatics. * * * Two entire books of Pliny are devoted to the enumeration and description of the spices, aromatics, ointments, and perfumes, the use of which luxury had introduced among his countrymen.* “When Alaric was besieging Rome in the fifth century, and condescended to accept a ransom for the city, he expressly stipulated for the deliverance of 3,000lbs. weight of pepper, so much value was attached to that commodity.”†

The articles next in great demand in the ancient Roman markets, were the precious stones and pearls. “The immense number of them mentioned by Pliny, and the laborious care with which he describes and arranges them, will astonish, I should suppose, the most skilful lapidary or jeweller of modern times, and shows the high request in which they were held by the Romans.* * * Diamonds held a high place in their estimation. But pearls met with a general preference. Persons of every rank purchased them with eagerness; they were worn on every part of dress; and there was such a difference, both in size and in value, among pearls, that while such as were large and of superior lustre adorned the wealthy and great, smaller ones and of inferior quality gratified the vanity of persons in more humble stations of life. Julius Cæsar presented Servilia, the mother of Brutus, with a pearl for which he paid £48,457. The famous pearl-earrings of Cleopatra were in value £1,61,458.

The Pearl-Trade of
the Romans with India.

* Robertson's India.

† Gibbon's Roman Empire.

The pearls of India were allowed to be most abundant, diversified, and valuable. The high prices they fetched at Rome is a proof of the great demand for them.*** To compare the prices of the same commodities in ancient Rome with those now paid in our own country, is not a gratification of curiosity merely, but affords a standard by which we may estimate the different degrees of success with which the Indian trade has been conducted in ancient and modern times. Many remarkable passages in ancient authors, concerning the extravagant price of precious stones and pearls among the Romans, as well as the general use of them by persons of all ranks, are collected by Meursis de Lux Romanarum, and by Stanislaus Robierzyckius, in his treatise on the same subject."*

The third Indian commodity in great demand among the Romans, was silk. The price it bore was exorbitant. It was at first "deemed a dress too expensive and too delicate for men, and was appropriated wholly to women of eminent rank and opulence. This, however, did not render the demand for it less eager, especially after the example of the dissolute Elagabalus had introduced the use of it among the other sex, and accustomed men to the disgrace (as the severity of ancient ideas accounted it) of wearing this effeminate garb. In the reign of Aurelian, it still continued to be valued at its weight in gold. The wife of that Emperor was refused a garment of silk on account of its great costliness. The use of silk, both in dress and furniture, became gradually more general in the court of the Greek emperors, who imitated and surpassed the sovereigns of Asia in splendour and magnificence."†

Ancient and modern trade compared.

Such is a brief outline of the trade which was anciently carried on between Europe and India—a trade of which it were to be wished that fuller particulars had

* Robertson's India.

† The same.

been left behind on record, to enable us to institute comparisons between the commercial transactions of those times and of the present age. The articles exported now continue much the same as before, a circumstance which has made a writer observe, that "for the long period of 4,000 years, the products of India, so important in commerce, have remained the same; for all the commodities and treasures of India, mentioned by the ancients, are, to this day, those for which the nations of the other quarters of the world resort thither." The same indigo, cochineal, and other dye-stuffs; the same cotton, silk, drugs, and spices; and the same precious stones and pearls, used to be taken away then as now—only that in addition to them, there are now certain new commodities which have sprung up under the demand called forth by the wants and necessities of a more advanced state of society. One of such commodities is Saltpetre, which had no value in the eyes of the Romans, because guns and gunpowder were unknown in their warfare. Coffee and Tea had not become their favourite beverages, and were, therefore, equally unknown to them. Poppy-seed sold in ancient Rome for making cakes, but no trade in opium existed till China became its consumer. There was no such extensive employment of machinery in ancient times as now, to give an impetus to the growth of oil-seeds for lubrication, and for the purposes of fattening cattle, and manuring land. Jute could scarcely have attracted attention, when even cotton-wool had not been sufficiently utilized by the world. The ancients trafficked in articles suiting their taste, notions, and circumstances, which differed considerably from ours. It was more a commerce in luxuries than in necessities.

One of the most noteworthy features in this ancient trade, was the scantiness of imports. Compared with the enormous importations of the present age, the importations of foreign merchandise into ancient India appear to have been so trifling, as to have been almost nominal. Her own fertile resources, and the ingenuity of her own sons were so able to supply her wants and demands, that she stood little in need of foreign manufac-

tures and productions. India of yore worked her own mines, used her own metals, consumed her own salt, and wore the clothing of her own looms. Between the light imports of small quantities of tin or lead, coral or glass, perfumes or wines in ancient times; and the heavy imports of English piece-goods, hardware, and many other European articles in our day, there can be no comparison. The consumption of foreign coarse cloths, which are supposed to have been woollen fabrics, could scarcely have been of any importance, when India was not wholly without her own wool, and possessed a climate that little favoured the growth of such a traffic. The result of this insignificant foreign importation needs to be taken into consideration. The enormous excess of exports over imports always left in favor of India a large balance, which made her grow rich, year by year, in gold and silver with which foreigners had to purchase her goods. How that state of things has been now completely reversed under British rule !

In spite of the testimony under record, doubts have been cast upon the extent and magnitude of this ancient Indian trade, by which its importance and value are very much under-rated. It has been stated by Mr. Beverley, that "the trade of the Romans with India was exceedingly limited, being confined to a single investment every year. This investment comprised gold and precious stones, spices, drugs, and other articles of no great bulk, but which, as being the produce of the tropics and, therefore, rare in Europe, commanded extravagant prices, and so encouraged the trade."* It is well known that the Englishman looks at every thing through the small end of the telescope, except at the achievements of his own nation. He considers no prowess so great as that which was exhibited at Waterloo. He considers no empire to have ever been so large as that which has been founded by Great Britain—an empire over which the sun never sets. He considers the trade of the Greeks and Romans to dwindle into insignificance

before the trade which has been developed by England. Certainly, there can be no comparison between the trade of the ancient world, and that of the modern. The ancients were familiar only with a limited portion of our globe. The ancient civilized world formed but a small comity of nations, comprising only the Hindoos, the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Hebrews, the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Arabs, and latterly the Chinese. Without the mariner's compass, the navigation of the ancients could not but have been circumscribed within a limited sphere. Their voyages were tardy, tedious, and long. Their notions of political economy were widely different from the notions of modern speculators. By the ancients, made-goods were preferred to raw-material. The consumption of costly articles was possible only for the rich. The nations of antiquity held trade in little esteem, and sea-life in aversion. Commercial jurisprudence occupied but a small space in the Roman code. It speaks contemptuously of commerce, and prohibits men of birth and rank from engaging in it. Cicero says, "it was not fitting that the same people should be both the porters and the masters of the world." In short, the ancients cultivated philosophy more than material progress. Far otherwise is the aspect of the modern world. It comprises almost all the diversified races of mankind. Navigation now extends to the utmost limits of the earth, and commerce embraces almost all the regions of the two hemispheres. Nations speak from one antipode to the other by means of the telegraph. The Baconian doctrine has effected a prodigious revolution. The unprofitable skies have been exchanged for multiplying positive creature-comforts. The modern world is a world of utilitarians and shop-keepers, in which the plough, the ship, and the mill are justly deemed to be of greater value, than the idle speculations and the cant of wrangling schoolmen; and in which farmers, carpenters, shoe-makers, and weavers are honored with titles, and admitted into the aristocracy. The veriest pauper now wears silk, and drinks a cup of tea. Considerably modified are the politico-economical principles and opinions of the modern nations.

To encourage independent domestic industries, raw materials are now imported instead of made-goods. Trade is not thought degrading to be followed even by Premiers. Nations are now eager to be at once the masters and porters of the world. The commercial code now makes a well digested branch of jurisprudence. Under these widely differing conditions and circumstances, the present Anglo-Indian trade has attained Brierian dimensions. But, nevertheless, it does not wholly cast into the shade the ancient Indo-Roman trade. This is said to have been insignificant, because it was confined to a single investment every year. But Mr. Beverley does not give us a clear and definite idea of that investment. Certainly he does not mean, that it consisted of a small fleet of ships annually visiting the Indian ports, in a particular season, and under a favourable monsoon, just as the Arab ships do in the present day. Such a notion is entirely discountenanced by even the meagre evidence that exists on the subject. Nor is it that the Roman ships were all so tiny-sized as to have carried only a tithe of the cargoes with which vessels are at present freighted. The Romans could build ships of as great a magnitude and tonnage as the *Great Eastern*. To refresh the memory of the reader, there was carried to Rome an obelisk weighing 1500 tons, the vessel being loaded besides with 1138 tons of pulse. In spite of the want of facts and figures to compare the shipping of ancient times, with that of modern times—in spite of the want of customs-returns to state in yards or packages the quantity of cotton and silk-goods, or to give in maunds the quantity of indigo, sugar, steel, and spices annually exported from ancient India, I cannot help regarding that trade, which was carried on partly across sea and partly across land, to have been considerable in its dimensions and importance. I consider it to have been commensurate with the wants of such a large empire as that of the Romans. "The capital of the greatest empire ever established in Europe," says Dr. Robertson, "filled with citizens, who had no occupation but to enjoy and dissipate the wealth accumulated by their ancestors, demanded every thing elegant, rare, or costly, which

India could furnish to support its pomp, or heighten its pleasures. To supply this demand, new and extraordinary efforts became requisite, and the commerce with India increased to a degree which (as I have stated in another place)* will appear astonishing even to the present age, in which that branch of trade has been extended far beyond the practice or conception of any former period." Nothing like the trade that now passes through the Suez Canal, passed through the Red Sea in ancient times. But the trade of the Romans was yet so extensive, that the customs duties of that sea were considered as an important source of revenue to the State, and were farmed to Roman publicans who made the highest-bid. There stood a law in the Roman statute-book, enumerating the various Indian commodities subject to the payment of duties. The ancient Indo-Roman trade called forth into existence a number of ports, studding the whole coast-line from Karrachi to Cochín. The same length of coast-line does not exhibit a greater number of ports in the present day. In Pliny's time, Roman ships traded to Ceylon. Fourscore years later, in Ptolemy's time they sailed up the Ganges to Satgong, and to Sonargong, near Dacca. They frequented the *Golden Chersonese*, or ancient Burma. Besides this ocean traffic, there was a large overland traffic through the Euphrates Valley. There was a second trading route, through Kandahar to Herat, Meshed, and the Caspian, a route which it is in the view of Russia to re-open for the valuable merchandize of India. In comparing the magnitude of the two trades, it ought to be remembered that the great dimensions, attained by modern commerce, have been swelled by the imports which are now forced upon India by the selfish policy of England. Such imports were unknown in ancient times. Out of a total of 107 crores, which represent the trade of India in 1871-72, the imports make 42 crores. One of the circumstances, which gives a dwarfed or diminutive appearance to the trade of the ancients, is that they did not take

* History of America.

any raw-material for domestic industry. They preferred to buy ready made fabrics, though at a greater cost. Both wrought and unwrought silk then went from India, but raw silk was imported in very small quantities, while manufactured goods constituted the bulk of the ancient silk trade. Under modern ideas and policies, commerce has assumed a new aspect. The importation of raw materials for manufacturing at home, is now the principal object of English shippers and merchants. It is this circumstance which has so greatly inflated the bulk of modern trade. But though the present Anglo-Indian trade may be many times larger in bulk, in tons and hundred-weights, the money-returns of that trade do not make difference in the same gigantic proportion. The growth of an article always depends upon its demand. The greater the demand, the greater is the produce. But the more an article comes into demand, the more it leads to competition and the tendency of all competition is to cheapen price. Thus cotton or sugar is now in universal demand. Instead of being grown alone, as of yore, in India, they are now grown in various parts of the world. Their universal demand has led to universal competition, the effect of which has been to reduce their price in proportion to the augmentation of their growth. Thus the silk, that anciently used to be sold for its weight in gold—an ounce for an ounce, is now grown in China, Italy, and France, in hundreds of thousands of bales, but does not sell at more than 10 to 15 rupees the seer. Under this view, the expansion of our modern trade may not unaptly be compared to diffuse and verbose writing, which scarcely approaches in merit to the condensed sentences of Bacon, that weigh like nuggets of gold. Shiploads of rice, or linseed, or jute may, therefore, possess an imposing bulk, but they swell not our national purse in the same degree. In point of money-returns, those shiploads preponderate not in the scale much heavily against caskets of pearls, diamonds, and precious stones, or against rare commodities selling for their weight in gold and silver. It matters little whether the trade of the Romans was confined to a single investment or more; suffice it that it chiefly brought in specie and

bullion to India for her commodities. "Money," it is said, "was in very particular request." In short, I cannot conceive that trade to have been small, which extended from Cathay to ancient Cornwall. I cannot believe that trade to have been insignificant, which made the merchants of Tyre to be styled the *Princes and Honorables of the earth*, which overflowed the shops and ware-houses of Alexandria with wealth that was the wonder of the world—which grew to be so alarmingly great "on the progress of luxury throughout the Roman empire, that it drew forth many invectives from the political economists of the day, against a trade so calculated, in their opinion, to drain the empire of its wealth"—and which made Pliny remark that India was "the sink of precious metals." It was a trade which left no balance due to India—which resulted to her only in accumulations of capital from which there was no deduction or abatement. National vanity may lead Mr. Beverley to under-rate that trade. But the fact is indisputable, that in the Argonautic expeditions of the nations of antiquity, India was their great *Colehis* from the first period of commerce, and was enriched by them with gold and silver—when the value of silver was more than quadruple of what it now is.

It was long that European scholars, familiar only with European records, had no knowledge of any other Indian trade than this Western trade. But this was not all and the only trade which India had in ancient times. There was, besides, a large Eastern trade, which she prosecuted with nations to her East, and was extended to the remote isles of the Indian Archipelago, and to China. Compared with the other, this was a purer and more *bonafide* Indian trade. The two respective trades were carried on by the people, who lived on the two respective sea-boards of our Peninsula. They were equally maritime in their habits, and they had equally a keen sense of the advantages of commerce. Bengal and the Coromandel have the same geographical position and natural conveniences for trade, that are possessed by Sind, Guzerat, and the Concan. Barygaza and Musiris on the one side, were emporia of the

sal importance and celebrity, as Tamralipta and Kalingapatam on the other. No Sanscrit story has come down to us relative to the trade subsisting in ancient times between India and the countries in the further East. The repugnance of Brahmanical writers to all foreign intercourse, made them hold the most profound silence on the subject, and leave it a perfect myth. But besides certain local customs and traditions still lingering and preserving its memory, information may be had from our very nursery stories. There is no tale in which the Saodagar, or merchant, does not figure as one of the principal characters. The adult Indian reader well recollects the stories of men borne on the wings of the *Bengamé*, or the roc'sard. More serious proofs abound in Buddhist literature, which incontestably establish the truth of ancient Hindoo commercial enterprises across seas unnavigated by any other people of the earth. The earliest Aryan voyages spoken of in Vedic records, or in the Code of Manu, must be taken as referring to those which were undertaken in the western direction, and of which the scene must have been either the Arabian sea, the Red sea, or the Persian Gulf. It is not known when the Eastern trade first sprang up—whether it was equally old with the Western trade. The early trade in spices, which did not all grow in India, and which must have been imported from the far off Spice Islands in the Indian Ocean, is a presumptive evidence in favor of its antiquity, which cannot be wholly set aside. In the opinion of Elphinstone, “the inhabitants of the Coast of Coromandel seem early to have been distinguished by their maritime enterprise from their countrymen on the west of India.” If it did not exist in the Vedic period, there can be no doubt of its having grown up in the Buddhist period. The voyages undertaken in the age of Asoca, or 250 years B. C., bear witness to the fully developed intercourse between the Gangetic provinces of India, and Tambapani, the Taprobane of the Greeks and Romans, or modern Ceylon. Commerce had previously opened the track, which was afterwards followed by religion. The speed with which

voyages were then made is note-worthy. The Buddhist chronicles of Ceylon preserve some of the details with regard to those voyages. Thus it is stated, "the Ambassador from that island embarked at Jambuloka, near Jaffna, and in seven days made the north coast of the Bay of Bengal, or what we now call the Sand-heads. From that place, in another seven days the embassy reached Pataliputra, or Patna." So also, when "Asoca sent down his son Mahindra with a branch of Buddha's sacred peepul tree, the vessel which bore him sailed in seven days from Pataliputra to the mouth of the Ganges, and from thence in seven days more it reached Jambuloka." This was a rate of progress, which is scarcely exceeded by the rate at which clippers and steamers now a days traverse the same distance.

The narrow strip of alluvial land lying between the mountains and the sea, and stretching from the delta of the Ganges to the southernmost point of the peninsula, is so situated and shut out from the rest of India, as naturally to feel the impulse of developing relations with countries across the Bay. In this long sea-board the most famous maritime kingdom was Kalinga, which is said to have been founded "at least eight centuries before Christ," and which extended from the mouth of the Ganges to the mouth of the Krishna. "It formed one of the five outlying kingdoms of ancient India, with its capital about half way down the coast, and still surviving in the present city of Kalingapatam."* The land was ruled for many centuries by Princes of the Buddhist persuasion, a religion founded on a catholic basis, which "formed the mightiest protest against the caste-debasement of man," which inculcated no prejudice against the *Kālāpīni*, and cherished no antipathy against foreign nations. Their rock-inscriptions, left behind in Orissa, "speak," says Mr. Hunter, "of navigation and ship commerce, as forming part of the education of the Princes of Kalinga." The Chilka Lake, then a deep basin, made an

The ancient Klings as a maritime and mercantile people.

excellent harbour for anchorage. It was "crowded with ships from distant countries."* Stripped of the myth, the great sea-king Bully of the Ráináyana, appears to have been no other than a monarch of the sea-coast kingdom of Kalinga. His great maritime power is fully significant of his empire over the sea.

The early Klings must have been mere coasters, who could, in the beginning, scarcely venture to sail out of sight of land. In this stage, they must have made passages either towards the north or south, along the coast. The first region out of the continent, to which such voyages could have led them, was Ceylon. That rich island offered a variety of products to stimulate commercial undertakings. The intercourse was for the mutual welfare of both the countries, and it was steadily pursued by them with equal reciprocity. This traffic with Ceylon was the earliest development of the Eastern trade. In time, as the Klings became accustomed to the sea, they made bolder voyages. From coasting, they took to crossing the upper part of the Bay, and, before long, its broadest portion. Proofs of this exploitation are derived from various sources. The *Buddhagat*, or the sacred scriptures of the Burmese in particular, affords a mine of information on the subject. From the evidence interspersed in that book, it is clearly gathered that a steady commercial intercourse cultivated with Burmah by the Buddhist merchants of Kalinga, led, in the first instance, to missionary undertakings for the propagation of their religion, and next to the assumption of political supremacy in the land.† One of the religious missions directed by Asoka, the great Buddhist monarch of India, was to *Subarna-bhumi*, or the land of gold, under which denomination Burma was anciently known, and which made it to be styled the Golden Chersonese in Roman geography. The most famous Hindoo settlement of yore in that country, was *Thare-Khetra*, near Prome, the remains

* History of Pooree by Baboo Brojokisore Ghose.

† "History of the Burma Race," by Col. Sir Arthur Phayre. Asiatic Society's Journal. No. I., 1864 and No. II., 1868.

of which still exist.* From the similarity of its name, one cannot fail to be reminded of Sri-khetra, the abode of Jagannath, at Pooree. They must have been two sister cities of Buddhist paternity, which stood face to face with each other, on the two opposite sides of the Bay, maintaining intimate mutual relations and correspondence. Right opposite to their shores, colonists from ancient Talingana had founded a kingdom in ancient Martaban, the capital of which was Thatun. This was before the death of Buddha, in 545 B.C. It was emigrants from Thatun that founded Pegu, in 573 A.D.† There was intercourse also with Malaca. Marsden has traced many words in the Malay language to an Indian, or Sanskrit origin. In Malay literature, there is an intermixture of much that is unmistakably Hindoo. To this day, there are *Klings*, or descendants of settlers from ancient Kalinga, at Singapore. "The Klings are the lowest class of Indians, and their name is derived from Kalinga, an island near the coast of India, from whence they are said to have come. Indians, however, of a higher grade, Madrascers, Tamils, &c., are also called Klings at Singapore."‡ With reference to this ancient trade, Sir Walter Elliot observes:—"There is no doubt, the intercourse between the east coast of India, and the whole of the opposite coast of the Bay of Bengal and the Straits of Malaca, was far greater in former times than at present. It had attained its height at the time the Buddhists were in the ascendant, that is during the first five or six centuries of our era. The first great Buddhist persecution both checked it and also drove great numbers of the victims to the opposite coast. The Tamil and Telugu local histories and traditions are full of such narratives. When the Chalukya prince, brother of the king of Kalyan, was founding a new Kingdom at Rajamundry, which involved the rooting out and dispersion of the pre-

* Phayre, A. S. J. 1864 and 1868.

† One of royal titles of the Burmese King is "sun-descended monarch." He performs the *Abhishek* of the Hindoo Rajahs. The nobility wear golden chains in imitation of the caste-thread of the Brahmins. From these and many other observances of Hindoo customs, we may fairly conclude the ancient Hindoo empire to have spread in Burma.

‡ "Mission Life," May, 1869.

existing rulers, nothing is more probable than that some of the fugitives should have found their way to Pegu. One Tamil MS. refers to a party of Buddhist exiles, headed by a king of Mandu, flying in their ship from the coast.⁶⁶

The most conspicuous fact in the maritime and commercial history of India, is the Hindoo colonization of Java.

Hindoo Colony at Java.

In the 75th year of the Christian era, there started a large Hindoo expedition from Kalinga. Instead of plying within the usual limits of the Bay the vessels boldly sailed into the open Indian Ocean, and arrived at the island of Java. There the adventurous navigators planted a colony, built towns and cities, and developed a trade with the mother country, which existed for several centuries. To this day the sacred language, distinguished from the Malay vernacular, is a dialect of Sanskrit. "The island of Balli, close to the east of Java, is still inhabited by Hindus; who have Malay or Tartar features, but profess to be of the four Hindoo classes." The little island seems to have been named after the great maritime monarch of the Hindoo Epic. The traveller, in the nineteenth century, meets there with vestiges of the Hindoo language, of Hindoo mythology, of Hindoo superstitions, and of Hindoo literature, which afford the most conclusive evidence of its having been a Hindoo colony. Here, then, was India a colonial power prior to all other nations. Here is she found to have established a colony in the far Indian Ocean, which ought to be reckoned as the first and earliest germ of that vast colonial system of modern days, in which she herself is now a member. To conclude the account of the maritime and commercial transactions of ancient Kalinga in the words of Mr. Hunter:—"When, therefore, we hear of its monarch, eighteen hundred years ago, being educated in maritime trade; when we find that it had transactions with Java and the islands of the

* Sir A. P. Phayre.—"On the History of Pegu." Asiatic Society's Journal, 1873.

Indian Archipelago in pre-historic times; when the Chinese traveller of the seventh century speaks of the Chilka as 'a great lake,' the harbour for ships from distant countries; and when we find the factories on the coast of Orissa a favourite resort of the early European traders with Bengal, the chain of evidence is complete."

The next people engaged in the Eastern trade were the ancient Dravidians and Carnatese, on the Coromandel,—the neighbours of the Klings. The Periplus bears testimony to their commercial transactions. The author of that work speaks of "the pearl-fishery near Ceylon—of *Mesolia*, or Masulipatam "as an extensive district distinguished for the manufacture of very fine clothes." It was with reference to the active sea-borne traffic of the ancient Coromandelese, that the same author speaks of "large vessels navigating the Bay of Bengal to the Ganges and Chryse." They were "the ships of the country, which varied in form and burden, and were distinguished by different names."* The Coromandelese not only traded to Malaca, but as far as China. There is a place, in the vicinity of Madras, which still bears the name of *Chinapatam*, and testifies to the intercourse anciently held with the Chinese. The old city of Mahaballipoor, in and about the same neighbourhood, appears to have been an emporium of that day. It signifies the town of the great Balli, and is not without some connection or other either with the sea-prince of that name, or the island of Balli.

There was, besides, another people, who also utilized the Bay, and bore a share in its ocean-traffic. It would surprise the very Bengalis themselves to learn that they were that people. Known as the Bengalis are to be a timid non-military race, and filled with a dread of, and religious prejudice against, the sea, it is scarcely believable that they were once a nation, the very opposite of what

The ancient Madras as a maritime and mercantile people.

The ancient Bengalis as a maritime and a mercantile people.

* Robertson's History of India.

they now appear. But history bears ample witness to the truth of such a fact. The ancient Buddhistical Bengali was a very different being from the present Brahmanical Bengali. The Buddhistical Bengali was conspicuous both for military and maritime enterprise. He marched armies to beyond the Indus, and ruled for a time as the Suzerain of India. He braved the ocean in armed galleys, and carried home foreign itineraries in his ships. This is no forged statement, or newly manufactured account. Foreign unimpeachable and contemporaneous testimony places the fact beyond the shadow of a doubt. It is spoken of in the Cingalese records, and by Chinese travellers. Local customs and national legends also point to the same thing. The ceremony of launching *Shoodoahs*, is plainly commemorative of the voyages undertaken by our ancestors, some fifteen hundred, or a thousand years ago. The annual pilgrimage still made to Gangā-Sāgar, carries a similar significance. The adventures of Dhanapati and Srinanta, related in the *Chandi* and *Kari Kankan*, and of Chānd Saodāgar and Lāu Sen, possess a nucleus of truth which is surrounded with a mass of fables. They were all Bunnias of Beerbhoom—a class of Hindus remarkable in all ages among their nation for commercial enterprise and opulence. In the same manner that Shakespeare's Antonio had "an argosy bound for Tripoli, another for the Indies, a third for Mexico, and a fourth for England," did the Indian Srinanta possess merchantmen trading to the Coromandel, to Ceylon, to Malacca, Java, and China. The Buddhistical Bengali was a much more useful man to himself and to his country, than a modern English speaking Bengali. I would prefer to be a Buddhistical Bengali with his nautical courage and active foreign trade, than a starving quiet Young Bengal given up to dreams and prattling.

The great trading centres of Bengal in those days were more than one. The first, in point of situation, was Cutwa—the *Katubripa* of Ptolemy. As named by the Roman geographer, it must have been an island. Bengal then presented different features from those in

the present day. The sea-board was much more inland. It has been gradually pushed out under fluvial changes, and the process of land-making from the river-silt. Cutwa was the first point of debarkation—the starting-place for outward voyages. It was the outlet from the most civilized province of ancient Bengal—Beerbhoom. The next entrepôt of trade was lower down at *Satgaon*, known in the time of the Chinese Pilgrims' visit under the name of *Tcharitrapoura*. The Ganges then flowed by the place, and *Sâtgaon* was the great Gangetic harbour of western Bengal. The harbour of Eastern Bengal was *Sonârgaon*—the estuary of the *Brahmâputra* having also been higher in that age. The whole region between the two rivers was called *Ganges Regia* by the Romans. It was frequented by their ships for those fine *Karpas*, or cotton fabrics, which fetched a high price in the markets of Rome. *Sâtgaon* is described by Ptolemy to have been “a royal city, of immense size, in which resided the kings of the country.” They still pretend to show the *Handal* tree, to which *Sreemunto* fastened his boats. That famous Bengali merchant appears to have brought his goods in the country-craft of the day, and then trans-shipped them in sea-going vessels. *Satgaon* remained the royal port of Bengal till the seventeenth century, when the diversion of the course of the Ganges first led to its decay. The rich Mullick and Seal families of Calcutta may be looked upon as the descendants of some its ancient merchants.

But the most important emporium of ancient Bengal

The ancient sea-port
of Tamruk.

was *Tamralipta*, in Sanskrit *Tamolipta*. It was the great Buddhist harbour of the Bengal sea-board. The place is of so great an antiquity as to have existed prior to the times of Asoka, where the missions despatched by that monarch touched on their way to Ceylon. The *Periplus* speaks of “a great commercial city, near the mouth of the Ganges, the trade of which consisted chiefly in cloths of the most delicate texture and extreme beauty.” From this description, it is supposed to have been *Sonârgaon*, or ancient

Dacca ; but taking the situation into consideration, it more probably refers to Tamralipta. The following account of that sea-port is from Mr. Hunter's "Orissa" :—"Tamluk figures as a kingdom of great antiquity in the sacred writings of the Hindus, and has been identified with the wars of the epic poems. It is referred to in the Bengal recension of the Mahabharata, as *Ratnaratī*,* which local name still survives at Tamluk. But the Sanskrit annalists had an unconquerable aversion to facts, and no practical knowledge can be elicited from them about Tamluk, except that it existed. It is as a Buddhist port that Tamluk emerges upon history. The Chinese Pilgrim who visited India in 399-414 A. D. found it a maritime settlement of the Buddhists, where he remained for two years transcribing the sacred books, and whence he took shipping to Ceylon. Two hundred and fifty years later, a yet more celebrated pilgrim from China speaks of Tamluk as still an important Buddhist harbour, with ten Buddhist monasteries, a thousand monks, and a pillar by King Asoka, two hundred feet high. The adjacent country lay low, but its extreme fertility made up for its damp, marshy character. Tamluk itself, situated on a bay, could be approached both by land and water, and contained stores of rare and precious merchandise, and a wealthy population. Some of them follow the true faith ; others the false. Besides the Buddhist monasteries, there are also, fifty temples of the heretical Hindu Gods.' Here the pilgrim learnt about Ceylon, and the perils of the southern voyage. The Asoka pillar alluded to by him attests its existence in the third century B. C. Even at this day, the ancient Buddhist port bears traces of its origin. In 1781 an English official reported a local tradition to Government, 'that Tamluk was originally a Buddhist town, and a large emporium of eastern trade, and had many fine monasteries.' * * Even after the final triumph of Hinduism over the ancient Buddhistic faith, Tamluk continued an entrepôt for maritime trade. The sea-going castes as-

* The Ocean is sometimes called *Ratnakar*, or the home of jewels.

serted their supremacy, and on the extinction of the Peacock dynasty placed a line of Fisher-Kings on the throne. * * * Most of the Tamluk legends, however, refer to making money ; and appropriately enough in a commercial maritime city, water has generally something to do with the process. A great merchant, by name the Lord of Wealth, sailing in his ships to Tamluk, found a well or lake that turned every thing into gold. He accordingly bought up all the brass vessels in the market, transmuted them into the precious metal, sailed to Ceylon, where he sold them to the natives, and returning, built the great Tamluk temple which is generally ascribed to the first of the Fisher-Kings. Another sea-going merchant found the Philosopher's Stone, probably foreign commerce ; and his wealth attracted the envy of the king, who insisted upon its being made over to him. The upshot of the story is, that the diligent trader could not transfer the source of his riches to the slothful monarch ; the ship-owner was drowned, and the King found himself no richer than before. Indigo, mulberry and silk, the costly products of Bengal and Orissa, form the traditional articles of export from ancient Tamluk ; and although the sea has long since left it, the town continued until 1869 the great maritime outlet from Orissa. In 635 B. C. the Chinese traveller found the city washed by the ocean ; the earliest Hindu tradition places the sea eight miles off, and it is now fully sixty miles distant. The process of land-making at the mouth of the Ganges has gone slowly but steadily on, gradually pushing out silt-banks and sandy ridges, which by degrees have settled into solid land, and left Tamluk an inland village on the Rupnarayan river. The peasants, in digging wells or tanks, come upon sea-shells at a depth of ten to twenty feet ; and an almost forgotten name of the town, the Mine of Gems,* alone commemorates its former wealth. The constant changes of the river, and its all-covering alluvion, have buried the ancient city. .. Even its principal temple is now partly

underground, and the remains of old masonry, wells, and houses may be found at a depth of eighteen to twenty one feet below the surface." It was from ancient Tamralipta that Fa Hian, who had come overland by the way of Tartary and Cabul, returned home by sea. He sailed in a Hindoo vessel from that port to Ceylon. It was then a great Buddhist island, where he witnessed the consecration of a monastery by its Buddhist Rajah. From Ceylon the pilgrim proceeded on board of another Hindoo vessel to Java, which he found entirely peopled by Hindus. From Java he reached China. It is expressly stated by him that in going from place to place in different vessels, he made his voyage invariably "in ships manned by crews professing the Brahmanical religion."

"The accounts of voyagers and travellers in times subsequent to the *Periplus*," says Elphinstone, "speak of an extensive commerce with India." One of these voyagers was Cosmas Indicopleustes. He was an Egyptian merchant, who, under the Emperor Justinian, visited India in the sixth century. He speaks of Male or Malabar as the chief seat of the pepper-trade, and describes Ceylon, under the name of Serendip, as the place where "were imported the silk of *Sinae*—Roman China, and the precious spices of the eastern countries, and which were conveyed thence to all parts of India." The navigation of the Romans did not extend to China. The utmost boundary to which they sailed was *Catigara*, on the gulf of modern Siam, beyond which Ptolemy declares "the earth unknown." According to Cosmas, the great number of foreigners whom he found settled in most of the noted cities of India, were not accustomed to visit the eastern regions of Asia, but that they rested satisfied to receive their goods second hand from the Indians.

The exports and imports constituting the eastern trade of India in ancient times, are not known like those which constituted her Western trade. Similar to the *Periplus*, no account exists enumerating the commodities

The nature of the Eastern trade of Ancient India.

which were the objects of the trade of the ancient Klings, Coromandese, and Bengalis. The void left can only be filled up by conjectures and probabilities. In the first place, the principal articles exchanged with Ceylon seem to have been much the same as now. The rich and varied produce of the continent was borne thither by the Bengalis and Klings, and from the island were brought chiefly cinnamon and ebony, the two products peculiar to its soil, and also the spicery imported thither from the Archipelago. The pearl-fishery of Ceylon was formerly very prolific, and made her trade attractive more than any thing else. The island then produced also gold, silver, and lead, and many precious stones, such as ruby, sapphire, cat's-eye, turquoise, and amethyst. The areca-nut, cocoa-nut, and coir-rope were probably also imported, but no dry cocoa-nut shells, as tobacco was not known in India till the 16th century. Coffee was not grown in ancient Ceylon. Burma was frequented for her gold and other precious metals, and must have consumed the manufactures of India in exchange for them. She is not a manufacturing country to this day. The trade with the islands of the Archipelago principally consisted in the variety of their spices. No sugar or indigo was produced in Java, till they were introduced by the Dutch in recent times; and such commodities, with others, must have formed the exports to that island when it was a Hindoo settlement. With China, the trade anciently carried on by India, must have consisted principally of silk, tetanague, quicksilver, borax, alum, camphor, and drugs. Porcelain, or the *vasa murrinha* of the Romans, must have been brought in small quantities for foreign countries, but not for India. The Indians do not appear to have had ever any great taste for that manufacture, or their own pottery would not have lacked so much improvement. The taste for China grew in India under the Mogul Emperors, but it was so rare even then, that to punish a man for breaking a China porcelain, the Emperor Shah Jehan sent him to be sold in China.*

* The graceful pottery of Sind is certainly excluded from my remark.

No tea was imported from that country in those days, nor any opium was exported thither. It is doubtful whether any cotton or saltpetre went there.

Besides those already dwelt upon, India had a third trade, which was carried on with the seaboard of eastern Africa, from almost opposite Socotra down to Madagascar.

The African trade of Ancient India.

The date of this trade is not the less ancient than the dates of the other two. The existence of this third trade is traced from beyond the days of David and Solomon, whose ships brought gold from Ophir, the great emporium of Eastern Africa in that age. The Phœnicians are said to have sailed from the Red Sea, round Africa, under Necho, King of Egypt, 600 B. C. As supposed by Mr. Elphinstone, the Western Indians were not less enterprising navigators and sailors than the Eastern Indians. The Cutchis and Guzratīs have a nautical reputation from Rig-Veda antiquity. The Indian Cutch ship is high built, with masts and riggings, for braving the sea. In the early ages they must have crept along the shore of Arabia to the mouth of the Red sea. But in time they must have grown bolder to quit the coast like their Eastern brethren, and sail across another part of the open Indian Ocean to Africa. Unfortunately no account of this trade is met with till modern times.* Proofs of its existence are first had from the Portuguese. Vasco de Gama met with many "Guzrati Hindoo merchants trading to the Mozambique." Among the many visitors who waited upon him at Melinda, were "several Bunniah merchants from Guzerat; Pythagorean philosophers, who held it a crime to kill or eat any living thing." It was a Hindoo pilot who guided him across the wide expanse of the Indian Ocean. With reference to this trade, it has been remarked by Sir Bartle Frere, in a speech made on the occasion of his embarking on the Expedition against the East African Slave Trade, that "before we had any thing to do directly with the Govern-

* The people of Bombay are best fitted to throw light upon the history of this trade from their ancient western literature.

ment of India, or any colonies in Africa, there was an immense trade, healthy and vigorous, which had been going on for ages between Eastern Africa and India. The early navigators said that they found there 'considerable freedom, a certain amount of civilization, and a very large amount of trade with India.'

However meagre and fragmentary, the foregoing account sufficiently illustrates the civilization which prevailed in early India, and the commercial position then occupied by her. The evidence which I have put together, is eliminated and cleared from a considerable amount of mythical rubbish encumbering the history of the ancient Hindoo. He emerges in a character which is as much news to us as to foreigners, and stands out in a strong contrast with the modern Hindoo. From the narrative before the reader, the Hindoo of old appears to have been an adventurous trader, and a great sea-explorer. He knew to build sea-going ships, in which he sailed with as great a speed as they do in modern clippers. He could make choice of safe harbours, and select sites for advantageous sea-ports. He piloted foreign vessels, and bore foreign passengers to their homes. He was a colonizer, and held transmarine possessions. He was a civilizer of barbarous nations. From his European predilections, Mr. Hunter may well be disposed to theorize on the Yavana, or Ionian, or Greek colonization of Java. But such speculations affect not the nautical repute of the ancient Indian, that is upheld by the Vedas and Manu. Long before the Greeks had a name or nationality, the Vedic Hindoo had acquired a knowledge of the stars, which enabled him to track the ocean highway. Under the Buddhists, the Hindoo maritime genius received the highest development possible under the circumstances of the times. Buddhist ships covered the sea from Africa to China. Buddhist factories rose on every shore of the Indian Ocean. The commerce carried on within such wide limits, cannot justly be regarded to have been inconsiderable. It is plainly stated to have been "very extensive" in the *Periplus*, as well as in all the subsequent as-

The ancient Indians
as carriers of trade.

counts. The point now to be considered is, how far the natives of India took an active share in the prosecution of that commerce? To put in other words, how far were the Indians its carriers? This is an important point to be settled, as the profits of carrying trade contribute largely to the enrichment of a nation. Much of the enormous wealth of England is from her being the carrier of the world's commerce. This position is very much coveted by America, and is the cause of rivalry between the two nations. The Yankee has little earth-hunger, having to himself almost a whole continent. He strives only to snatch the monopoly of carrying trade from England, and is waiting for a complication to step into her shoes. In the opinion of Elphinstone, the trade of ancient India "appears to have been conducted by the Greeks and Arabs." The grounds on which he founds such a supposition are, that "our first clear accounts of the seas west of India give no signs of trade carried on by Indians in that direction. Nearchus, who commanded Alexander's fleet, in 326 B. C., did not meet a single ship in coasting from the Indus to the Euphrates; and expressly says that fishing boats were the only vessels he saw, and those only in particular places, and in small numbers. So much, indeed, were the Arabs the carriers of Indian trade, that in Pliny's time their settlers filled the western shores of Ceylon, and were also found established on the coast of Malabar. The voyagers and travellers in times subsequent to the Periplus, speak of an extensive commerce with India, but afford no information respecting the part taken in it by the Indians, unless it be by their silence; for while they mention Arab and Chinese ships as frequenting the ports of India, they never allude to any voyage as having been made by a vessel of the latter country. Marco Polo, indeed, speaks of pirates on the coast of Malabar, who cruised for the whole summer; but it appears, afterwards, that their practice was to lie at anchor, and consequently close to the shore, only getting under weigh on the approach of a prize." From a consideration of all these points, Mr. Elphinstone is inclined to think that the ancient foreign trade of India was not in

the hands of the Indians. But to deny them having been active participators, is to deny altogether their maritime pursuits. Indeed, it is not easy to reconcile the Satavahanas, the sailor-class, and the sea-faring habits of the ancient Indians with their total abstinence from active participation in trade. The two things are incongruous, and contradict one another. But there is the positive evidence of the Vedas and of Manu, to weigh against the negative evidence of Nearchus. Long before either Scylax or Nearchus made their voyages, the Hindoos appear to have entered on their ocean-career. They are expressly stated to have pressed earnestly on boardship for the sake of gain, and to have understood bottomry, several centuries prior to the dates of those voyagers. It would be utterly strange, if, with such keen sense, they did not perceive the advantages of being the carriers of trade. Considering the deep prejudices of the early Egyptians to sea-life, the Hindoos, in that age, could be the only other people who were civilized enough for the purposes of navigation, and carrying on the earliest Indo-Egyptian trade. Contemporaneous with them the Phœnicians may have been a maritime people. But the navigators of Tyre and Sidon signalized themselves on the Mediterranean, while the Hindoos kept the Asiatic seas to themselves. The one monopolized the navigation of the West—the other the navigation of the East. The trade of Tyre with India was chiefly carried on overland through the valley of Mesopotamia, by means of those “fleets of the land”—caravans or *kafilas*, whose journeys and those of others, were the *land journeys* that are spoken of by Manu. The Greeks did not distinguish themselves on the sea till the fall of Tyre, in the 4th century B. C. The Romans did not become expert mariners, till the conquest of Egypt, in the first century, gave them the command of the Indian trade. The Arabs did not flourish till the rise of Islam. Thus it must have been the Indians, and no other people, who principally conducted the trade of their country with the nations of the West, during the long interval from the Vedic ages, to the beginning of the Christian

era. During, too, the decline of the Romans in the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries, and prior to the rise of the Arabs, who, but the Hindoos, could have been the carriers of trade? In the age of Nearchus, ocean-traffic had probably not been developed in the same degree, as it was in the subsequent ages. The land-traffic must have been greater. There must have been a particular season favourable for the ocean-traffic. The Greek admiral must have sailed in an adverse season, and therefore did not fall in with any trading vessel. Because there were Arab settlers in Ceylon, and on the Malabar coast, it is no decisive evidence of the Indians having had no part in the carrying trade. Similarly there were Hindoo settlers in Arabia, who may as equally be supposed to have had the trade of that country in their hands. Under the ancients, there was no jealousy, no exclusion, and no attempt at monopolization, as under the moderns. There were hereditary professions, but no monopolies like those of the present day. The ocean highway was open to all. It was traversed alike by the Indians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Arabs, and the Chinese, without any of them trying to drive the others from the field, and seeking to appropriate the commerce between them, and securing the monopoly of carrying trade, similar to that which England has done in the nineteenth century. There was no Papal bull to adjudge discoveries to any particular nation. There was no selfish trading spirit to levy differential or prohibitory duties upon cargoes in foreign bottoms. There was no intention to maintain an unrivalled supremacy on the sea. The trade of the ancients was without any protection—it was free in the fullest sense of the term. Their's was true Free Trade, and not the pretended Free Trade of the present age. In contending for the Indians for a part in the carrying trade, I do not mean that they sailed up as far as the Tiber, and landed their goods at the Roman Ostia. Their career must be understood to have been confined to this side of the Red Sea, and the Persian gulf—to frequenting the ports of ancient Berenice, Sabea, and others.

In the absence of direct information, whatever doubts may arise as to the part taken by the Indians in carrying the Western trade, there can be none as to their having been the sole carriers of the Eastern and the African trades, for many centuries. Long before Hippalus ventured upon the voyage from the mouth of the Red Sea, directly across to Barygaza and Musiris, did Indian vessels cross the Bay of Bengal to Ceylon, to Burma, to Malaca, and to Sumatra. No Greek or Roman ship visited those places. No Arab settlers were found there prior to the birth of Mohamed. The earth in these quarters was unknown to them. Foreigners who came in quest of spicery or silk, were, as we learn from Cosmas, content to buy them in the Indian markets. It was the Klings, the Coromandelese, the Cingalese, and the Bengalis, who alone traded in the Eastern seas, and were in the undisputed possession of the rich commerce of that region. It was they who brought the ancient *Nankeens*, and the *Vasu Murriha*, for the Romans, from China. It was in their hands that the valuable spice-trade was a practical monopoly in the absence of every competition. The Indians of old were dominant on the Eastern seas without a single rival. The Burmese and Siamese have not appeared in the field to this day. The Chinese did not appear, most probably, till the ninth, or tenth century. Fa Hian, who travelled to India in the fifth century, came overland through Tartary and Cabul. Two centuries later, Hywen T'sang travelled similarly to visit the original shrines of Buddha. Had Chinese ships then frequented India, those pilgrims would certainly have preferred the quicker and more convenient passage of the sea. One of them is found to have resorted to that passage on his return home. Till the triumph of Brahmanism over Buddhism, the Indians must be acknowledged to have been masters on the East Indian Ocean, and to have been the sole carriers of the trades from the regions in that direction.

Similar to the Klings and Bengalis, were the Cutchees, and Guzratees, and Malabarese, the sole carriers of the trade with Africa. In the remotest antiquity, Tyrian

and Jewish merchants visited the port of Ophir on its eastern sea-board, and carried thence great riches to kings David and Solomon. But from the fall of Tyre, the field was left to the Indians without a single competitor, till the spread of Islamism. No Greek or Roman voyager sailed to that quarter. The author of the *Periplus* gives no account of the ancient African trade. Comas does not say a word about it. Though, in time, the Moors became formidable rivals, it is a striking fact to be noted, that an Indian pilot conducted Vasco de Gama, from the African coast to Calicut, across the wide Indian Ocean.

The Buddhist era is the most glorious in the history of early India. Her maritime prestige and commercial exploitation stood highest in that era. The period was not more glorious, than prosperous, at the same time. Foreign commerce, which was in the hands of her own children, and which was spread east and west from China to the Red sea, and far away down to the Mozambique, in the Indian Ocean, brought abundant wealth into her lap. This state of things continued for a period of more than a thousand years, till the final triumph of Brahmanism revolutionised India in all her aspects. Under the regime of the Brahmans, new tenets were preached, new sentiments began to prevail, and new habits and feelings were engendered. Ancient traditions were suppressed, or altered in their meaning. Ancient accounts were either expunged, or distorted and mystified. Foreign travel and foreign intercourse were laid under an interdict. To cross the Indus was to quit the pale of Hinduism. The sea was condemned as an unhallowed element. In time, all enterprise died out of the land under these discouragements and religious terrors. Sea-voyages fell altogether into desuetude. Distant settlements came to be forgotten, and were lost entirely to view. Ceylon was regarded as the land of Rakhasas. The briny sea itself, was thought to be here composed of milk, and there of curd or ghee. The bold and adventurous Indian of old degenerated, and became an

Changes in the Hindoo character.

utterly transformed being. He became perfectly home-loving. He preferred sitting to walking, and sleeping to sitting. He thought the happiest man was he who never passed his threshold. Religious prejudices filled his mind with repugnance, and he lost all heart at the name of sea. He abandoned that element altogether, and from an enterprising and diligent trader in foreign countries, he subsided into a passive and contented vendor at home.

This must explain the phenomenon of the change in the character of the later Hindoo from his Vedic and Buddhistic predecessors. Slowly must the process of transformation have gone on during a protracted period. The Hindu did not at once give up the maritime habits of his forefathers, and retire from the sea. Up to the eighth century, the Chilka is said to have been frequented by ships. Marco Polo speaks of Indian pirates cruising along the coast for the whole summer, in the thirteenth century. The Indian government in Java subsisted till the end of the fourteenth century. It is difficult to ascertain the exact period when the Indians entirely ceased to be a sea-going and trading people. Political and social causes, combined with outside competition, made them gradually discontinue visiting foreign ports and markets. There were no more the Tyrians, or Greeks, or Romans. They had all by turns enacted their parts, and disappeared from the arena. But the Arabs, who had hitherto played but a minor character, now made the most conspicuous figure on the stage. They gained military renown, at the same time that they acquired naval skill. Their supremacy on land kept pace with their supremacy on the ocean. Day by day as the field was left unoccupied by the Indians, did the Arabs step in and succeed to their place. The conquest of Persia and Egypt placed the command of the routes and marts of the Indian trade entirely in their hands. They shut out the Europeans from access into the Red Sea, and opened the emporium of Bassora, at the junction of the Euphrates

Rise of the Arabians,
and decay of the carry-
ing trade of the Indians.

and Tigris, as the rival of Alexandria. The Arabians made progress far beyond the boundaries of Roman navigation. They became acquainted with Sumatra, and the other islands of the Indian Archipelago. By the ninth century, they advanced as far as Canton, in China. The well-known tales of the voyages of Sinbad, indicate the limits of the sea traversed by the Arab navigators of that period. They were not content, like the Greek or Roman merchants, to buy second hand from the Indians. They began, for the first time, to import goods direct from the places of their growth. They brought spices from the Moluccas, and silk, porcelain, and tea from China. They overturned the Indian government at Java, and thus became masters in a field heretofore solely occupied by the Indians. The Chinese also now began to take a share in the ocean-trade. It is stated by Ebn Battuta, an African traveller, of the 14th century, that "besides ships from Persia, Arabia, and other neighbouring countries, some of the ports of Malabar were frequented by large junks from China." The following account of the merchandize, belonging to one of the caravans travelling from Babylon to Palestine, and which was plundered by Richard Cour de Lion in 1191, helps us to form an idea of the nature of the Indian trade as conducted by the Arabians. The articles spoken of are "a great quantity of gold and silver (which must have been bullion, as money is also mentioned) robes of silk, purple dye, a variety of ornaments for the person, arms, and weapons of various kinds; sewed coats of mail of the kind called gasingauz, embroidered cushions, sumptuous pavilions and tents; biscuit, wheat, barley and flour; electuaries and other medicines; basins, bottles, bags, or perhaps purses ("saccaria"), silver pots and candle-sticks, pepper, cinnamon, and other choice spices of various kinds, sugar and wax, and a prodigious quantity of money." * From this account we find the Arabians to have given a greater variety and expansion to the Indian trade. Many articles are men-

tioned, in which no traffic existed under the Greeks and Romans. The trade in gunny bags is traced from this period. They are identified with the *saccaries*, a name still current in India, and of which the word *sack* is but an abbreviation. In the time of the Arabians, all goods "of small bulk, such as cloves, nutmegs, mace, gems, pearls, &c., were conveyed from the Persian gulf, up the Tigris to Bassora, and thence to Bagdad, from which they were carried to some port on the Mediterranean. All more bulky goods, such as pepper, ginger, cinnamon, &c., were conveyed by the ancient route to the Red sea, and thence across the Desert, and down the Nile, to Alexandria."† It was while the Indian trade was in the hands of the Arabians, that Venice, Genoa, Florence, Antwerp, and other places, rose on the other side of the Red Sea, and became the most famous marts for Eastern commodities in Europe. Though the Arabs had attained a decided superiority, there is the testimony of Marco Polo that "the commodities of the East were still brought to the Malabar coast by *vessels of the country*, and conveyed thence, together with pepper and other products peculiar to that part of India, by ships which arrived from the Red sea."‡ The account of that Venetian traveller is dated the 13th century. A hundred years later, Ebn Battuta bears similar evidence. Thus the Arabs may have become the first commercial people in Asia, but still they did not succeed in making themselves so entirely masters of the sea, as to have become the sole and exclusive carriers of the sea-borne trade of the East. There were the Chinese who had a considerable share in it. The Indians, too, reserved to themselves a portion. This, however, was not of very great consequence. It was pursued with little energy and enterprise. It was declining, but had not been wholly extinguished. The Bengalis appear to have been the first to quit the sea,

† Robertson's India.

‡ The same. There was a fine Roman causeway from Bagdad to Acre on the Mediterranean which they are going to utilize for the Euphrates Valley Railway.

and get into a chronic aversion against it. The Coromandelese and Cutchees kept to it for many a year afterwards, and they are found to this day not to have abandoned it altogether.

Such was the *past* of the commerce of India, —a commerce justly, legitimately her own, and which may be designated after her name with the most perfect truth and consistency. It was a commerce which is strongly contra-distinguished from the commerce of the present day, which is most absurdly called INDIAN when no Indian participates in its operations, or is permitted to share in its profits. I consider that *past* to terminate properly with the discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope, which brought on the most radical changes in the course and condition of the trade of our country, and, therefore, here conclude its review. However imperfect the summary may be deemed, it is sufficient to answer the object in view. I have elsewhere vindicated my countrymen to have been a *travelling* nation.* Here I vindicate them to have been a *maritime and commercial* nation. "It has required the most laborious research to disentomb the facts I have quoted from the darkness in which they are buried ; but humility compels me to say that the search has been so incomplete, that far greater discoveries may be in store for other and more skilled explorers." The Europeans who have snatched away our trade, deny our nation to have ever been a trading people. The very Natives themselves labour under the most erroneous notions on that head. It is a deep-rooted conviction in their minds, that their forefathers never travelled into any foreign land, or traversed the sea that is so much denounced in the Shasters. Their Sreemunto is regarded no more than a myth, and their Shooadooah an idle mummary. Long desuetude has effaced every recollection of the past. Tampered with by Brahminical authors, the maritime history of their nation has been reduced to present an

* *Calcutta Review*, for January, 1868.

absolute blank. Their Mahabharat, Ramayana, and Puranas, are profoundly silent on the subject, and at the most contain bare hints from which it is impossible to derive any clue. Even European historians, with the information now at their disposal, care not to disabuse the native public mind. In the latest compilation of Mr. Lethbridge, there is no account of our nation's past commercial exploits, such as is calculated to fill the minds of Indian school-boys with an yearning for a commercial career. Mr. Marshman's History of India is little better than a catch-penny work, which perpetuates many errors of a compilation made thirty years ago, and is written in a spirit rather to repress than call forth ennobling aspirations in a subject race. To have made such a work as produces false impressions to be rubbed out hereafter, and teaches us to make a low estimate of our own nation, a text-book for degree-scholars, is an act of perfunctoriness which is highly reprehensible. Government need not initiate us in the learning, which is to be unlearned at a future day. Our Syndicates should make selections of such books, as would train up and prepare the Indian youths for future usefulness to themselves, and to the nation. Thus, under many combined circumstances, an oblivion has been created tending to produce the most unfavourable impressions on the Native mind. I thought it my duty to enlighten my countrymen, and revive their ancient memories and traditions. To look forward to the future, we should first look back to the past. I wish the Vernacular papers would give the utmost publicity to my humble summary by translating it in the native tongue. And I trust that Native compilers for the Vernacular Schools would take the hint how to prepare their books, and not servilely follow in the path of European authors. Utterly forgotten as the mercantile exploits of our ancestors have become, many of the facts adduced must appear quite startling to the present generation. They are quite a novelty to many of us, and were little expected to have ever come to our knowledge by those Brahmins who believed to have effectually suppressed them. They come from a source beyond every anticipation and con-

trol of the Brahmins. I would be very much misunderstood, if, in vindicating my nation as a maritime and commercial people. I were thought to mean to rate them as high as the English of the present day. In their insular situation, maritime enterprise is a necessity with the English, and maritime power the foundation of their political greatness. India is geographically intended to be more a land than a naval power. This difference in natural conditions must always account for the difference in the maritime greatness of the two nations. But notwithstanding, the Indians have not been a contemptible sea-going and trading people, and they might, under proper education and encouragement resuscitate again into the same sea-going and trading people. This is all that I have attempted to show and establish. It has been my endeavour to point out how they ploughed the seas from the earliest dawn of history—how they traded within the limits of an ocean-world that extended from Egypt to China, and from the Mozambique to the Indian Archipelago—how first they developed the great spice-trade of the world, and carried the valuable cargoes which the Egyptians employed in preserving their mummies and the Romans in burning their dead—how their commercial intercourse had civilized the ancient Burmese and Malays—how they had founded colonies in Java and carried passengers to China—how they knew to build much better ships than those of the present day—how they freighted their own bottoms and carried the foreign commerce of their country themselves—how they were the sole carriers of the ocean-traffic during the decline of the Romans and prior to the rise of Islam—and how they enriched their country by their adventurous mercantile operations and exploits. All these I have endeavoured to show with a view duly to impress the native mind with an idea of the prosperousness and glory of ancient India—with an adequate sense of what we once possessed and what we have lost. It is highly necessary to become alive to this our loss in its fullest extent; and the great object for which I have laboured to compile the foregoing account, is to represent to my country-

men, who are now so deadened against enterprise and so full of dread of the *Kállápánee*, the high position and prestige once enjoyed by our nation, and to rouse them to qualify themselves for the same position and prestige.

The sketch has a moral to be deduced from it—a lesson to teach. They will do well to lay that lesson to heart, and try to give it a practical effect.

SONNET.

(To a Lady,—with a volume of my Poems.)

Accept this tribute, trifling tho' it be,
 From one who owns thy beauty's sovereign power,
 Keep it,—for in some lonely future hour,
 It will bring back thy youthful days to thee,
 When Hope was young, and Life was fair and free,
 And Fancy linger'd in gay Pleasure's bower,
 Weaving bright coronals with many a flower,
 Or wander'd unconfined in ecstasy!
 We part,—perchance on earth we ne'er may meet,—
 And therefore have I come to Beauty's shrine
 Once more with offering and incense sweet.—
 —O when long shadows mark our day's decline,
 Should this poor gift, these lines thy vision greet,
 Think kindly of the friend whose heart was thine !

O. C. DUTT.

THE LASCAR IN ENGLAND.

ROUGH NOTES FROM A SKIPPER'S DIARY.

THERE are few skippers, perhaps, who have had a long visit to England with an Asiatic crew. Such having been my fortune, I propose describing as briefly as possible something about my stay in London with a crew of fifty-eight men, all natives of Eastern Bengal.

On our arrival in London, the men were housed in the Strangers' Home, West India Dock Road, where they were made as comfortable as possible, artificial heat being supplied to compensate for the inclemency of the weather, as it was October when they were taken in.

Shortly after their arrival, they were taken to see the great ship known as the "Leviathan" or "Great Eastern," and were greatly surprised at the dimensions of that vessel. On a fine day, an opportunity was given them to visit the Crystal Palace, and their wonder was so great when they got inside, that they could do nothing else but stare open-mouthed at all they saw. Indeed, it became tedious to get them along, so many remarkable objects they saw to arrest their attention; and I venture to say there were few people in England that enjoyed or laughed more heartily at Punch and Judy than these men did. But what surprised them more than any thing else they witnessed was the Automatum Chess Player. When they had seen the grounds of the Palace and other objects of interest, I took them into the room in which this piece of wonderful mechanism is exhibited. Then, drawing their attention to the figure which represents an Arab most accurately dressed and smoking the traditional *Hooka*, I commenced my Games at Chess. At the first movement of the figure, their equanimity seemed to vanish, and something like awe took possession of them. I suspended the play to enable the man in attendance to open the chest and back of the figure and shewed them that it was worked solely by machinery. This

done, the game was continued by me when they were fairly nonplussed at what they saw. I can play an ordinary game at chess, but the Automatum moved its pieces not only with as much precision as myself but with far *greater success*. The room was not sufficiently large to admit the whole of my crew, so this necessitated my playing a second game; and I need hardly say that I derived far greater pleasure from seeing the surprise depicted on their countenance than I did from the game itself, because I was sure of losing it, and only wanted them to see this really wonderful piece of mechanism.

The game played out, I took them to a looking-glass,—one of peculiar construction, in which when any person looks he sees something else,—some Darwinian relation or other representative of the genus mammal. This was indeed beyond their conception, and I must have fallen considerably in their estimate from my inability to explain clearly why this was so.

We then visited the next small compartment in which was exhibited the “City of Ragusa,” a vessel no larger than a *dingy*, [the smallest kind of Indian river craft, rather better than a savage’s canoe,] if so large, and which had crossed the Atlantic and completed the voyage from Liverpool to New York and back again with only one man and a dog for crew.

“Allah! Bismallah!” exclaimed my companions, and they seemed unanimously to be of opinion that the Evil One must have guided the vessel, or she could not have braved the stormy billows of that tempestuous sea.

They were taken two days later on to the South Kensington Museum, where they saw all kinds of vessels that were ever built from the “Great Harry” to the “Northumberland” one of our latest Iron clads.

Madame Tussaud’s Wax-work Exhibition was the next place visited by them. I took them to see the Room of Horrors in which are exhibited the murderers who have obtained a doubtful celebrity. They stayed so long looking at these images, that I found they

fully believed a great deal of what they saw was real.

I may here mention that the mode of visiting these places occasioned great merriment, not only to the men but to the street Arab also. A couple of vans were hired and in these vans they were seated, a sufficiency of food having been cooked before-hand and carefully stowed away. When all were in, the vans moved off, with flags flying and some music playing. The drive was always sufficiently long to be enjoyable, without tiring the excursionists, and by a great many, I am inclined to think, the *ride* was as much enjoyed as what was *seen* at the journey's end.

All the authorities at the Strangers' Home were exceedingly kind to the men and always most ready to contribute in every way to their *comfort* and happiness. It would appear, one thing alone was wanting to complete their felicity. As a rule these Asiatics object to a life of celibacy and much to my astonishment, I found several women awaiting my return from town one day, and on my enquiring their pleasure, I was told that many of the men wished to marry and that the object of their visit was to know whether they could go out in my vessel with them. This was of course out of the question, for, however much I might feel disposed to indulge my men, I could not carry the joke so far as to allow each of them to bring to India an English wife. I pointed this out to the amorous Lotharios, and they most unwillingly gave in. Still I could see other measures must be adopted, else I should find myself at sea with not only fifty Lascars but fifty Lascars' wives in the bargain. I considered it necessary, therefore, to arrange an interview with these volunteer brides at the Strangers' Home. I pointed out to them that they could not go out in the ship; I tried to dissuade them from taking such a rash step; but they would not listen. Finding all my arguments ineffectual I then told them that most probably all the men had four or five wives already in India, and that if they thought they would like the position of No. 5 or 6, as the case might be, they could do as they wished. I would any how give them a week to think over it and

such as were disposed to run the risk could meet me that day week. I attended, the women did not. And so my men all came away single, so far as English wives were concerned. But I by no means felt sure of this until I had been at sea on my way to Calcutta a week, because I knew their proneness to stow away in any vessel.

GONE FOR EVER

Oh! gone for ever! gone for ever!
 My love—my joy of early years!
 She's gone to live where angels dwell,—
 She's gone to bless th' ethereal spheres!

2

Oh! gone for ever! gone for ever!
 The loveliest sight that vision blest!
 I thought she came from spirit-land;
 To spirit-land she's gone to rest!

3

Oh! gone for ever! gone for ever!
 The light that led my soul to bliss!
 I feared, and found a gem so rich,
 Too much so for a world like this!

4

Oh! gone for ever! gone for ever!
 She who inspired my earliest lay!
 On life's tumultuous sea I float,
 Like a deserted cast-away!

5

Though gone for ever! gone for ever!
 The loved form still comes to me,
 In dreams at night, in lustre dight,
 Breathing the soul of harmony!

6

Oh! gone for ever! gone for ever!
 For to embrace her when I fly,
 The vision dear melts into air,
 And wakes the dreamer with a sigh!

NOTICES OF THE SMRITIS.

I.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The *Smritis* as a class are theoretically inferior to the Vedas only, in authority, in the religious system of the Hindus. They are generally written in the *Sloka* or *Anushthup* metre, though other metres are now and then introduced and the greater part of several is written in plain pithy prose. In the domain of Hindu Law the *Smritis* have reigned supreme, especially in the older text-books. The obsolete language of the *Vedas*, and the modernness of the *Purānas*, operated as disqualifications, and quotations from these two classes of works are the exception and not the rule. In later times the authority of the *Purānas* became paramount.

Various lists are given of the *Smritis*, but none of them is exhaustive. We propose in our notices to follow the order laid down by *Yājñavalkya* in the beginning of his Institutes, reserving however the *Manu Smṛiti*, as the most important, to be noticed last of all.

The word *Smṛiti* means, derivatively, recollection. The term was once applied to the *Srauta* and *Grihya Sūtras* (aphorisms on Vedic sacrifices, and peculiar ceremonies in which the *Gārhapatya* fire is required,) as well as to the *Dharma sūtras*, which alone are now-a-days presented to our minds when the word is used. These latter are most probably poetical redactions of different *Dharma Sūtras*, only a few of which are available in these days. A detailed and scholarly exposition of these matters will be found in the Introduction to West and Bühler's Digest.

ĀTRI SAMHITA.

The *Rishis* approached *Ātri* the sacrificer, foremost of those learned in the *Veda* and conversant with the law. They approached him, reclining, and after saluta-

tion in due form, enquired what was good for all. The answer to the question is the *Atri Samhitá*, which, we are told, is the purifier of all sin, the solver of all doubt, and which should never be taught to Brahmans who are born in a low family, or are of bad character or dull understanding. The duties of a pupil towards his preceptors naturally suggest themselves. Even for a single word which a preceptor imparts to a pupil, there is nothing in the world by giving which he may discharge his indebtedness. He that respects not the preceptor who has instructed him even in a single letter, that ungrateful wretch is born among *Chandílas*, after a hundred births as a dog.

A stereotyped edition of society is the ideal state of perfection in the view of our *Rishí's*, and accordingly, after laying down the respective duties of the four classes, which are the same as those in *Manu*, we find it laid down that the king who punishes those who have forsaken the duties of their own class and taken up those of the others, is exalted in Heaven. Firm in his own duties even the *Sudra* attains heavenly bliss; the duties of other classes should be avoided as the handsome wife of another person. The *Sudra* fond of a *Japa* and *Homa* should be executed by the King, for such a person is surely the destroyer of the kingdom as much as water is of fire.

That the social system might be perpetuated, it was imperatively necessary that the Brahmans as a class should be learned and intelligent, and devoted to their religious duties. So that they might inspire all around them with veneration and awe. The utmost severity is therefore directed against the scum of the Brahmanical population. None of the emoluments and honors reserved for the eldest born of Nature is for them. The village which supports ignorant and mendacious Brahmans is to be severely punished. Where the ignorant enjoy what legitimately appertains to the learned, drought and other fearful calamities are sure to visit the land.

The sovereign is not to trouble himself about his spiritual welfare. His priests do all that for him. The righteous discharge of the duties of his station is more

than sufficient to procure him salvation. Punishment of the wicked, honoring the good, accumulation of treasure by just means, impartiality between applicants for justice and protection of subjects, these five are the only sacraments for kings. The religious merit and purity which kings acquire in this world by the protection of subjects, the best of Brahmans do not by a thousand sacrifices.

All the works on Adoption begin with the text of Atri:—‘By him who is without a son, should a substitute be made, from any and every person, diligently, for the performance of funeral ceremonies. As soon as a son is born, the father is freed from the ancestral debt; in that day he becomes pure, and is rescued from hell. A large number of sons is to be desired that even one might go to *Gayâ*, perform the *Aswamedha* or give away a blue bull.

Religious persecutions seem not to have been rare in *Arti*’s time, for he directs the twice-born man forcibly made to swerve from the path of religious duty by the king or other out-castes, to perform again the ceremony of regenerate birth and undergo a penance of three *kricchras*. But how can this be reconciled with the text of *Manu*, which declares that all things done by force should be counted as not done at all? The undaunted *Minimsist* would no doubt step in and draw a distinction between application of actual physical force and the use of mere threats. The twice-born man who partakes of food, contaminated by contact with ardent spirits is also directed to perform again the regenerative ceremonies.

The wife is to venerate her husband as a God on Earth. As the king’s way to salvation is by good government, so the wife’s salvation is in the faithful discharge of the domestic duties. The husband is to be her sole Deity, undisputed master of her mind and heart. For the Creator Himself no corner is to be reserved. Fasts and religious observances are expressly prohibited her. She falls if she worships any other being, human or divine than her lord. The woman, we are told, who, when her husband is living, observes a fast, does diminish the length of her husband’s life, and will surely go to hell. If she is desirous of bathing in a holy place, let her drink the

water with which the husband's feet has been washed, and she will attain the exalted position of *Sankara* or *Vishnu*.

There is no authority higher than the *Veda*, none more venerable than the mother; in this world and the next there is no better friend than charity. But indiscriminate charity is discouraged as much as possible. Whatever is given to an unworthy recipient is fruitless, and consigns the ancestors to the seventh degree, to the raging fires of hell. If ignorant Brahmanas are invited to a *śrāddha* or *pūjā*, the manes and gods go away disappointed, refusing to partake of the oblations offered. As many mouthfuls, says *Manu*, as an ignorant Brahman swallows at a funeral meal, so many red hot iron balls is the dead made to swallow.

However fond they may have been of beef and tender veal in the Vedic period, the *R̥ishis* are very kind to the bovine race in the *Smṛiti* period, and ever since those animals have been the objects of Hindu adoration. He who has in his house, says Atri, not even a single cow followed by a calf, how can he be prosperous, how can his darkness be dispelled? The house that resoundeth not to the rhythm of *Vedic* hymns, that is not ornamented by cows, and filled on all sides with children, is but a burial-ground, a desert. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of which we hear one of the most zealous and active members is a native gentleman of this city, may well take a leaf out of the *Atri Samhitā*. A plough drawn by eight oxen says the sage, is the one allowed by law, that by six oxen, is customary, four oxen to a plough is cruel, and two to a plough is murder. Two oxen should be employed on the plough for a quarter of the day, four till noon, and eight till evening,—such is the Law. The sage *Parāśara* says the same thing in his Institutes.

It would be interesting to calculate how many of our present Brahmanas would fall under the following categories laid down by Atri. (1) The Brahman scrupulous in the performance of the various prescribed rites and ceremonies is called *Deva*, God. (2) Residing in the forest, living on roots, fruits and leaves, always intent

on offering oblations to ancestors, he is called *Muni*, hermit. (3) He who studies incessantly the *Vedānta*, forsakes all connections, and reflects on the *Sāṅkhya* and *Yoga*, is called *Durija*, regenerate. (4) He, that foremost in battle, does overpower armed hosts is called *Kṣhatrya*, warrior. (5) Devoted to agriculture and the rearing of cows, dealing in commerce, the Brahman is called *Vaisya*, merchant. The seller of lac-dye and salt, safflower and milk, clarified butter, wine and flesh is a *Sudra*. Thief and robber, informer and back-biter, always greedy of fish and flesh, the Brahman is called *Nishūda*, savage. Ignorant of the *Brahma* but proud of the Brahmanical thread,—that sin gets him the appellation of *Pashu*, beast. He that robs men confidently seated near ponds, wells or pieces of water in gardens is called a *Mleccha*. The Brahman that performs no rites, is ignorant, contemner of Brahmins is a veritable *Chandāla*.

The age of this Smriti can only be determined by internal evidence. It quotes *Mānu*, *Satalapa*, *Sakātapa*, *Sāṅkhya*, *Apastamba* and *Vyāsa*. We intend after we have finished the notice of the whole set to arrange it in chronological order, on this basis.

PRAN NATH PANDIT.

ROSAMOND'S REVENGE.

Shortly before his conquest of Italy, Alboin the chief of the Lombards had defeated and killed with his own hands Cunimund, the King of the Gepidæ, and married his daughter Rosamond by force. The skull of Cunimund, which Alboin, according to the barbarous custom of the times, used as his drinking cup, was always regarded by him as the noblest trophy of his victory. The death of Alboin of which an account will be found in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, chapter XLV., is the subject of the following lines.

Loud and deep the clarion sounds,
Warriors' heart in joy rebounds,
Alboin holds his feast to-night,
Blushing maidens, men of might
Join the jovial feast to-night.

"Pass the bowl round!" Alboin said,
"Love and wine are valor's need!"
Hundred armour's noisy clang—
Hoarse applause in thunder rang.
"Pass the bowl round!" the monarch cried,
Hundred chiefs in joy replied.
Round went bowl, red wine was poured,
Chieftains drank and laughed and roared ;
Warriors sung their deeds of fame,—
Lombard's glory, Alboin's name ;
Voices hoarse of savage glee
In the guest-hall sounded free ;
Uncouth sounds of fierce delight
Startled the silent shades of night.

"Pass the bowl," the monarch cried,
"Love and wine are valor's need."

Fierce he grasps his trusty spear,
Sounds his buckler loud and clear.
"This spear has quelled our foemen's pride,
"This buckler dangers dashed aside,
"Cunimund's blood this arm defiled,
"This hand has won Cunimund's child!
"Ho! pass the wine!" he fiercely cried,
"Love and wine are valor's meed,
"Blushing beauties wait on you,
"Love and wine are valor's due."
Hundred armour's noisy clang,—
Hoarse applause in thunder rang.
Round went bowl, red wine they poured,
Chieftains laughed and drank and roared.

Round went the wine cup,
Drank the warriors all,
Round went the wine cup—
Cunimund's noble skull.
"But let our Queen," said Alboin,
"Grace this festive hall,
"Let her taste this red wine
"From her father's skull,
"For without bright damsels
"What were song and wine!
"Our Queen must be partaker
"Of this feast of mine.
"Amid the sons of valor
"Beauties brightest shine,
"Our Queen must be partaker
"Of this feast of mine.
"Or if she comes not hither,—
"Let her taste this wine,
"Our Queen must be partaker
"Of this feast of mine."

Thrice is spoke the mandate,
Thrice the hall is still,
Thrice the clang of armour
Applauds the royal will.
Cruel word ! But Alboin said,—
His word law, it was obeyed.
Where pensive Rosamond was sitting,
They took the bowl—the cruel bidding.
Speechless she heard her lord's command,
Speechless she saw the fatal bowl,
Speechless she took it in her hand,
Her murdered noble father's skull.
Pale as a spectre wild she gazed,
Yet moved not—trembled not with fear,
Her eyes like glowing cinders blazed,
Yet closed not,—shed no dastard tear.
And on her brow, still knit with ire,
A gloomy shade spoke vengeance dire.
Gunimund's daughter—noble dame,—
The child of beauty and of fame,—
Th' unholy cup she would not taste,
Yet knew her husband's soul of fire !
She stood,—but for her heaving breast,—
A marble Fury,—Form of Ire !

A moment passed,—was quenched her ire,
Though clouds still hovered round her brow
Her eyes had lost their look of fire,
But kept their animated glow.
And calm and bold she only said,
“My husband's will shall be obeyed.”
With glowing cheeks and burning lip
Did she the wine obedient sip.
Yet she was calm,—and changed her ire
To settled gloom and purpose dire.

Down she knelt and fervent prayed,—
She gazed above and firmly said,—
“ My long lost father’s holy shade !
“ Forgive this heinous, impious deed,
“ This outrage on thy noble fame,
“ This deed of thy own daughter’s shame !
“ Thy death, the slaughter of thy band,
“ The forcing of thy daughter’s hand,
“ This insult,—all revenged shall be,
“ And blood for blood shall bubble free !”

Day followed night, night followed day,
And weeks and months have passed away ;
Fair Rosamond, great Alboin’s queen,
In sadness is no longer seen.
No longer in her lonesome bower
She passes e’en one pensive hour ;
No longer in her lonesome hall
Weeps she her noble father’s fall.
So changed, indeed,—so lightsome seemed,
Such cheerful calmness on her beamed !
But those who marked her well would say
That on her brow a shade there lay,—
’T was not of woe or pensiveness,—
A shade of silent thoughtfulness.
That in her eye a light there beamed,—
’T was not what pleasure loves to wear,—
Nor sorrow’s glow, —it rather seemed
The light of silent thought and care.

But weeks and months have passed away,
Hid in her breast her purpose lay.
But Alboin's chiefs, who served her will,
Honoréd Alboin as a god,
Nor was there one among them all
Could dare to shed great Alboin's blood.
Nor rich reward nor promise fair
Could tempt a man the deed to dare.
She would not touch the murd'rous steel,
No Lombard chief the blow would deal ;—
But woman's wrath and vengeance dire
Will find its way through blood and fire.

Of all the noble chiefs
Who drew the Lombard sword
So noble as Peredeus
Was none in deed and word.
In the brunt of the battle,
No spear could point so well,
In the ear of the maiden
No voice more sweetly fell.
And he lovéd a maiden,
Fair, fond and void of art,—
He was loved by the maiden
With all her simple heart.
And they would meet in silence,
As often they had met,
Not a word would be whispered
Within their dark retreat.

The lovers silent met at last,
Their blissful time in darkness passed,
And now 't was time that they should part.
Peredeus ! why that sudden start ?
Why gazest on that burning face ?
Dost miss thy own maid's milder grace ?

Say, whose those glowing eyes of fire,—
That look of wild indignant ire?
Whose, too, that brow of haughty pride?
Cunimund's daughter,—Alboin's bride?
“Yes, Alboin's bride, Cunimund's child,
“With foul embrace thou hast defiled.
“Thou know'st my husband's soul of fire,
“Expect his unforgiving ire,
“An injured Lombard's vengeance dire!
“We die together in a breath,—
“We only live by Alboin's death!”

Peredeus knew her words were true,
Peredeus soon his master slew;
And Rosamond, great Alboin's bride,
Beheld him die and laughed in pride.
She laughed,—she knelt,—she wildly prayed,—
“My long lost father's noble shade!
“Thy death, the slaughter of thy band,
“The forcing of thy daughter's hand,
“That insult,—all revengéd see,
“And blood for blood hath bubbled free!”

ARCYDAE.

BHOOBONESHOREE

OR

THE FAIR HINDU WIDOW.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HUSBANDS' UNFAITHFUL WORSHIP AND THE WIVES' ESPINOAGE.

"From her last speech," continued Preo Nath, "I am disposed to infer, Doctor, that Bhooboneshoree was foolish enough to believe that her prayers might move Heaven to restore her husband and child to her longing arms. She retired, therefore, to her own room,—probably to imitate the ancient Jogees in her devotion so that the Great Father of Mercy might be induced to work a miracle in her favor. The remembrance of her husband may have also vividly recalled to her mind his wild jealousy with respect to her verbal intercourse with young men. For that foolish husband could not, it appears, bear to see his faithful and devoted wife accept that adoration and love which her beauty and accomplishments universally inspired. As he was her oracle in all matters temporal or spiritual, it might have suddenly occurred to her that she had committed a great crime by accepting the young men's homage. At least my informant has suggested these to be the grounds of her inexplicable conduct. But whatever the cause might be, she remained in the room for two hours, and neither the calls of appetite nor her aunt's tears nor even her grandfather's entreaties could induce her to open the door. When she came out at last, she was as radiant with joy and smiles as ever. It was not difficult for her aunts at any time to extract any secret from her guileless heart, but the motives of her conduct in this particular instance were never revealed.

"In the afternoon she sent back the bearers and Palkee that had gone to bring her home. In the letter

which accompanied them, she informed her mother that circumstances beyond her control had obliged her, much against her will, to prolong her stay for another month. She did not tell her what those circumstances were, for in her mind she was not yet quite satisfied as to why her grandfather wanted to go to Brindabun, and why he suddenly changed his resolution when she consented to stay. "For who knows," said she, "whether my cousins may not be right after all." She had, it is true, great respect for the opinions of her aunts, but the contrary opinion was held by so overwhelming a majority that she could not arrive at a satisfactory conclusion on the point. Besides, she thought, she had great difficulty in inducing her grandfather to desist from his intended journey, and he himself assured her he was sacrificing his own wishes to gratify her longing to behold him. In the letter, she, indeed, alluded to the old man's projected journey, but mentioned the fact so as to imply that it was occasioned by her mother's angry and disrespectful letter. She, therefore, strongly recommended her mother to ask his forgiveness for what she had done. That her mother might not forget it, she drafted a letter full of apology and repentance for her past conduct, &c., and requested her mother to return it in her name if she approved of its contents, or else to send a better one if she liked. In either case, she implored her mother to send the proposed letter open to herself that she might present it to her grandfather and procure her mother's pardon. She did not omit to mention the kind and endearing terms which the old man had applied to her mother, but forgot to enumerate the obnoxious ones. With respect to these, she observed that he had used some angry words, such as a father might do towards his favorite daughter in a fit of resentment. While this letter is in its way, I will relate to you the interesting scenes enacted on that night between Kadumbinee and Kusam and their respective husbands.

"As I have told you, these ladies had concealed themselves in a room near the place on seeing their husbands

approach Bhooboneshoree. When Dwarik made his first impassioned speech, Kadumbinee simply felt disgust and said, "what beauty has he discovered in a pair of long feet!" She, however, consoled herself with the reflection that many words might be spoken in jest which had no real signification. But when her husband kneeled before Bhooboneshoree in the attitude of prayer, laid the rose at her feet by way of offering, and fell to contemplating her graceful features she was so impatient to witness the scene that regardless of fear or shame, she projected her head considerably from her hiding place. Hearing him launch forth in praise of Bhooboneshoree's feet, which were certainly not the strong point in her loveliness, and prefer them to riches, power, fame and children, she was frightened at the thought that her husband had lost his senses. When she saw Bhooboneshoree cast her eyes towards the ground from inability to hear his fond and *frenzied* gaze, she began to accuse her of female artifice and false modesty. Then Dwarik apostrophised Bhooboneshoree's eyes in the thrilling language of intense passion, and Kadumbinee stood rooted to the spot as if a thunderbolt had fallen on her head. Seeing her husband bow low to catch a glance of Bhooboneshoree's eyes, she felt a longing to apply a broomstick on his back in the convenient position it assumed. This wish was intensified when he advanced nearer to receive Bhooboneshoree's feet on his breast, which Kadumbinee wished she could break with a thundering kick from her own. Hearing him ask back the rose by way of blessing, she wished she could at that moment thrust several *nuunds* of flowers down his throat. But when he kissed and held in his breast the rose trampled under Bhooboneshoree's feet, she wished the earth to divide that she might enter it, life having now become a burden to her. Seeing them cast tender glances at each other, she cast her eyes towards heaven, desiring it, no doubt, to hurl its thunderbolt on their heads. With some relief she heard Bhooboneshoree enforce faithfulness to marriage vows, and with suspended breath she awaited his answer. His reply, preferring Bhoobon-

eshoree's ugly feet to his wife's blooming cheeks, which excited considerable laughter among the other ladies, stretched that wife almost a corpse on the ground. Kusam hastened to her relief, but all her exertions failed to revive her until her overcharged heart found vent in a torrent of tears.

“ During the time Bhooboneshoree would not accept Chunder's adoration, Kusam remained by Kadumbinee's side to soothe and console her with the assurance that all was in jest. But when her own husband began to rave, she left Kadumbinee to her fate, and hastened to the loophole to see what he did. When Chunder offered up his heart's blood and eyes at Bhooboneshoree's feet, it is impossible for pen to describe Kusam's sufferings. A faithful and loving wife, doating upon her husband, but envious of the charms of a rival beauty, to whom that husband offers one by one all that is dear to her, can alone form an adequate idea of her agony. The repeated peals of laughter which her husband's sallies provoked from the rest, were so many thunderbolts on poor Kusam's head. She struck her head, tore her hair, and, in imitation of her husband, wished to tear out her eyes, that after laying them at Bhooboneshoree's feet, she might go from door to door like a blind beggar asking for alms. Her plump, small feet refused to stand ; her fragile waist was hardly able to support her swelling bust ; her round tapering hands were raised to her forehead in the attitude of despair ; her snow-white neck shewed the veins almost bursting with excess of blood in its passage to the brain ; her luscious red lips trembled with passion, disclosing two rows of teeth that, from the hues lent by the betel and powder, resembled so many wreaths of pearls mixed with diamonds and rubies ; her rosy cheeks were faded of the carnation that had made it the fountain of love ; her aquiline nose dilated with the intensity of her respiration ; her love darting eyes were suffused with tears ; and her carefully arranged clusters of hair falling considerably below her waist, waved with every blast.

"Now to come to the interesting night scene which I promised, Doctor, to relate to you," said Preo Nath. But we prefer to reserve it for the next Chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE NIGHT SCENE IN BED-CHAMBER BETWEEN AN ERRING HUSBAND AND AN INJURED WIFE.

"Kadumbinee," continued Preo Nath, "excused herself from partaking any food that evening on pretence of headache, and had early retired to bed. When her husband entered her room at an early hour of the night, he found her weeping in the agony of uncontrollable grief.

"Why are you weeping?" asked he.

"I am weeping," said the enraged beauty, "for the death of my husband. Who art *thou* to enter my room at this hour of night when there is no one else to protect me from insult?" Dwarik assured his beloved wife that he was her husband, and still a denizen of this earth. "No," said she, "it cannot be. I saw my husband die before me, and I attended his corpse to the funeral pile. I am now become a widow"—and she struck her head and threw some of her ornaments away by way of assuming the weeds of her widowhood. Dwarik took hold of her head so as to prevent her from offering violence to her own person. "Do not touch me," said she, and tried to wrench her hands from his grasp. "There is contamination in your touch. I say my husband is no more. Why should I live in a state of widowhood. I will put an end to my existence." "Pray, what crime," asked Dwarik, "have I committed to deserve this treatment?" "But who art thou to ask me such a question?" retorted Kadumbinee. "I say my husband is no more. Thou art Bhooboneshoree's slave, not my husband. She has gone to rest. Why art thou here? Thou shouldst go to butter her ugly feet, go, go away, and not stand here, polluting the air that

I breathe." The poor husband now understood the extent of his enormity which had prematurely made his wife a widow during his life-time. "What have I done," said he, "that you call me her slave?" "What have you done? you accursed!" exclaimed his beloved wife. "You dream Bhooboneshoree day and night. You can find happiness in nothing else. In those long ugly things which she calls her feet, you have found your salvation. You see darkness without her. Go, go, I say, from my presence! I cannot bear your sight!" Her husband replied, "all I said to Bhooboneshoree was in jest, my darling." Kadumbinee flew into a more furious rage. "Do not call me your darling, you accursed! Bhooboneshoree is the soul in your body, the light of your eyes, the heaven of your bliss. You spoke in a jest, indeed! It was in jest that you kneeled before her in the attitude of worship; in jest that you laid a rose at her feet,—in jest that you fell to contemplating her hedious oblong face from which you were unable to take away your accursed eyes! Rather than see all this, I wish Heaven had turned me blind. I think I still see you keep the flower in your breast, and then lay it at her feet: I will sear my eyes, for I can no longer bear the sight"—and she began to rub her eyes with the back of her hands as if the friction would generate the fire necessary to burn those organs. "Ah! do not rub those lovely large eyes in that cruel way," exclaimed Dwarik. "It sears my heart to see it"—and he gallantly took hold of her hand. "Unhand me, you accursed," added she. "It sears your heart indeed to see me burn my eyes! Your heart has already been consumed in the fire of Bhooboneshoree's eyes. My lovely eyes, indeed! Bhooboneshoree's eyes have set up in your bosom a flame which is perpetually consuming you. Why, accursed! I see you are being consumed to ashes by real fire. Behold! on the banks of the river your burning pile is prepared. Your relations bring your corpse on a bedstead. I see your brother going round the pile with a blazing torch. Now your dead body is being washed. Some rice is put into your mouth, your carcass is being

raised from the ground. Already scorched with the fire of Bhooboneshoree's eyes, it is now laid over the pile. Your brother sets fire to this last, and thrusts some blazing straw into your mouth. The pile blazes, the flame intensified by the clarified butter that is thrown into it. The fire now envelopes your body. It burns the eyes with which you beheld Bhooboneshoree. It singes the hands with which you laid the rose at her feet. It reduces to ashes the lips with which you kissed it. Ah ! now it reaches your heart on which you pressed the flower trampled under feet. You are wholly consumed. Bhooboneshoree cannot now revive you with the infernal witchery of her eyes ! Every thing is over. I must now weep !"—saying this she burst into a paroxysm of grief of a Hindu lady when she first loses her husband, her face swollen, her person bathed in tears. Suddenly, as by an effort recovering, she said—"But now my duty must not be neglected." Then regaining more real composure, she added :—"Now I must put on widow's garment"—and she deliberately went on taking the remaining ornaments from off her person.

"But dear mistress of my soul ! what harm is there in making all sorts of nonsense to my wife's cousin,"—said Dwarik. "Do not, said she in a furious rage, "call me the mistress of your soul. The mistress of your soul is lying in another room. Go there and talk all sorts of nonsense. She will, however, kick you out of the room. Many a young man has tried to assail her virtuous heart, but has shamefully failed. Do you also go, and trying to receive her lotus-feet on your breast, receive her kicks till your life comes out through your accursed mouth. There is consolation in that. Since you cannot conquer her, go and hang yourself near her door that she may see you to-morrow morning on rising. Do you want a string for the purpose ? I will give you one. Your beloved wife cannot see you grieved for want of a string to put round your dear neck." So saying, she untied a string of hair from her head and graciously held it before him. "Will that do ? It must be strong enough to support the weight of your

carcass. Go at once and do not lose time in conversing with me. You talked nonsense indeed!! Was it nonsense to lay bare your breast to receive her foot-prints thereon!! Was it nonsense to bow your head to the ground so as to catch a glance of her averted eyes!! Was it nonsense to fix on her face a passionate gaze which, she, virtuous lady, could not bear!! Was it nonsense to implore her to return the rose trampled under her feet!! Was it nonsense to kiss the flower so soiled, and press it to your bosom!! Go, go away from my presence"—and, indeed, this piece of enormity had so driven her to extremity that she actually shoved him.

"Suddenly she became aware of her impropriety. She was so ashamed of her conduct that she burst into tears. The gentle, obedient Hindoo wife scarcely ever raises her arm against her husband, be her passions as violent as ever. Finding a favourable opportunity, Dwarik affected great indignation. "Kill me," said she, "kill me at once, I wish I could hang myself. Give the rope, I will die before your eyes." She tried to wrench the string from her husband, but failed. "Why should I live? Why should I drag on a miserable existence, after I have lost my husband's love? I will go to Bhooboneshoree and ask her to kill me that I may no longer drag on a life which she has rendered miserable. Nay she is not to blame. She advised you to love me, even to adore me,—but you—" Here she fell into a swoon in remembrance of her husband preferring Bhooboneshoree's ugly feet to her own fair cheeks. Dwarik hastened to throw water on her face, took her inanimate body into his lap, bared her breast, and began to blow cold air on her head. After several minutes, she showed signs of returning consciousness, slowly opened her eyes, and seemed to be laboring under a dream. •

"Dwarik pressed her to his breast, and called her by many an endearing name. Half sleepy from the effects of her swoon, Kadumbinee's splendid figure seemed more and more to shrink within his embrace, and to resign itself to his will. Even when fully awakened, the devoted wife seemed to have forgotten every thing in her

husband's love, and to remember the past like the recollections of a dream.

"For several minutes Dwarik did not, however, speak, but closing his eyes, seemed to be buried in a reverie, if not in the arms of Morpheus. Suddenly he drew his wife still more closely to his bosom, and as he fastened his lips ferociously on her cheeks, exclaimed—"O divine Bhooboneshoree ! I die unless you allow me one kiss." Scarcely had the words left his lips when a mortal struggle ensued. The hitherto inanimate form of Kadumbinee seemed to have imbibed a mightier spirit from her husband's embrace ; her splendid bust burst the bands which encircled it ; her swelling figure rose majestically ; and with one powerful effort, she stood up free, and simultaneously her husband was stretched on the ground. "Hence, avaunt !" said she, and raised her arms to strike. The next moment her hand, as if intuitively, fell inanimate by her side, while her tongue, as if gaining additional strength by the action, continued. "By the shades of my fathers, I swear, never shall your arms again encircle me, never shall your accursed lips touch my holy cheeks. You are for ever gone ! even in your waking moments, you dream of Bhooboneshoree : My charms which formerly appeared so resplendent in your eyes, are indeed become stale. My happiness is for ever fled, and I shall weep away my days. Farewell ! since you would not go, let me shun your presence." And she approached the door.

"Dwarik was extremely affected. He saw what mischief his mad passion for Bhooboneshoree had effected in his wife's proud, sensitive heart. He now cursed his passion which had estranged the affections of a wife who doated on him, and had been his faithful partner for many a year. He cursed his eyes which loved to linger on Bhooboneshoree's attraction. He cursed his heart for cherishing her divine image as one of its dearest treasures. Lastly he cursed that image itself for supplanting that of a wife whose beauty formed a subject of praise on every tongue. While revolving these thoughts in his mind, he prostrated

himself at his wife's feet, and bathing them with his tears, asked forgiveness for the past.

" "Angel of a wife !" cried he, his position still unchanged, "do not desert me in this way. I have been somewhat to blame. But my affections for you remain unchanged. Can I forget your splendid figure, that swelling bust which I have so often loved to behold ? Can I forget those arms in whose embrace I have lost all consciousness of the morrow, and that slender waist which I have so often fondly encircled within my fingers ? Can I forget that beautiful face, and those large radiant orbs on which my eyes have loved to dwell ? Can those rosy lips and charming cheeks be forgotten from which I have so often drank the nectar of the gods ? But even if these be forgotten, I cannot forget your rare devotion and fidelity. Do not, I pray you, desert me from a mere suspicion. Bhooboneshoree is, indeed, very handsome, but, let others say what they may, I consider you handsomer still. As my wife's cousin, I ought to jest with her, [that is the native custom,] and as she is beautiful and interesting, I naturally carried my gallantry perhaps a little too far. But I remain as faithful to you as I ever was. You threatened to desert me. But a Hindu wife as you are, would your duty allow you to forsake me ? You know how a faithful wife is described in the Mahabharat as carrying her leper-husband on her own shoulders to the house of a prostitute for whom he had felt an unconquerable passion."

"The dutiful, though sealous, Kadumbinee was touched. Brought up as she had been in a religion inculcating implicit obedience and exclusive devotion to a husband, she could not disregard his entreaties to reconciliation. But though greatly mollified, she flatly refused to share her bed at all with him (there was of course only one), his presence being yet hardly tolerable. Envy still ruled in her breast, if jealousy somewhat gave way. She could not bear even the comparatively moderate praise accorded to Bhooboneshoree's beauty, so conscious was she of its inferiority to her's. So she continued to desire him to leave her room, and to lie down at Bhooboneshoree's doorway that the

next morning on first leaving her room the latter might unconsciously tread upon his breast and thus realize his highest ambition.

"Dwarik now changed his tactics. Sitting on the ground and placing his hands on both his cheeks in the attitude of deep cogitation, he said rather loudly to himself. "God ! who would have thought of it ! To be banished from my charmer, and especially to-day ! In the morning, who would have dreamed of it ! Then I thought only how the jewellery would please her, and how she would embrace me in a transport of joy ! Such an ornament ! How it pleased every eye ! They all said my wife would be the happiest woman on earth. What a splendid purchase ! Ten thousand rupees could not have procured it." Here he was interrupted by his wife, rather languidly, indeed, but with ill-concealed curiosity,—“What ornament do you allude to ?”

“He feigned not to hear her, and went on.

““The smith,” said he, “had never seen such workmanship, though he works for the Rajahs. I doubt if Juggut Sett had ever presented his wife with such a piece of jewellery. Of course she had had far more valuable ones, but such workmanship she could not have possessed.”

“But, I say, what ornament do you allude to ? Would you first tell me that ?”—interrogated Kadumbinee, her storm suddenly subsided as by a miracle, her intense interest in the subject of her husband’s thinking-aloud exposed.

““O, it is a splendid necklace, that I have bought to-day, replied Dwarik, gravely, disguising well the triumph he must most naturally have felt. “The bargain has been struck at three thousand seven hundred and sixty five rupees, nine annas and ten pies. Of course the pies would not be paid, nor probably the annas, but that was its net price calculated from its weight and workmanship.”

“The wife could not still well forget his waking dream in invocation to Bhooboneshoree.

““Well, give it Bhooboneshoree,” she said, “it will adorn her neck so well. She will, however, throw it in

your face, as she does not wear such trinkets, as she calls them, thinking her hedious feet, lean fingers and tall figure to be most handsome without them. That is your misfortune. She cannot be made to wear a necklace, though you again fall to her feet and press the dust to your breast. She may, however, take it and preserve it as a treasure from one who loves her better than his own soul, and even dreams of her when awake." Dwarik, almost feeling sure of his game, did not mind the interruption, but went on in his own quiet way. "When I bought this splendid treasure in the morning, Hemunto almost fell to my feet and implored me to part with it. She said she would give me four thousand Rupees for it. Gradually she increased her offer to four thousand five hundred Rupees, but I would not agree to her terms. I said I had purchased it for my dear wife, and it would become her beautiful neck and breast so well. That vile Hemunto thought she had as splendid a breast. I told her to try the necklace that I might see how it suited her. Every one that looked said it was too large for her, though from motives of delicacy, they did not enter into details. The men and women were all agreed that my wife was the only lady in the village whose gorgeous bust would suit the jewellery. One young man said her splendid figure would impart additional lustre to the ornament. But I doubt whether I shall be able to evade that rich Hemunto who is resolved to get it at any cost."

"Kadumbinee was woman enough to have her anger melted at this well contrived tale. Being afraid that Hemunto would succeed in getting the jewellery which became herself so well, she asked, while hiding her impatience under a show of anger as much as possible—"But where have you kept it, and why are you afraid of Hemunto?"

"I have," replied Dwarik, "only advanced a thousand rupees, and cannot bring it till I have paid the remainder out of the remittance expected from home. It is now in the hands of the goldsmith. For the thing wants a little repair, — very little."

“ “ But what sort of a neck-lace is it? You say it is made of pearls. How many wreaths of pearls are there, how large are they and what are the respective distances of the wreaths?” interrogated Kadumbinee.

“ Dwarik did not choose to answer all her questions at once.

“ “ Of course,” said he, “ such a splendid necklace must have nine wreaths. The pearls are beautifully arranged. It must have been done by a first-rate artist.”

“ “ But how large are they, how many are there on the whole, and what are the respective distances of the wreaths?” reiterated Kadumbinee.

“ “ O,” said Dwarik, “ some of them are very large. Three of them are specially splendid. Such rays, such whiteness, such a size ! Those three are almost as large as betel-nuts.”

“ Kadumbinee had by this time wiped away her tears. She observed, “ you do not tell me how many pearls are there on the whole, what is the size of the rest and the length of the wreaths, and what are the pendants made of ?”

“ “ I cannot,” said he, “ give you the exact size of the rest. Sit down and show me some camphor, and I will satisfy your curiosity.”

“ Kadumbinee who had been still standing, heaved a sigh, and sat down, but at some distance from her husband. With another sigh, she poured some camphor from a phial on the ground. Her husband came near her to cut it into pieces resembling the size of the pearls. She then repeated her query about the number of pearls, the length of the wreaths and the nature of the pendants. Her cunning husband conveniently forgot to answer the questions except the first.

● “ There are on the whole, I believe, three large, twenty seven middling and nine hundred and sixty five small pearls—no, not sixty five, but—I forgot what it was.”

“ Laying his hand on his forehead, and looking down towards the ground—though how that posture helps the memory is a question for the mental philosopher to solve—he began to recollect. “ The smith counted

and said it was fifty-seven. Hemunto made it fifty eight."

"The shade of melancholy had now disappeared from Kadumbinee's beautiful face, though it did not yet glow with that smile which made it so enchanting.

"But what is the length of the wreaths?" she repeated.

"To answer that enquiry, her husband came in contact with her, and laying one hand on her back and the other on her neck, said.—"The first wreath will come as far as this," and down to that he removed her robe.

"Then he showed the length of the second wreath, and went on unveiling her till he had reached the ninth. While doing so, he could not help praising her truly grand contour. "What a superb bust! what beautiful shoulders! Then, this splendid neck! The pearls suspended from the neck, will fall negligently over this snow-white breast, and descend down to your waist."

"By this time he had encircled his arms round her waist. To such an admirer she could not of course refuse such a favor, but still she heaved a sigh as she remembered his frenzied language in praise of Bhooboneshoree's charms. With another sigh she asked him the nature of the pendants.

"O, the pendants! I have forgotten the pendants in the enthusiasm inspired by your beauty. The pendants are made of brilliant stones. I have never seen such lustrous diamonds. Let me show their nature and positions on your breast."

"Saying this, he drew still closer, and having, inspite of her faint struggles and sighs, pressed her to his breast, looked wistfully at her cheeks. She had covered these with her hands, probably resolved that he should never again drink from thence and mistake them for Bhooboneshoree's cheeks. The sighs continued while he went on. "The first pendant,—how black, yet blazing with the sun's rays—will sit here—" and he pointed an inch or two below her neck,—"the diamond is surrounded with rubies and looks so beautiful! The youngman was right

when he said your splendid bust will lend additional charms to the necklace. The three colours mixed with your alabaster neck will invite even the bee to kiss you."

"To show how the bee would do it, he deliberately kissed her lips, at which she shrieked; but though she pushed him away with all her might, she could not snatch away the ruby edges of her mouth till he had drawn thence some honied stimulant, in order, as he said, to enable him to keep up his night's vigil, and to do justice to the description of the necklace. Then complaining of uneasiness in his present posture, which he said threw obstacles in the way of his satisfying her just curiosity, he laid his cheek over her's in spite of her struggles to disengage herself, and went on describing the pendants in succession. In this situation he thought it rather inconvenient to point out the future position of the pendants on her breast. But as his graphic description of an ornament which only existed in his imagination, contained many "oh's" to express admiration of his own ingenuity, if not of the diamonds and pearls, she trembled and started every time the objectionable particle was uttered, as if she was afraid it was to be again succeeded with an invocation to Bhooboneshorée. To prevent these fits and starts he held her tightly on his breast, and in the moment of his highest eloquence when he thought her attention was absorbed in his description, he ventured to fasten his lips to her cheeks. At this she again shrieked as if she had already heard the fatal invocation. He soothed her by many a kind and flattering word, and again launched forth in description of the necklace with redoubled vehemence.

O man! you little understand the pain that you inflict on a proud, dutiful woman by your infidelity.

"The whole of that night the poor faithful wife continued to start and tremble as often as her husband kissed her lovely face, pressed her closer to his bosom, or used an exclamation of admiration. Woman's vanity and love for ornaments made her ply her treacherous husband with question after question the whole night through. At one time she asked him, as if accidentally, the name and genealogy of the imaginary young man who had expressed

so great an admiration for her person, and now and then asked questions about the other men who had praised her splendid figure. When the morning dawned, and they were to separate for the rest of the day, she fondly passed her arms round his neck, and while she imprinted a kiss on his lips, fast falling tears from her gazelle eyes entirely bathed his face. He understood their import and mentally promised never to cross the path of Bloomboneshoree any more."

LINES ADDRESSED TO S——.

Sweet love ! how fondly I adore thee !

 This heart entire is thine ;

When warmly, my love ! I embrace thee,

 Heav'n—heav'n itself is mine !

2

Thy choral lips like nectar sweet !

 Thy breath perfumed as th' gale,

That softly blows o'er beds of rose,

 In Cashmere's lovely vale !

3

Yet I'd refuse me Indra's nectar,

 Pavana's scented gale—

To sip thy sweet vermillion lip,

 Thy balmy breath t' inhale !

4

Thy sylphid form like the lotus soft !

 Dear girl ! I fear me much,

When thee I press in my embrace,

 Lest thou with'r 'neath the touch !

5

What is this world with all its treasures,

 Sweet love ! without thee worth ?

I care not e'en for moslem's heav'n,

 Thou art my heav'n on earth !

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE COOCH BEHAR FAMILY.

BORDER Lands are often interesting. Those about Bengal are deeply so. Mr. Hunter, in the first volume of his *Rural Bengal*, has shown how genius, divesting them of their technicalities and presenting the salient features which appeal to the universal human heart, can make even the description and modern annals of a small Border Tract of Bengal Proper, interesting to an age of novel devourers. The antiquities and early history of, *par excellence*, our Land of Heroes and City of Vishnu, (Vira-bhumi, otherwise Malla-bhumi and Vishnu-pura) whose foundation is lost in the cloud of traditionary myths of the Romulus-Remus type—would prove attractive even in far inferior hands. *Prima facie*, the geographically extensive Border Land on the north and north-east of our great Province is in reality the most important. It is a real Political Frontier, and a very long one. It is a long and more or less narrow wall which divides us from our northern neighbours ; and as it is, for the most part, naturally a weak wall, overlooked and commanded by those neighbours, themselves hardly Highlanders,—the character of its inhabitants, physical and moral, is of the utmost consequence to us ; it means the nature of our defence on all that side. It is one of our Non-Aryan Hives ; peopled by a variety of quasi Mongolian, aboriginal and Aryanite tribes of every degree of mixture, and Brahman and Kshatrya colonists, it is our most interesting Ethnic Frontier. While, for the same reason, as well as being the place in which Hinduism, even in its present disadvantageous state under the domination of a great Christian Power, is still a living thing—a growth—where alone it is a propagandist creed, every day making converts and reclaiming savage men who were not made for it nor it meant for them, in spite

of themselves, by the force of its teaching, the statesmanship of its missionaries, the example of its members, and last though not least, the sleepless moral pressure of the paramountcy of a great system, not unlike that whereby England, with her declared policy of political non-interference is crushing the native States, and, despite her policy of religious neutrality, anglicising the entire people of India ;—and, yet again, as the battle-field of conflicting Hindu sects contending among themselves, and all together with Mahomedanism, for mastery, much as India itself is a wider battle-field for the various forms of Latin and Protestant Christianity represented by their respective Missions—it is the Land of Surpassing Promise to the student of the natural history of species, and of society and civilization. Nor is its historical importance the least of its claims to attention. For a long period down to our own times it has been the abode of turbulent chiefs and predatory tribes who live by incursions into our territories, the refuge of discontented fugitives and Robin Hoods from them, the nature's park of our most enterprising sportsmen, the exercise-ground of our warriors, &c. From a period much earlier, again we find it the seat of kingdoms flourishing in comparative seclusions enabled by their physical situation and characteristics to maintain their independence against the ambition of the rulers of the more extensive and powerful countries below them. Indeed, history does not remember when these kingdoms were founded. Their antiquity is beyond question ;—he who runs may read the signs, vivid and numerous as they are. And yet for chronological purposes, these signs are obscure, and rather conflicting. Kuch Vihar (Cooch Behar) in Hindu mythology is the field of exploits of Rudra the Terrible—in his tenderest character. What the cowherdesses of Brogne were to Krishna, that were the Kuch beauties of our Heroic Age to Siva—the object of constant amours. Mediæval Sanskrit Ecclesiastical Literature is full of the other of the twin kingdoms of that Border—Kāmrup. And what is true of Kāmrup is generally true of Cooch Behar. For though the two places have in later years, and sometimes in the past been distinct states, they

have as often, probably oftener in ancient times, been one Government or as suzerain and vassal. Above all, whatever their political relations to one another, they are, and formerly have been even more completely, one, physically, ethnically, socially and religiously. If there was a difference—if Ka'mrup is the *vilayat*, the original home or at least favored seat, of the *Sakti* worship, and one of its chief shrines—the scene of *Tāntrik* legend—the principal theatre of the operations of both Sakta and Vaishnava missionaries in the past that of British progress in recent times—her privilege was due to her rather better geographical situation—to the advantage, we believe, of her grand, much grander, river system :—great rivers have always been the highways of Civilization, whether in the ancient or the modern world, and the Brahmaputra *alias* Sampoo is a first-class river. The ethnic, social and ecclesiastical history of the two Principalities are, in its leading and important features, therefore, identical :—their past political history has been so often enough.

In the absence of authentic formal history in Ancient Indian Literature, this identity and interweaving of annals coupled with the notices now of Cooch Behar and now of Ka'mrup in Hindu theological works makes it possible to trace the history of the former to a very early period. Thus in the following account the history of Cooch Behar is commenced at as ancient a date as the age of the war of the Maha'bha'rata. The commencement is abrupt and implies the still earlier colonization and civilization of the country. Whatever the credibility of the opening narrative, an authentic history of Cooch Behar from the first Mahamedan intercourse with it may be constructed from local sources checked and verified by the Mahamedan history of Bengal. We give below almost the first attempt of the kind, a mere outline, traced under all the disadvantages of pioneering. The writer, who has lived long in Assam and Cooch Behar, has spared no pains and has gone to all available sources of information in all the manifold shapes of books, Mss., state papers, coins, inscriptions, tradition, &c.

We regret that his research throws so little light on the period antecedent to the first Moslem invasion. We are curious about the "much information" said to be contained in the Yagini Tantra and the Kālikā Puraṇa. We observe, too, that by a singular omission the writer does not mention the first Mahamedan invasion of Cooch Behar by the first Mahamedan conqueror of Bengal, Baktiār Khalijī—whose discomfiture and disastrous retreat broke his heart and brought on his death and warned the ambitious—in vain—against a repetition of the enterprise. The best account is given by Minhājūs Sirāj in the *Tuhakāt-e Nāsiri* which is also Stewart's authority. Soon after Gīyasuddin, Viceroy of Bengal, invaded Kāmrup again and compelled the Raja to pay tribute. In 1256-7 Malk Yūsbeck penetrated to the capital and proclaimed himself King of the United Kingdom of Bengal and Kāmrup, but he and his army were destroyed during the rains. His successor Jēh-luddin attempted the same conquest but his attention was called to his own danger in another quarter. Hossēin Kuli Khān, the first Mogul Governor of Bengal compelled Cooch Behar to pay tribute. But it was not till after that the Moguls had an opportunity of penetrating into the country. In 1595-6 Lakshinārāyana one of the greatest of the Cooch Behar Rajas, came to visit the Governor of Bengal, Raja Ma'n Singh, and owed vassalage to the Emperor—by which his relations and the neighbouring princes feeling themselves degraded, they made war against him and shut him up in his fort, whence he applied to Bengal for help. A large Mogul army under the command of Jahāz Khan went to his aid who soon drove the insurgent chiefs, released the Raja and returned with much booty. In 1638 Islam Khān repelled a formidable invasion by land and water of the Raja of Assam or Kāmrup, (including then we suppose Cooch Behar) and invaded the enemy's country in turn with success, subdued the forts of Cooch Behar &c., though he prudently retired at the commencement of the rainy season. Cooch Behar, however, though often overrun, was never, during all those years,

thoroughly conquered, and in 1659, Raja Bhimna'rayana took advantage of the distractions of the Mogul Empire to seize upon Ka'mrup and several of the Mogul districts while Jyadhvaj Singh, Raja of Assam, sent down an army which plundered the country as far as Dacca and carried away many of the inhabitants into captivity. To recover the prestige of the Empire of Delhi and punish these outrages, the Nawab Mir Jumla' in 1661 made the grandest expedition to Cooch Behar and Assam, and after unheard of privations and difficulties succeeded in exacting much treasure, elephants, and hostages from the Raja of the latter and expelling the Raja of the former and appointing Mahamedan deputies to govern the country. But the oppression of these deputies led the people to seek their expelled sovereign who drove the Moguls, and Mir Jumla' had to send a part of his returning force from Assam to reconquer the country, with, we should suppose, not much success as the Nawab, broken down by his fatigues, soon died. Cooch Behar was not for a long time molested, but in 1707-8 the Raja and the other neighbouring chiefs were alarmed by the policy of Moorshed Kuli Kha'n, and of their own instance sent him presents and accepted from him dresses of honor. The next, and we believe last, time we hear of the country during the Mogul period is in 1735 when Syad Ahmad, (son of Haji Ahmad,) Fouzdar of Rungpore, having got a pretty large army from Moorshedabad, invaded Dinajpore and Cooch Behar and pursued their Rajas and returned with immense booty.—*Editor.*

AUTHORITIES CONSULTED.

1. *The Yagini Tantra.* } Two religious works which contain much
information regarding Ka'mrup and Kuch
2. *The Káliká Parana.* } Vihár.
3. Barangis or Ancient History of Assam.
4. The Cooch Behar Select Records. Messieurs Mercer and Chanveh's Report on Cooch Behar.
5. Report on Cooch Behar by General Jenkins,
6. *Journal of Asiatic Society of Bengal.* P. F. No. 1. 1872.
7. *History of Bengal.* By Charles Stewart.

8. *Ra'jopákhya* or History of Cooch Behar.
9. An Essay on the Life of Rájá Narendra Náráyan Bhup Bahádar. Written by his Private Secretary soon after his death.
10. Hodgson's *Aborigines of India*.
11. Notes taken by the writer when in Assam and since coming to Cooch Behar, from printed books, old manuscripts, inscriptions, &c.

Narak was installed king of Kámrup by Krishna, the nephew of Kangsha Ráj. Kámrup was then divided into four parts, of which Ratnapit included Kooch Behar. Bhagadattya, the son and successor of Narak, fell fighting gloriously at Kurukshatra, B. C. 1256. Thirteen kings of his dynasty succeeded. The Sudra and the Pal dynasties then successively filled the throne. Nilambar, the third king of the last named dynasty, was defeated and slain by Aláuddin Hossein Sháh, king of Gour, A. D. 1495.

It appears that after the extinction of the house of Bhagadatta, Cooch Behar ceased to be included in the kingdom of Kámrup. In about A. D. 1430, Kanthaswar raised himself to the throne of Cooch Behar. The Mohamedans, however, soon subverted his kingdom, but the extensive ruins of his Palace and Fort at Gosainnari still attest to his power and grandeur. Soon after this, one Hago made himself powerful in this quarter. He left two daughters, Hera and Jira, who were married to Hari Dás or Haria Metch. Jira gave birth to Chandan and Madan, and Hira to Bisu Singha and Sisu Singha. From Bisu Singha are descended the Rajas of Cooch Behar, Pangu, Bizni and Darang; and from Sisu Singha the Raykats of Julpiguri. They are of the tribe of Cooch or Metch—a people of Thibetan or Timulean origin. According to the Yogiui Tantra, however, the Cooch are a branch of the Kshatryas, who, when persecuted by Parusharám, sought refuge in Behar.

In a contest with Turka, *Kotwál*, Madan fell, and to console his mother, Chandan was raised to the throne, A. D. 1510. From this date commences the Rájsaka or present Cooch Behar Era. Chandan reigned for 13 years and was succeeded by Bishya Singha, A. D. 1524, who conferred the title of Raykát on his brother

and assigned him the duty of holding the umbrella at the inauguration of the king. He then conquered Kámrup and having attacked Bhután, compelled the Debráj to pay tribute. Gour was next invaded and part of it brought under subjection. He then removed the seat of his Government from the Hills to Hingulabush in the plains, and, having reigned for 31 years died, A. D. 1555, and was succeeded by his second son, Nara Náráyan. He extended his kingdom on all sides from the river Dikkár, the western boundary of Kámrup or Lower Assam, to the Ganges in the west. He conquered Rungpore and coined money, called after him "Náráyani Rupees." He then defeated the king of Gour and planted his standard on the Eastern banks of the Ganges. In 1563, he conquered Gowhati, Bizni and Darang; and in 1565, rebuilt the temple of Kámakshya, where his and his brother Sukladya's effigy are still to be seen. The newly conquered countries east of the Manas were then conferred on Sukladya, who was succeeded by Raghu Deva Náráyani, whose sons, Parikshit Náráyani and Balit Náráyani are the ancestors of the Rajas of Bizni and Darang, respectively. On his return, he bestowed Panga on his elder Nríshingha Náráyani, and, having reigned with great splendour for 30 years, breathed his last in 1588. He was the Charlemagne of this quarter. He had, of course, his Alcuin—in Purushottama Bhatta'charya, who, in A. D. 1568, prepared the Sanscrit Grammar "Ratnamálá."

Lakshináráyan succeeded his father. The Mahamedans regained possession of that part of Gour, conquered by the late king, and the Raja was obliged to acknowledge the supremacy of Delhi and to reduce his coin to half its original size. The Ain Akberi thus speaks of Lakshina'ráyan. "He is the ruler of Coch and has 4000 horse and 200,000 foot, 700 Elephants and 1000 ships. His country is 200 kosh long and from 100 to 40 kosh broad, extending in the East to the Burmaputra, in the North to Tibet, in the South to Goraghat and in the West to Tirhoot." The king quitted this mortal life in 1622, and was succeeded by his son Beer Narayan, who encouraged learning, opened to

and Pa'tsa'lahs, and after a reign of 5 years, was succeeded by his son Pra'n Náráyan in 1627, who ascended the throne, and, according to the custom of the family, ordered his father's funeral rites to be performed. The king himself was a Sanskrit scholar and encouraged learning. He built the temples of Julpeshur and Gosanimare, and during his long reign of 39 years, peace and prosperity smiled upon the Raj. In 1666 the Raja was dangerously ill and a rumour of his death having spread, Mahináráyáni the first Názir-der with his troops attacked the Rajbaree and killed two of the ministers. The Raja died two days after this event, and Nazir-der raised his eldest surviving son, Mod Náráyan, to the throne, but filled all the principal offices of the state with his own creatures. The King soon gained over the troops and got rid of the obnoxious ministers. On this the Nazir-der attacked the Rajah, but being defeated fled to Bhután. The king reigned for 15 years. He left no male heirs; and here ends the direct line of succession to the throne of Cooch Behar.

The sons of Názir-der attacked the Raj with a party of Bhutiás, but the Ráykáts drove them away and raised Bashudev Náráyan, the younger brother of the late king, to the throne. In 1683 A. D., the Bhutiás again invaded the country, and the Raja fell by the hands of Yagna Náráyan Kumár, third son of Mahi Náráyan Nazir-der, who usurped the Raj for 8 days. The Ráykáts again drove away the invaders, and installed Mahindra Náráyan, then in his fifth year, a grandson of Raja Pra'n Náráyan on the throne. It was during this reign that most of the Purgunahs went over to the Mohamedans; Panga and Bykantpore threw off their yoke, and the Raj was reduced to its present limits. The king died after a reign of 11 years, A. D. 1695, and was succeeded by Rup Náráyan, the son of Jagat Náráyan, the second son of Mahi Náráyan Nazir-der. He appointed Sat Náráyan as the first Dewan-der and Santa Náráyan as Nazir-der. The Nabob of Dacca ceded to the Raj the Chaklas of Bodá, Patgram and Purbabhág, for a certain yearly revenue. It was during this reign that the Royal Residence* was removed to its present site at Cooch Behar, on the banks of

the Iorsá. The king reigned for 20 years, and died in 1715, and was succeeded by his eldest son Upendra Náráyan, who reigned for 49 years and died in 1793, and was succeeded by his son Devendra Náráyan then a youth of 5 years. As the young Raja was playing one day in the Rajbaree garden, he was suddenly murdered by Ratideva Sarmá at the instigation, it is supposed, of Rámnánanda Goswámi, the eldest brother of Ráj-guru Sarvánanda Goswámi. For this offence the Bhutiás put Rámnánanda to death. Dhajendra Náráyan, the son of the Dewan-der was installed king. The Bhutias took possession of Julpigori and placed a Junkso-penglow at Cooch Behar. Raja Dhajendra having put to death Dewan-der Rám Náráyan, who had assisted the Bhutias with some troops, the Bhutia's seized him and carried him to their hills, and appointed his brother Rajendra Náráyan, Rajah in his place, A. D. 1771. The new king died after a reign of 2 years and Nazir-der Khagendra Náráyan elected Durendra Náráyan, the son of the captive king, as Rajah. The Bhutia's on their side appointed to the throne Rajendra Náráyan, the son of the captive Rajah's elder brother, and each party proceeded to maintain the Rajah nominated by itself. The Nazir-der was worsted and driven out of the country. He applied to the Bengal Government for aid and concluded a treaty with the Honorable East India Company, on the 5th day of April, 1773, by which the Raja agreed to make over to the said Company one half of the annual Revenue of Cooch Behar for ever. The Company, thereupon, sent to the country Captain Jones with four Companies of Sepoys and two field-pieces. This force succeeded in dispossessing the Bhutia's, and compelled them to conclude a treaty on the 25th of April, 1774, by which Raja Dhajendra Náráyan was released from confinement. He, however, did not resume the Government of his Raj until after the death of his son Raja Durendra Náráyan, which occurred in 1775. But the Raja after his captivity never showed a disposition to take any share in the management of the Raj, and the whole Government fell into the hands of his Rani and her favorite.

Sarvānanda Goswāmi. The Nazir-der was now driven a fugitive from the country. Raja Dhajendra Nārāyan died in 1783, and was succeeded by his minor son Harendra Nārāyan. The amount of tribute was, in 1780, permanently fixed at sicca Rupees 66,000. The duty of realizing the tribute gave the Collector of Rungpore occasion for much irregular interference in the affairs of the Raj and the Government of the Rani and the minister, and the opposition of the expelled Nazir-der, soon reduced the country to a state of anarchy. The principal members of the Raj family then collected a body of troops, and, in 1788, the elder brother of the Nazir-der attacked the Rajbaree and carried off the Raja and Rani to Balara'mpore, the residence of the Nazir-der. The Collector of Rungpore then sent a party of troops who rescued the Rajah and Rani, seized the principal officers and carried them off in confinement to Rungpore. On the 2nd of April, 1788, the British Government deputed Messrs. Lawrence Mercer and John Lewis Chanveh to make a report on various subjects connected with Cooch Behar. The Commissioners submitted their report on the 10th of November of the same year, and recommended the appointment of a Company's servant as a Resident with the Raja. Mr. Henry Douglas was appointed the first Resident in 1789. He entirely supplanted the authority of the Rani and the Minister. In 1798 Mr. Richard Ahmuty made a regular register of the lands of Cooch Behar. But in 1801, Rajah Harendra Nārāyan coming of age, the British Commissioner was removed. In April 1834, Major Francis Jenkins was again appointed Commissioner. Rajah Harendra Nārāyan died at Benares, in 1839, and was succeeded by his eldest son Shivendra Nārāyan, who by economy cleared off all balances of tribute to the British Government. Shivendra Nārāyan went on a pilgrimage in 1846, and died at Benares on the 23rd August, 1847, and was succeeded by his adopted son Narendra Nārāyan, the youngest son of the Sarbarāka'r, Bajendra Nārāyan, brother of the late Raja. The new Rajah was born in 1843, and was taken to Calcutta in 1852, and educated in the Wards' Institution. In 1859, he returned to Cooch

Behar and assumed the reigns of Government. He married in 1860, and the new Maha'ra'ni presented him with a daughter in the same year. He projected various measures for the improvement of the country, but by the machinations of some of his profligate companions they were rendered nugatory. In 1859, he founded the Jenkins' School, calling it after General Jenkins, Commissioner of Assam. On the night of the 19th of Aşár, 1269, Bengali era, corresponding to the 6th of October, 1862, the present minor Raja Nirpendra Nárúyan was born. The Raja fell a victim to his intemperance on the 5th of August, 1863, and was succeeded by the present minor Raja, a youth of high promise.

COOCH BEHAR, {
27th June, 1873. }

K. K. M.

STANZAS.

Pomegranate flower ! Pomegranate flower !
A star now-fallen art thou !
Or gem unloosed in careless hour,
From some fair angel's brow.

When wandering by the meadow-side,
One morning listlessly,
I saw thee in thy beauty's pride,
And stopt to gaze on thee.

Thy chisell'd cup, thy scarlet hue,
Thy grace beyond compare,
Invited me more close to view
Such treasure rich and rare.

And well, I thought, this jewel bright,
Might deck my lady's room,
For sure a flower so gay to sight,
Must have a fine perfume.

With tender care and touch discreet,
I pluck'd it from the spray,
Alas ! it had no fragrance sweet,
—I threw it far away.

With men, I sigh'd 'tis ever so,
In this rude world of sin,
For tho' we see vain outward show,
All may be void within !

O. C. DUTT.



BENGALI FEMALE LITERATURE.*

WE are under an obligation to notice numerous works sent to us, but the ladies must, of course, have the first attention. Next we hope to do justice to others.

Here are two separate collections of Bengali verse by two different Bengali ladies of different families in town. They must be deeply interesting to all natives who love their country, and all philanthropic outsiders who are zealous in the cause of Indian improvement. To even casual observers, who “survey mankind from China to Peru,”—whom the great changes among nations interest,—whom human progress gives delight, if only a passing one, provided, of course, they know anything of native Indian society,—they cannot fail to be a curiosity; will probably command more than a transient notice.

They are a landmark in the history of modern Indian civilization—a step in the progress of that female elevation which is so essential and large an element in all thorough sound civilization. Remembering how recent is even the movement in Europe for the *real* education of woman;—nay, for that matter, seeing how even at this day female emancipation from the double bondage of female prejudice and male prejudice and selfishness—the imparting to the other sex in right earnest of superior education, the same which we claim for our own and consider so good for us, and the allowing them unreservedly to take their full rank as men—has there but few advocates; seeing how by the great majority of European Philistines it is confidently rebuked as a madness which can only be temporary,—by nearly the whole of the large body

* 1. স্বীয় মনের প্রতি উপদেশ। কোন বঙ্গ মহিলা প্রণীত। *Sya Maner prati Upadesha*. By a Bengali Lady. Calcutta, Bentinck Press, 1873.

2. কবিতাহার। জন্মকৈ হিন্দু মহিলা প্রণীত। *Karitáhara*. By a Hindu Lady. Calcutta, Minerva Press, 1873.

of lugubrious European "saints," absolutely certain of the affairs, past, present and future, of Heaven and Earth, not excepting the other place where as a rule without exception, Fahrenheit reaches his highest figure—denounced as a crime for which Divine Vengeance is hastening to overtake, according to these interpreters of Divine Justice, in one fell swoop both the guilty and the guiltless,—and, worst to hear, by men who are neither Philistines nor saints, and far from rogues or hypocrites or maniacs or imbecile or stupid folk—by men of culture and refinement and humanity—bitterly derided and exposed to lasting scorn under the opprobrious names of Woman's Rights, Bluestockingism, the Girlhood of the Period, &c.;—and knowing how in this decayed East the (we cannot say same or even anything similar, still less can we call it by the grandiloquent name of movement, but the) introduction of letters, in its lowest, original sense, of mere क, ख, ग, among women dates from yesterday;—remembering, seeing and knowing thus as we do, the books under notice must be considered at once a significant and a cheering fact. Female education here may, indeed, hardly be said to be so old as yesterday, when the prejudice against the dabbling of women with book and stationery flourishes, in almost its pristine vigor, among all but the entire native population. Under such circumstances, the publication of book, and that in verse, is not only satisfactory, but almost a phenomenon. However small is the progress of female education yet, such a fact is an earnest of ultimate success. The capacity of women for high culture is not denied by any but a male bigot or an utterly ignorant woman, but such men and women form the staple of native society in India. Respectable authorship by women is the most triumphant reply that may be given to them—the only one likely to silence those among them who have any candour. For the rest, all liberal men will rejoice at the prospect of the good that the leaven of even a few literary ladies, however repressed by the jealousy and hatred which the first rise of such a strange class must excite against

them, must work in native society and the impenetrable circle of the native home.

This is not the first instance of native female authorship. Indeed, one of the fair authors themselves whose works are before us had before appeared in the distinction of stitched and paged print. It is not even the first instance of native female verse. Even so early as 1859, several pieces of Bengali prose and verse by one Thākuraṇi Dā'si were published in the *Probha'kar* Monthly Magazine. Perhaps this was the first appearance of a native lady in print, for so extraordinary was the phenomenon that the gentleman, Babu Nundo Lall Doss, who sent the first piece, deemed it necessary to assure the Editor of the *Probha'kar*, the late Iswar Chandra Gupta, of *bonâ fide* female authorship and of Thākuraṇi's personality as a Hindu lady of letters. It is most interesting to remark the change that has occurred in this respect within the last fourteen years. As a curious illustration of the unity of mind of the sex, if mind may be said to have any sex, or at least of the identity of the conditions to which the sex is subject throughout the globe, the sex evinces the same disposition to verse in the East as in the West. The fact may even be seized as corroborative of the theory of the chronological precedence of verse, or even, as some insist, of poetry to prose, that Hindu ladies in the very earliest history of female education in modern India have shown a predilection for the jingling of rhyme, and even lisped in numbers apparently for the numbers came. Versifying impromptu and writing of metrical epistles are favorite amusements with many ladies. Verses by ladies have found their way occasionally to the Bengali newspapers, particularly the Bengali Lady's Journal, though conducted by men, the *Bamābodhini Patrikā*, and a few books, too, of verse have appeared. Still the much in this line is so very little, the past so very recent that the pages before us constitute the fruit of one of the earliest efforts of the modern female muse in India, as indeed of all female authorship. As such it is very respectable. The joy at our first female literature may

possibly be too much for our critical impartiality, but we are inclined to think that even in more favored countries the performance before us would not be despised. Much the greatest portion of verse published even in England has little or no poetical pretension. It gives us pleasure to discern poetry in the verse under notice. Where mere correctness would be a credit—how much agreeable surprise does the existence of something superior to talent afford ! This something is, of course, not the result of education, but it is not wholly independent of it. The cases of Burns and others are not to the point. Suppose Burns and Bloomfield and Hogg did not know to read and write—where had been their chance of authorship—even of poetical authorship, so popularly believed to be compatible with perfect ignorance and illiteratism ? The ignorance and illiteratism of our women goes beyond the point of ordinary European comprehension. They do not touch book or pen and ink, and pass their days apart from the society of the other sex, unseen, in-so-much as not to be privileged to be, except rarely, unseen observers of the latter. What a melancholy reflection is suggested by the appearance of such female authors soon as education is given—nay only initial knowledge is commenced to be given, as soon as only the most rudimentary instruction is imparted—to the sex,—as the first necessary permission to play with stationery as it were is granted ! How much has the absence of female education in India retarded the progress of the world ! What a waste of mind—the living human mind—has it involved ! What a loss of literature it has caused to mankind ! Female Literature is not superior to Male Literature, but much of the disparity is due to the restrictions and prejudices of even European society—the subjection of women throughout the world ; or a George Eliot, a woman who beats most male writers, cannot be explained. For the rest, Female Literature is in some respects finer than male, and certainly characteristic. What wonder that in the East, under so many different conditions, it would have developed other but equally numerous and important characteristics ?

Than by these two modest anonymous poetesses were never more forcibly reminded in their full truth the lines of Gray—

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

How many a superior mind has been lost to the world—how many hundreds of geniuses!

There are those among us, who not ignorant women only, but alas! educated and enlightened men, who look with great disfavor on this appearance of our ladies in the character of authors. They consider the writing of books as a peculiarly male occupation. A few more examples like the present and they will be reconciled to the thing. They may also possibly be led to pause to reconsider their ground for regarding, as they have hitherto done, so many things as male monopolies. They may, we hope, end with the belief that their tacit assumption of male superiority and female inferiority is neither an intuition nor a revelation, but a piece of male selfishness and precedent. Perhaps the chief function of these books, slight as they are in bulk and in character, for some years to come, will be to give courage and hope to female intellect and genius and prove to some males the possibility of female literature, and, of course, improvement in general, and teach others that these would not be an abnormal growth but a natural and valuable and desirable product. The same class, which in India is horrified at female literature,—accustomed as it is in Europe for a long series of years to that form of female activity, is wrath at women's claim to study and practice medicine and politics, &c., forms of activity with which they are not acquainted. With growing experience the males of each land will advance to more and more light and sweetness. It is remarkable that so many of our countrymen who cling to the persuasion, that all intellectual activity—all noble work—is by unalterable divine decree the

male privilege, see clearly enough the absurdity of the identical claim set up by Europeans in India, who are to us by right of the sword what we ourselves are to our own females by might of sex, and coolly laugh at the absurdity, heedless of the greater absurdity of our identical pretensions to the prejudice of our physical inferiors.

We are conscious of being commonplace or what among the really enlightened would be no other than the veriest commonplace, but alas ! how few are the really enlightened, whether in the East or the West !

The two books before us, though together purporting to be evidence of the same progress of Female Education in Bengal corroborating each other, are very far indeed from having another thing in common. Not that they differ in the form of literature, for, as has been intimated above, they are both in Bengali verse ; or in quality of the same form, for in our opinion—though we fear few will be disposed to second us—the quality, whatever the difference in degree, is good in each. Indeed, considering the many things the writers have in common, it was to be expected that the difference in the character of their writings would be but slight—of the nature of individual peculiarities. They are both Hindu ladies, and of course *gurdanashins*, brought up in the seclusion of the Hindu zenana, (which is not to be confounded with the popular European idea of a sensual Eastern harem), both veiled *bahus*, (Hindustani—*dulins*, *anglice* brides, daughters-in-law) seeing nor man nor Nature, and seen by neither ; both belong to high Kayastha families in the metropolis, living within a mile of each other, so that, had they not been Hindu ladies they had in all likelihood been personal friends ; both are very young ladies, whom we would patronizingly call girls, if they had not been precocious enough to be authors—for ladies of fifteen are deemed even in our Bengali society no more than girls, even though, as generally happens, they are mothers by that time. Lastly, it follows that the circumstances and nature of their education and entire training have been similar ; their education conducted under the same difficulties, marked by the same exclusiveness, narrowness and

prejudices—interrupted by the same causes—prolonged festivals, constantly recurring *pujas* and ceremonies—and finally prematurely cut short, too, just when it promised to be real, by the same social curse—infant marriage,—the partial privileges, the trifling liberty of near daughterhood lost—as it is, alas ! too soon among us—in the sterner social obligation of brideship and daughter-in-lawhood. But strange that this almost universal community is not in the least detectible in the writings of the two authors—there is no literary resemblance—no intellectual identity between the two books.

They belong altogether to two different schools of thought and sentiment. They are apparently two different, nay opposite fruits of the same education. The contrast is curious and may be instructive. Both the fair poets evince an unmistakable piety, so that in their case at least, it cannot be said that the new light that is spreading to the Zenana has any tendency to produce that phenomenon so hateful beyond measure to so many besides Johnson who do not share his piety, on account of its extreme rarity we presume—female atheists. But how different—how opposite—the religious spirit, and even the respective theologies of the two ! Both are on the face of it earnest, and hence their religious difference is all the more instructive. The religious element in *Kavitā-hāra* is far from the mere respectful mention of the Deity, which, as being “respectable,” is occasionally indulged in by discreet or good humoured sceptics ; but although visibly real, it is yet subordinate to its secular element. In *Shia Maner prati Upadesa* the entire book may be said to be a religious one. Let it, however, not be supposed that the difference arises from the different subjects or design of the two works. It is clearly due to the different spirit of their authors. She who has written *Kavitā-hāra* would not probably treat even an exclusively religious subject in the way that her sister poet has done *her* religious piece in *Shia Maner* &c., nay done even the piece not directly or necessarily religious. We exceedingly doubt whether she would by temperament take up an exclusively religious subject ;

we are sure she could not possibly treat it in the intense sombre religious tone in which her sister from *her* temperament would naturally do it. Her religiousness is a light, pleasant, cheerful (none of these words in an evil sense, mind you ?) one it may even be, as we believe it to be, fervid ; the other's is sharp, passionate, intense even dark and scowling. The one is indeed, more earnest and deeper than what may be called Hellenic,—the other is Hebraistic—actually Calvinistic. Although as we have said, the subjects of *Kavitahara* are none of them by any means religious, they are such as to provoke the expression of her sentiments of religion, but it is remarkable that with one natural exception, they are devoid of any allusion to the Deity. Women as a rule in every land are given to religiousness—Hindu women perhaps most of all. If ever there is a topic more calculated than another to excite reverence and call forth the most pious sentiments, it is that of the sudden death of a sociable Viceroy like Lord Mayo cut off in the midst of a career of duty and pleasure by the hand of an assassin. A sceptic could hardly treat it without “unction.” The author of *Kavitahara* treats it, and treats well, but strangely without showing any trace of religious sentiments. The piece is very forcible, and replete with all a Hindu wife and mother's feeling and all proper sympathy for Lady Mayo and her children, but it is singularly devoid of anything like piety or religion. We wonder how she could pen so many hearty lines and not betray her trust in God. Before such an event as her subject it seems impossible not to be impressed with the supreme vanity of earthly grandeur, to the need, even the earthly need, of faith, the duty of resignation. And yet it would we presume be a libel to accuse her of irreligion ; or to impute the absense of a religious tone in the piece to design. We are inclined rather to attribute it to the hilarity and animal spirits of youth—the unconsciousness or rather the forgetfulness of one yet in the spring of life to whom the present is still every thing. We do not impugn her faith in the supernatural, for though she is *not* religious

like her Hindu sisters in general—*like*, for instance, her sister poet under notice—her theism is genuine and earnest; all the more so that she has no belief in Hinduism—for it requires considerable force of character and consciousness to deliberately cast off the religion of one's fathers and childhood and all its advantages, and take the consequences of such an unusual repudiation. Her theism may be discovered in her work; for though she does not take the name of God in vain, that is when her faith is not really excited, she does not repress it when it naturally comes from the depths of her heart to her lips. Thus, when she is singing of the condition of her sex in India, which she does with a force and truth which a Hindu lady alone can do, after an eloquent appeal to the stronger sex in the name of justice and humanity; in the name of the chivalry which is proper to it to give it freedom—after an exhortation to individual husbands, whatever their indifference to women as a class, to free their respective wives, for the love they bear them, she concludes with a most appropriate, natural and fervid appeal to the Almighty. We hope there is no Hindu man who can read this poem without emotion—no atheist who has his faculties generally about him, no foe of Woman's Rights who is not utterly depraved, who will be disposed to question the perfect naturalness and sincerity of that reverent expostulation with the supreme Being, the enquiry why the All-merciful is (apparently) the All-merciless to her sex—why having created woman and endowed her with such a weak nature and tender heart He has condemned her to subjection. But her doubt of the divine Wisdom is only momentary—only the weakness of the flesh under the ceaseless rack of the Hindu social system. She soon regains her equanimity, and in the last lines though still harping on her state of imprisonment and darkness, she becomes almost cheerful with a melancholy cheerfulness in her expression of dutifulness to God :—

Oh for sweet Liberty—a free, free home
Whence I may glide at will and freely roam !

Imprisoned like some caged bird, I stay
 In this recess, and sigh the hours away.
 Condemned to thralldom, oh how sad my lot !
 This globe, this life itself avail me not !
 Ah me ! were freedom mine and fetters off,
 I would the nectar'd draughts of knowledge quaff ;
 And still as nature's beauties charmed my eyes,
 I'd sing thy praise, my Maker kind and wise !

The other poetess is no religious curiosity like her sister—she is not only a Hindu in faith as by birth, but an out and out Hindu. Indeed, in one respect she is no less a religious curiosity. She too, is a very young lady—quite a girl—the daughter of wealthy parents and the wife of a wealthy husband, living in the heart of the town, amid the gaities of a metropolis, such as they are open to Hindu ladies in their *Zenana*. But it is extraordinary how under such circumstances she should be so deeply imbued with a religious tone. There is not in her the slightest tinge of levity or worldliness—no disposition to the pleasures of life. In one, and that a very high, sense it may be said that with her “Life is real, life is earnest,”—in the sense, that is, of life being a preparation for Eternity. With her all is earnest, all grave, all darkly, painfully meaningful. And yet withal there is an unmistakable cheerfulness in the unvarying spirit of religion and piety of her muse—the confident trust of one who has faith and does her best to work up to her faith against the allurements and distractions of living in the world. The lovers of English poetry will be easily reminded of Hanna More. But our poetess is a Hindu of Bengal and a Śākta—her guardian divinity being evidently Kālī, and in Bengali literature her nearest analogue is Rāmprasād. She worships the grim goddess with the same fervid adoration, and at times indulges in the same familiarity of tone with her as the author of the famous *pad*s. Considering that female education in India had of late years been taken up by Europeans and English-speaking natives and is still maintained by them, a book of Hindu religious poetry

is a surprise. To ourselves it is not a mortification, as it may be to others who desire, honestly desire, to hasten the good day coming within their own generation. For we regard it as an evidence that female education is gradually taking root in the country—that orthodox Hinduism is being heartily reconciled to it as at least a social necessity.

Our general reflections have left us little room for particular notice of the little books. We wish we could lay before our readers translations of some characteristic parts of *Shia Maner prati Upadesha*, but they are untranslatable, and we refer our Bengali readers to the song at p. 6. as a representative piece of the poetry, tone and sentiment of the fair singer. *Kavitāhara*, as being altogether modern and secular in subject and treatment, is infinitely more pleasant reading. The writer excels in description and the expression of tender, womanly sentiment natural to her. Besides the pieces already alluded to, there is a short piece on Autumn and a pretty long one on the Morning or rather Day, from the latter of which we translate a few stanzas :—

In anger fierce, the God of day
With flame envelopes earth and sky ;
The air grows hot beneath his ray,
As he rides in his zenith high. *

Now Sol, in glowing vesture drest,
Seceth his vapour-tribute paid ;
Men, beasts, birds are with heat oppressd,
And panting travellers seek the shade.

The lark doth now on clouds in air,
In carols loud for rain-drops call ;
All living things to streams repair :—
For the fiery blast oppresses all.

E'on the zenana's beauteous throng,
With nimble steps, by glare oppressd,
Fly where the streamlet glides along,
And deck like lotus-blooms its breast.

The *Hindoo Patriot* published sometime ago translations from the same poem as well as one from another, both finely rendered into verse by Babu O. C. Dutt.

One of the excellences of this little collection that makes it a gem is its equality in respect of quality. All the pieces, and they are only five, are of more or less merit. But of all these five none is so powerful, so deeply moving as the Lament for a Friend's Widowhood. It is—a direct spring of emotion from the living heart—tears in words. It is a true picture of death in a household rather than of Hindu widowhood, in particular, but the knowledge of Hindu widowhood doubtless furnishes much of the inspiration. An ever-torturing perpetual widowhood is one of the darkest spots in our social system. Power is not the characteristic of her muse, but rather a quiet tenderness, but the first sight of the woeful change wrought in an entire family by a single death like the hurricane uprooting a fine orchard in an hour—a loving sister blooming in youth and beauty, surrounded by all the comforts that wealth can command and blest with the highest treasure for such a one, a youthful husband's initiatory love, struck down in a moment and rendered for ever miserable, worse than a beggar's wife need be—evidently impressed her profoundly, and if anything were wanting, the dread, maybe, of the same fate (God forbid !) for herself, completed the effect on her—quickened her fancy and intensified her passion.

EDITOR.

THE BRIDE OF SAMBHUDOS.*

A LATE OF PINGAL.

CANTO FIRST.

I

Know ye the land where the road-cess and turnscrew
Are emblems of vigor that reigns through the year,
Where the use of the ruler, the turn of the thumbscrew,
Melt alike into sorrow, alike into tear?
Know ye the land of the theorist and sage,
Where are forced in a day, the reforms of an age:
Where the storm-blast of Blowhard, careering in might,
Doth fill every home-stead in Pingal with fright;
Where the vulture and raven are best known of bird,
And the voice of the people but seldom is heard;
Where the deeds of the chief, and the acts of his fry,
In vigor though varied, in color may vie,
And the crimes of Police are oft deepest in dye;
Where the scribblers are hard as the noddles they bear,
And all, save Jim W-ls-n, the Newsman, unfair?
'Tis the clime of the East! 'tis the land of the Sun!
But now shrouded in gloom by what Blowhard has done.
Oh! mournful as the accents of orphans' sad wail
Are the hearts of her sons, and the tales which they tell.

II

Begirt with many a willing scribe,
Accoutred as becomes the tribe,
Awaiting each his chief's command
To blow his trump, or blast the land,

* The Editor's notice is respectfully drawn to this irreverent heading chosen by his contributor.—P. D.

Yes, we see it. The mischievous wag! But Babu Ram has mistaken his man. A Kulin Brahmin is not afraid of any number of brides. We would not mind obliging our friend by accepting the proffered one, and only hope she is no unworthy sister of the lady of Abydos.—*Editor.*

Old Blowhard sate in his Divan:

Deep thought was in his fiery eye,
As silent he essayed to scan

The papers that around did lie,
The restless soul, unwont to hide
The workings of internal pride,—
Now mirrored on his shaded brow,
Spake more than words could e'er avow.

III

"Let the chamber be cleared!"—The scribes disappeared.

"Now call me the chief of my vet'ran guard."

With Blowhard is none but his only gun,
And the Genius of Utkal* awaiting his word.

"Burnhard—where all, you see, obey

In this fair land my iron sway,

Woe to the wretch who faults could spy

In plans so grateful to my eye!

Recall then G-dd-s† from his place;

Too well he merits such disgrace;

Yet not reveal my latent thought;

By spurns and snubs be duty taught!"

* The native name of Orissa.

† We deeply and most sincerely sympathise with this Officer. Regardless of creed, color, and caste, and acknowledging only the sovereignty of truth and the brotherhood of man, he has battled manfully in support of the claims of the one, and in defence of the rights of the other. But 'tis a villanous world after all, and he has met with very scurvy, nay cruel treatment at the hands of the wise men of Gotham. We believe he is the victim of a Circular, which may be truly characterised as Walton's angler, having made him feel the line and the rod in right piscatorial style. *No body knew of its existence, every body wanted to throw the responsibility of its issue on somebody else!* But what boots its subsequent discovery? The fiat is gone forth—Send my letter to India but dont send his!

We hope however, that the Government of India will not decide the matter on an *ex parte* statement, but will call for Mr. G—dd—s' letter and all other papers connected with the points at issue. If this is done, we are sure his present degradation will be his eventual triumph, and Orissa will once more get back her favorite Officer and sympathising friend.

"Huzzoor, jo hookum!" said Burnhard,
In answer to his lord's award—
Then sped to execute the word.

Here Utkal's Genius silence brake,
Salamming first in moslem style;
Her look was flushed—she sadly spake,
Her hands still folded all the while:
For child of Pingal ne'er must dare
Address the liege with bolder air!

"Huzzoor! do not unjustly chide
Or punish *him*, my friend and guide;
Know—G-dd-s, stirred by sense of right,
Lifted his voice 'gainst erring might—
So harassing your measures proved,

That—let the cold and heartless rest—
He could not; and to view unmoved

His fellow creatures sore oppressed,
With none to hear the tales of woe
They tell with bated breath and low,
Were impious— for whate'er his sin,
He loves all men as brethren— kin;
Yes, Sire! where'er he chanced to rove,

He witnessed sights he could not gaze on:

His heart — and hearts are passions' cauldron-
O'erflowed in glowing streams of love,
He raised his voice in thrilling tone.
Lo! earth and heaven are all his own!"

RAM SHARMA.

(*To be continued.*)

CENTRAL ASIAN COMMERCE—A GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERY.

‘CORPORATIONS have no conscience ! a Railway director is a permanent possibility of sensation *and* impossibility of *feeling* !’ A churlish opinion ! The illiberality, irrationality and false induction of an age of Sensationists, Rationalists, Experiencists *et hoc genus omne* ! And Oh how different from the open-handed charity of language—the open-minded deduction—of a generous Philosophy ! All the difference, indeed, between Philosophy and Philosophism ! That Corporations have no conscience is a piece of perversity of the same magnitude as the vanity that dooms all beasts to perish. Why, the Vedas and the Vedanta teach that even a clod has a soul ! All nature, animate and inanimate, from the highest angel to the atom of a dunghill, is pervaded by some thing infinitely superior to a human soul, such as the proud cynics in question conceive it,—by the Divine Spirit !

It is not necessary to go up so high as to the inspired Prophets of the Upanishads and the Uttara Mimansa for justice and charity to corporations and bodies and segregations of animals under different circumstances and with different purposes. The creed of an inferior set of Rishis nearer home or rather our own times—who, whatever their other claims, certainly beat the Indian Vedic Sages hollow in beef-eating and dram-drinking—involves all reasonable concession to corporations, &c. Improving upon the simpler and more intelligible because straightforward and not-expressed-with-pretentious-verbosity-or-cunning-mysticism doctrine of Predestination, European transcendentalists assure us that no man is born without what they call a “mission.” The mission may not be a dignified or conspicuous one,—a man may tax his powers for half a century without discovering his best friends’, or for that matter his own, mission ; or at the end of that time he may, perhaps, awake to the consciousness that he had all along been fulfilling it, and it was

nothing more or less than to eat his friend's *palao* or, turtle soup—but it will be there for all that. Nay, these very liberal philosophers not only allow a mission to each individual but also to types and abstract genera. They talk knowingly of the Vocation of the Scholar—write learnedly of the mission of the Hero or the Warrior. Of course it is saying little to say that they accord respective functions to aggregations of individuals—to families, villages, towns, nations. Nay, not only to collections of men but—with a reckless magnanimity which their Vedic predecessors might envy—but even to, one might say, Nothing (with a great N to make ourselves intelligible) or Next-to-Nothing—to Ideas, for such are Time, Space, Eternity. Grown more and more liberal from practice, they confer missions on divisions of time—decades, centuries, &c. With them the Tendencies of the Times is not a vague generalization—the Spirit of the Age is not a figure of rhetoric.

Speculating as a humble disciple of the Fichtean and Hegelian school on the characteristics of our times, it occurs to us that this is the Age of Geographical Discovery—not only quite *par excellence* but also *in-excellent*. Mark the activity of our race in all parts of the world! Burke and Eyre and who others besides have crossed—literally crossed—Australia. Haquim Burton has penetrated to the sacred preserves of Islam, Mecca and Medina, and Haquim Palgrave into the desert-bound heart of Arabia and peopled with flourishing kingdoms and smiling cities the “Unexplored Sandy Deserts” of our maps. Haji Vambéry has returned with tidings of a region which proved the cruel death of so many bold spirits and ardent enquirers from Conolly to Schlagintweit. In the Lands of the Bible the pious zeal of not a few persons, rich and poor, Christian archaeologists and philologists, amateurs and experts, is making not *geographical* and *topographical* discoveries only—nor *discoveries* only, for Mr. Wright, the late Mr. Emanuel Deutsch and others have given an *additional* character to the antiquities sold by the antiquities-dealers of the Levant, and it is feared that some of the

inscriptions corroborative of Scripture history which have been brought to light by pious men chafing under the new difficulties which the Rationalists have presented to Christianity—men who are impatient of the delay which God permits in the final universal triumph of the Faith—are, too, rather more than mere discoveries. That interesting table land which has exercised a fascination over cultivated human beings all these thousands of years from the time of Herodotus—the kingdom assigned to the mysterious Prester John—whose curiosities were so extravagant as to destroy the credit of so many adventurous spirits, from Bruce to Parkyns, who related them—has been as thoroughly explored and written upon *ad nauseam* as Switzerland. And that great unknown from of old, the source of the Nile,—that blank despair of the stoutest hearted of travellers, Central Africa,—alas, for poor Mungo Park and his Samaritan negress! they have become jokes—alas, poor Father Nile! his upper waters are the resort of the Girl of the Period as a change from the *ennui* of the watering-places of Europe!

The Age of Geographical Discovery, *par excellence* *et inexcellente*, did we not say? We do not speak without the book. Every year we hear Alexandrine laments from would-be-if-there-remained-fields-for-distinction heroes that there were no more worlds for geographical discoverers to conquer, but somehow fresh worlds crop up to stimulate the curiosity of the enterprising and reward the ambition of the persevering. With every fresh discovery we are assured that the ends of the earth have been reached at last,—and immediately an ingenious explorer in the far rear of the enthusiasts pressing on the open Polar Seas reminds us of how much work remains to be performed nearer home—and anon a patient unpretending microscopic observer brings to light a curious tribe—and again the evidence of an unsuspected superstition in the midst of civilization, like witchcraft in England, or a horrible creed, like Vallava'cha'ryanism or Khojiasm in India, forces on our attention the policy, no less than the duty, of beginning thorough

exploration, like charity, at home. *Inexcellent!* And why not? considering the utter unreliability of geographers and geographical critics. And why should not a branch of enquiry be so unreliable which is called a science by the kindest of courtesies? It is well-known that geographers, accepted geographers, include all kinds of descript experts and nondescript ignoramuses, from the Burtons and Vamberys down to—let the kind reader save me the necessity of creating a locust-swarm of enemies by supplying the names himself as he can easily do! One might suppose that if unanimity and certitude were likely to prevail in any matter, it was descriptive geography. How stands the fact? Many eminent geographers swore by DuChaillu and the lost kinsmen of Messrs. Darwin, Wallace, Huxley and Lyell whom he discovered prosecuting in rather more unmistakable earnest than their brethren, their researches in science, particularly in Comparative Anatomy and Physiology, with a pure love of truth, regardless of consequences, varied only by gymnastic exercises, in the congenial retreat of Equatorial Africa under the name of Gorillas—who had nearly enquired deeply into the entrails of the Frenchman who had trespassed into their Pale of Science Active:—while other geographers as eminent, whatever doubts may reasonably be entertained as to their claims to being gentlemen, spat on the rash foreigner who presumed to discover anything so novel which escaped them in their travels or was not dreamt of in their philosophy. Indeed, in spite of the apparent giant progress of geographical discovery in our times—in spite of the signs of activity on all sides in exploring new regions—it would seem that a geographical curiosity is really so very novel and rare that it always experiences the greatest difficulty in making itself believed. The novelty may be very far from Maunchausenian—it may be commonplace enough—without improving in the least its chances of acceptance—even *pro tem* acceptance—pending enquiry or corroborative proof.

All that *they* know is—nothing can be known!

For instance, was there anything in the least extraordinary, not to say marvellous, in a Lieutenant of the *Cæsar of the Empire Journal of the Empire City's* reaching—at the cost of a little fortune supplied by an employer rich as a *Cresus*, liberal as an American millionaire who has made himself by speculation more akin to gambling than to sober mercantile operations, 'cute as a Yankee and blessed with an eye for effect and with a profound faith in the passion for "sensation" latent, in all human breasts worthy of a fellow-countryman of Barnum,—was there, we ask, anything very remarkable in any man of ordinary pluck and tact and endurance, with such external resources at his command, reaching Dr. Livingstone's hiding place in Central Africa any more than in that traveller penetrating to that region himself, that the announcement of Mr. Stanley's success, so far from calling forth an unanimous expression of congratulation and thankfulness from a world which gave itself the greatest concern about the fate of the great medical missionary traveller, much greater than the Doctor gave himself, should evoke from so many quarters scepticism—a scepticism so stubborn as to be unconvinced by repeated explanations and signs? Geographical Discovery is not by its nature capable of being verified by students sitting in ease at their fireside, or generally by any one however bold within a short time, else it would not be worth a moment's consideration; for the merit of a discoverer is in proportion to the difficulty of his task. Meanwhile, how in the beginning to receive the claim of a new explorer? The orthodox practice among the most potent, grave and reverend geographical seigneurs—men who have had the greatest difficulty in pushing themselves up—is to laugh it out of court. From their attitude one would fancy that geographical literature is the special field for mendacious knaves, or petty-minded, spiteful, short-tempered *savans*, or effeminate poltroons and good-for-nothing noodles. We alternately meet with a disposition to make too much of the most common exhibition of courage and common sense and a disposition to throw the iced water of doubt and disbelief on the most plausible,

the most *prima facie* authentic narratives. Too clever by half, and *not* too scrupulous, geographical critics seem to be in nervous dread of being taken for *gobemouches*—constantly on the *qui vive* for such exposures as that which after a brilliant career of lionizing overtook the so-called George Psalmanazer. George Psalmanazer is, indeed, a warning, and there have been so many such. Still the number of serious literary imposters, geographical or otherwise has always been as nothing to that of flippant, irresponsible critics. One by one the honor of almost all travellers, so peculiarly exposed to the hasty persecution of the world, has been vindicated. In our own century Mansfield Parkyns has kept Waterton in countenance with posterity, whom his own generation regarded as an absurd sporting Gasconade, and Parkyns and Bruce have, by the evidence of their successors in the same field, been saved as it were from a prosecution for perjury. There was somewhat of an excuse for the generation which broke Bruce's heart—what excuse is there for the age which prides itself on having explored the whole world? Certainly, the nuisance of the day is not the conventional "traveller's tales" of travellers—but the recklessness of travellers' judges.

Mr. Stanley has vindicated the title of the Age. An age which has discovered its great Discoverer is surely entitled to the distinction of being one of discovery? An age which has fitted out so many expeditions after its lost explorers, whether to the centre of Africa or the skirts of the North Pole, nay, which has sent an entire army well equipped, to a kind of voyage of discovery through dark indistinct routes to the Happy Valley of Rasselas, to rescue a few travellers, from a fate which they themselves had tempted and perforce brought on themselves, against every warning, may well claim it for its zeal. If that zeal is not supported by adequate knowledge, it is neutralized by a degree of ignorance truly heroic—by an incapacity so enormous as to constitute in itself a distinction. An age which has over and over again discovered and missed the sources of the Nile, which has fettered to distraction the lion of

the hour whom it generously insisted on crediting with an achievement which he hardly presumed to lay claim to, till it deposed him in favor of the next favorite who was supposed to be the genuine achiever, and *him* in due time in favor of another, the Simon Pure of the day, and so on, till in course the most competent judges voted that the true sources of that stream which have defied the research of ancient and modern explorers were nearly as far from being reached as ever—may well be vain of itself as the Age of Geographical Discovery—on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle.

But why exhaust oneself and crush the helpless reader by heaping Pelion upon Ossa? One fact is worth a hundred arguments, says the Hindu jurist. Let me out with the fact of facts and silence all possible cavil !

The general diffusion of any one thing in any place or community—the turning up of said thing in all manner of odd and unsuspected quarters—is the best and almost the only popular test of its abundance and quality in that place or community—the guarantee of either's distinction by its possession. There was doubtless Arcadian felicity out of Arcadia, but nowhere was it so general as there. As we say among us, 'there are muskrats even in Heaven': only the nuisance there, we presume, is so infinitesimal as to be bearable—certainly it cannot be anything like that in a native dwelling; and after all, it is only in Heaven that they have *apsaras* and *houris*, in a word—happiness. Again, as we say, everybody in Nudda (Navadwipa—the Oxford of Bengal) is not a pandit (learned man): perhaps not, but it is quite probable that there are in that Hindu University town few utterly uninformed men. What constitutes Paris the Capital of Civilisation but the fact that her clowns and servants are equal to the gentlemen and ladies of other civilized countries? What is a better proof of Germany's claim to be the home of learning but that Prussian cabbies waiting for a fare occupy themselves with books and learned journals, and that South German milkmen and milkmaids are superior

in intelligence and accomplishments to the counts and countesses of other nations ?

So we rest the title of our times to being the Age of Geographical Discovery on the general—we might say universal—*passion* and, let us hope, *aptitude*, too, for such Discovery. How general, indeed, the passion—how universal ! It pervades all ranks. It allows no peace to any one from the highest savaṇ to the lowest ignoramus. Every body now-a-days is a Geographical Discoverer. Masons and menials explore continents. Ladies and ladies' maids circumnavigate the world. Nay, every body is a geographical hero. Tho old rebuke *ne sutor ultra crepidam* is abolished. For, wonderful to relate, we have springing up everywhere like tropical vegetation quiet stay-at-home geographers who never handled a six-inch globe. The force of imagination can never go beyond what it does in these men. It is insisted on by many that discoveries as a rule are made by the process of deduction instead of by that of induction ; that the imagination plays the chief part in it. We believe so : the boldness of so many unprofessional geographers and explorers and their success places the matter beyond doubt. Our able Cockneys are fast filling up the unsightly and discreditable blanks in our maps. Our politicians who cannot know a pair of compasses from a pincer are our great authorities in Descriptive Geography : Our drawing-room and senate-house *Cours de Lion*—our most enterprising and brilliant Discoverers : Our untravelled journalists and pamphleteers and orators and Secretaries—our infallible geographical oracles whose dicta rule our Politics and Foreign Policy.

Only the other day the worthy millers of Manchester and Birmingham went up to the Secretary of State in deputation to make the very modest request that the Government might at the expense of the people of India, create a new field for English manufactures by constructing a railway, and of course other feeders of less pretensions, through the country of the civilized Karens and other highly appreciative tribes living in peace and Arcadian felicity in the highlands of.

quasi-Celestial Burma to the settled land of the Panthays and the well-known sea-ports of the European-loving Tartars and Chinese of the well-known and hospitable region at the back of the genuine Celestial Empire. If the Government has not immediately agreed to comply with this reasonable suggestion, it is from financial and other motives ; the *feasability* of the project—indeed its *easy practicability*—we are sure is not questioned in this Age of Geographical Achievements and Perfect Knowledge.

By far the most remarkable geographical discovery made by our politicians is in the regions to the North of the Himalayas and the Hindu Kush. Those mountain chains have from time immemorial been the Northern boundaries of the most well-known, cultivated and civilized parts of Asia. Beyond is, if not quite *terra incognita*, certainly the great world of steppe and waste and desert and barrenness, of thinly dispersed Moslem and quasi-Moslem and Buddhist communities, often at war among themselves, always in danger from barbarous and nomadic Tartars and Tartarian tribes ; a land without much agriculture, without arts or commerce or law or government or humanity,—whose very darkness and mystery and perils and the all but total ignorance of the civilized world about it from time to time, once in an age, beckoned the bold and restless spirit to penetrate into it for love of adventure and glory—or the cool political for his country's good—or the cooler *savan* for the enlightenment of the human race, but who alas ! rarely returned to, tell his sad tale, how he 'inherited the lion's den' or rather met a horrible death in the worse den of human beasts of prey. Such at least was the state of our knowledge, or belief rather, for of absolute knowledge there was little to boast of. Now for the Discovery ! It is all over now. Trans-Himalaya-Caucasia is no longer either a mystery or an uninviting desert, thanks to the good offices and active imagination of our non-professional geographical authorities, our untravelled amateur discoverers. They have found it out all. They have thoroughly explored that vast region, being *perfectly*

at home with and on it. They have traversed it from end to end and visited every nook and corner—at their fireside. Epicurean heroes, better-part-of-valorous men, they have perfectly realized how

'T is pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
 To peep at such a world ; to see the stir
 Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd ;
 To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
 At a safe distance, where the dying sound
 Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.
 Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
 The globe and all its concerns, *they* seem advanced
 To some secure and more than mortal height
 That liberates and exempts *them* from them all
 It turns submitted to *their* view, turns round
 With all its generations ; *they* behold
 The tumult, and *are* still. The sound of war
 Has lost its terrors ere it reaches *them* ;
 Grieves, but alarms *them* not, &c.

Thus securely nestled with the advantage of all creature comforts, possibly primed with the contents of cups, that cheer, and, *too* inebriate, they sally boldly forth to explore the unexplored regions of the globe, and soon and easily enough they succeed. It is thus, we believe, that they have filled up, to their entire satisfaction if somewhat to the bewilderment of timid old-fashioned people like ourselves, fed upon the more prosaic kinds of knowledge, the rather extensive blanks in our maps to the north of the mountain-chains which divide Southern Asia from Central, which so long shamed us by their ugly stare.

Certain it is that our politicians have filled them, somehow. They have peopled what was uninhabited. They have laid out smiling gardens of plenty where there was a howling wilderness of waste. They have found a very promising, if not already a brilliant, civilization in what were understood to be the dark places of this

world. They have utterly shamed the numsculls or taletells, from Marco Polo to Vambéry, who at the risk of their lives penetrated to Tartary and brought such unfavorable accounts, or pretended to do so. They have summarily abolished Koli which erewhile frowned at us from behind the Great Wall of China to the east, and in its site planted populous and wealthy cities. They have found the entire table-land covered with tea plantations and silk filatures. They have lighted upon flourishing peaceful communities which escaped all previous observers. They have discovered an intelligent and vigorous agriculture among those Dutchmen of the East—the toil-loving, steady and inoffensive Usbeks and Kalmucks, and the humane, liberal, and humble, and keenly commercial and wealthy chiefs and Moulvies of Bokhara Sherif (the Noble)—a sleepless mining activity,—a fruitful field of utilisable raw produce in endless variety—a population baffling the enumerative powers of even a Census-man Graham, blessed, mayhap cursed, with an innate insatiable longing for English China, English gin, English wollens; Sheffield razors “made to sell,” (according to the honest confession of the journeyman pedlar in Peter Pindar’s popular piece,) and Brummagem beads, pearls, and jewellery. In a word they are the Messiah of threatened British Commerce—the long-prayed-for Columbus who has at length opened the needed New World which will consume (at remunerative terms) whatever can be turned out by British hand or brain or steam or sterling. The only circumstance that detracts from their full pleasure at their pleasant discovery is the fact that a great European Power, itself also a Great Asiatic Power, has already anticipated England in that field—a field which that Power would monopolize if England did not soon send up her pioneers to plant factories in the newly revealed cities and her merchandise and salesmen and brokers to undersell Moscow. But there is this consolation that if England has been denied the first profits of early intercourse she has been also saved the possibly greater cost of effecting an opening, maybe, after repeated

fruitless attempts. Now is cautious England's time. Russia having made a practicable breach in the wall of the Happy Valley, the Land of Plenty, and effected an entrance by storm—Hurrah for the plunder !

That, at least, is our reading of the firm persuasion that seems to have caught hold, and is exercising such a sway over so many of the best of our politicians, publicists and statesmen, that the Descent of the Great Bear of the North ought not to disturb the sleeping British Lion in the South, that Russian Progress is no danger to British India, that Russia is on a mission of pure philanthropy in Central Asia or at least one, only of Commerce, that we might, without harm, allow her the entire field for the development of her commercial resources, as England has got so many such for her own without having excited the flame of an unworthy jealousy in the honest Moscovite heart, that the utmost our self-interest and aggrandisement requires would be satisfied by commercial competition and sharing the rich and inexhaustible field opened by Russian enterprise and money, that at the worst British honor would be fully vindicated by British manufactures, from so much greater distance and after so very great a cost of transit, underselling Russian manufactures.

On our untravelled Hindoo ignorance the Trade of Central Asia as a subject of grave inquiry and earnest discussion—an object of commercial yearning and political ambition of the Great Powers of the earth, so valuable, of such paramount importance as to be attained at any cost of blood and treasure and credit, such for instance, as Russia has deliberately incurred for a long series of years, comes with the surprise of a revelation. And knowing the wonderful quickness and cleverness of our pamphleteers and statesmen we are quite disposed to bow in quiet to their grand discovery.

Nay, it is impossible not to admire their genius, nor be struck by the importance of its achievement. A rich, enlightened, peaceful, humane and commercial Central Asia is the *magnus opus* of an Age of Geographical Discovery. Nay, it is the culminating triumph of an

Age of Scientific Discovery in general. For, the great Geographical, is also a grand Zoological Discovery,—a veritable Mare's Nest !

They may who can believe in the assurances repeatedly given in the press and in parliament that the intentions of Russia in Asia are eminently pacific—simply commercial. If we cannot, we can at least envy their happy frame of mind. They indeed have made a triple discovery—a moral as well as a Geographical and Zoological one. They have found the true philosopher's stone, which enables them to transmute evil into good. Or they are practical philosophers who can be pleasant under difficulties—derive happiness from danger. There never was a greater, more genuine cause of alarm to the Empire than the steady advance of the great Northern Bear to our frontiers.

Would that the gods the gift give us

To see in the horde of conquering Cossacks merely a caravan of commercial travellers and pioneers ! The gentlemen in question are hugely favored by the pantheon. In their case the wish is not only father of the thought, but even of the optical perception. So neat and thorough the perception ! So energetic is the wish that it leads the reason blindfold and captive, and the perception follows as a matter of course. Nothing staggers. If the facts rebel, so much the worse for them !—They are dragooned into subjection, in the cause of order and harmony, or simply crushed.

EDITOR.

IN MEMORIAM.

MICHAEL M. S. DATTA.

Born 1827. Died 1873.

Mourn, poor Bengala, mourn, thy hapless state!
Thy swan, thy warbler's snatched by ruthless fate!
Oh, snatched in prime of life, thy darling child,—
Datta who sang in magic numbers wild
Great Meghnath—Indra's haughty conqu'ring foe,
Hurled by brave Lakshman to the shades below!
—Hushed is the tuneful voice that thrilled the soul,
Silent the lyre whose swelling notes did roll
In streams of music sweet that did impart
A life—a soul ev'n to the dullest heart!
Ah, poor unhappy land! how sad thy doom,
Thy noblest sons are lost in vigor's bloom!
Oh Death! how stern—implacable thou art
To single them out for thy cruel dart!
Ye children of Bengala, o'er his bier
Pour forth your sorrows,—shed the grateful tear
To wit and talents due, and genius rare,
Now lost beyond the reach of hope and care!
What though no pageant grand, no funeral show
Followed his hearse in sable garb of woe?
What though no column high, no living bust
Should mark the spot where lies his honored dust?
He needs not these, though prized by little men;—
His works his noblest monument remain!
Oh crown your poet's grave with flowery wreaths,
The flesh is dead, th' immortal spirit breathes!

A SCENE IN CLOUD-LAND.

Enter MAHARAJA BLOWHARD and VIZIER BURNHARD.

Genius of Pingal at a respectful distance chained to a rock by zealous Prefects with the assistance of a constabulary commanded by District Superintendents of Police.

BLOW.—[*Reading a paper—*

SEVERITY OF PROCEDURE WITHIN THE LAW.

The question of legality of jurisdiction is one depending on the High Court's own rules.

The question was before raised in an important political case (*Regina versus Ameer Khan*) in which the Lieutenant Governor thought that jurisdiction to remove a case from Patna was wrongly assumed by a single Judge on the Original Jurisdiction, and in which His Honor caused the Government Pleader to urge very strong objections before the Chief Justice and the Court on its Appellate Side.

There was hesitation on the question of one part of the Court interfering with another, and the point was not formally decided; but the practical result was that the application was not heard by the single Judge, but by a bench representing the different elements of the Court.

In Calcutta (differing from Madras and Bombay) the Original Jurisdiction is kept exclusively in the hands of English Barrister Judges, and in the Lieutenant Governor's opinion, it would be most unfair and undesirable and contrary to the spirit, if not to the letter, of the High Court rules, that parties dissatisfied with the proceedings of the Courts of the

interior, should at their pleasure bring those proceedings under the review not of the benches constituted to superintend the administration of justice in the moffussil, and composed of the different elements of the Court, but of an English Court under an English lawyer, in which English lawyers are only allowed to practise, and in which the atmosphere is altogether one of English law.

It is undesirable to call on the Judge (Major B-dd-m) to answer for exercising his discretion in a manner within the law.

In regard to details, the discretion of the Local Government should not be interfered with.

The Lieutenant Governor entirely agrees with Colonel D-lt-n and thinks that the explanation is satisfactory on all points except the refusal formally to stay execution, which, however, as the execution was not in fact carried out, was not very material.

The strong censure of the Judge (Mr. Justice Macpherson) of the High Court seems to have been brought about by the *exparte* misrepresentations of Mr. Hawes, the dismissed Government servant who got up the case.]

Them's my sentiments, crony!

BURN.—And they well become you? Thoughts that *blow*,—

BLOW.—And words that *burn*. Eh? Ha! ha! ha!

G. OF P.—And mine, alas!

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears!

BURN.—*Chup rio, you minx!* In our jolly Serpentcity where we graduated in the art of political dragooning, (—Blowhard and Burnhard having there first found opportunities of kingship and vizierat—) we did not care stripping Princessess and luckily got rid of the Amazon of J-nsi, and we are not going to stand the tongue of such vixens as you. [*To the Maharaja.*] But surely you are not going to stop with this *blow*?

BLOW.—No. I would burn that cantankerous Court in effigy. I *abho** it, though I should'nt say it, I who once decked its bench and floored old Munnoo like fun.

BURN.—Well do I remember the day, and better still the day you administered your Criminal law on the Original Side of the Court.

BLOW.—Ah! I did my best then to sink it.

BURN.—But why not complete the work?

Couch your lance and 'at them,' and strike fear into their hearts.

BLOW.—Do you know what I have been thinking of late?

BURN.—Why to get me a Companionship to be sure!

BLOW.—(Of course, but I have been also thinking of publishing a code to be called the *Institutes of Blowhard*. Is that not a rich idea?

BURN.—Yes, very—and then we will revel in Personal Government with our new friends blowing our blast to the amazement of Pingal. Yes, we may now hope to see the light of facts hidden in the shroud of *night*!

(To be Continued.)

ANACREONTIC.

COMPOSED ON THE OCCASION OF A BATHING FESTIVAL.

Cupid once a net did spread,—
 Spread a net of silken thread—
 Where, in curls of sparkling sheen,
 Rolled her stream sweet Hippocrene.
 Nude the nymphs were bathing there,
 In that stream so bright and clear;—
 Bathing limbs of perfect snow,—
 Each a star new-dropt below!
 Like some hind at bugle's sound,
 Startled all, they glaucæ around;
 And the net as Cupid drew,
 Broke in haste the old ones through;
 But the loveliest of the throng,
 All were caught the meshes 'mong.
 Laughed the Boy in wildest glee!
 Blushed the nymphs thus snared to be!

—Lo ! like groups of nymphs they seem,
 Bathing now in Gunga's stream;
 Lotus-flowers they seem in bloom,
 Waked by Sol at flight of gloom !
 Graceful forms with witching eyes,
 Raising flames and tender sighs ;
 Arched neck and glowing breasts,
 Where Dan Cupid nestling rests !
 Ah me ! could I cast my net
 In yon stream with beauties set,
 That might tempt,—and not in vain,
 Jove to 'sume the swan again ;
 Sure the draught as rich would prove,
 As of him the God of Love !

J. M. T.

WHAT HE SHOULD NOT BE.

TO MIRZA SAMBHA CHANDRA MOOKKHOO PADHYA,
 HEAD-EATER OF MOOKHOREJIS MAG'ZIN.

SUR,

I am a jenens. I dont c y I shoold hide mi lite ander a booshel. U sartenly dont, nor the *Chota* Huzoor ither, nor een the man in the moon ven he haz a chans. I am a pattriot to, and hens i adres meself 2 u rahther than 2 enne bawdy els. Uf koarse i hav mi pryce, and tern mi kote az offen az I chuze, tern-kotizm and pattriottizm beeing, az u no, konvurttibel tarms. Ees, i am proude 2 sa, that i am a pattriot of the Sun-flouer tipe, and navir fale 2 warsheep the ryezing sun. U hapun jus nou 2 b in peeple's mowths; I dont meen tha chu u az a sart of bramini bittle—but that tha twak of u and of ure mag, and hens i am injused to koart ure akquaintans.

But most head-eaters hav ther hobbis vich tha ride az hard and fast az if it wer a run for deer lyfe. U kant get aksess 2 a sartin Daly unles u abeuze the nateevs, and then u r a jentleman, a skollar, an embawdymment uf al the kardeenal vurchooze. That iz, the grateR raskell u r, the moar u r pated and fondeld.

bi the Daly in queschun. Then ther iz the leeding jurnell,-
weritable gulf-strim floing downvords in an ezy, and apvords in
a wawm—wawm kurrent. 2 b akseptibul 2 it, u mus flote
allong vith the strim—saile up an downe az it runns. Parsenal
Guvment iz the Patriot's hobbee. An offesheating sab deppu-
tee asestant Chokeedar in some remoate wilage helts himself to a
palmkin or plantin from a vedo's orchurd, and down kums St.
Pall on the luklace ukkupant of Bellweeder. And Blowhard,
sur, iz ure hobbee. I am shure u think of him in eeting and
drinking, in *poojaing* and *mojjaing*, in tawking and smoking,
in laffing and chaffing, u and *he* and the *uther*. Vell, heres then,
to the Mwaraja's helth in a beeg lotah of Addam's ail. Oh!
dilishus! dilishus! dilishus! i wandur hou St. Pall wood like
the drafft!

I hav alreddy sed, i am a jencus. And so I am, 'pun mi
onner, and thats the best testeemoneecal u kan hav. Thares no
no-ing wat i mite not b. I mite b a sabhaung, if only i had a
pare of les shawp eers; i mite b a Rajja, unly no ritch unkel,
dys and leeves a thandurring lausoot for mee; i mite b a
litterharee head-cater, only mi ourlee allowans of poppy and
mandagoora haz not runn ap yate to 500 granes; i mite b an
hawther, horater, poate, istooian, hantikwaree, but that the muzes
haveeng givin thair al 2 Bunkum, hav nuthing lepht for mee.
The phulish minck-cess! They vanted to giv mee only the vary-
est Rozzinanty of a halt, spavind, brokenvinded Piggassis. Avont!
hye to ure Bharooa, fiddling Apolo!

But hold! Thares 1 thing i mite not, wood not, kood not,
shood not b. Kood u gess it? A mawk fillanthrupist, purhaps
u vil sa. Ah no! A Darwinian man? Cylens, u scempletun!
Vy, i kood navur b a juj and Jagganath, Guvner and Urcho-
beeshup al roled into 1.

Befor i konklood, let me ask u a queschun. Hoo iz Mookkhoo
Padhya and Hoo iz Mookhorjee, vich iz the justis and vich the
thif?

Transleeturashin indid! Emetet mi othographee, and dont
b nonsensikal.

Ures az i chuz 2 b,
SHAUKARE JAULPWAN.



MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1873.

THE LAST DAY.

I DREAMT a dream of wond'rous phantasy,
Such as asleep or waking ne'er before
So stirred my heart's pulsations, or transfixed
My mind spell-bound to what I saw and heard.
Oh ! that I had the mighty gift of song 5
Like him, the bard divine, on whom the Nine
Their choicest blessings showered—sweet Vyása,—
Who waked of yore the many-sounding harp,
In bursts of grandest and sublimest strains :
Then might I hope to sing in numbers fit 10
The lofty theme my humble Muse inspires !

Methought the last—the awful day came on,
Big with the fate of man and countless worlds ;—
The day on which the self-styled lord of earth,
But a mere worm in being's endless scale— 15
So oft oblivious of his trial-hour—
Was to see him doomed to perdition vile,
Or raised in glory to th' Elysian fields,
There, with the seraph-choir, to hymn in joy
Ecstatic praises of the King of heaven. 20

I stood on th' edge of dread Eternity,
All motionless and in amazement lost,
And power of utterance locked as in a trance,
Where the mind wakes and but the body sleeps.
The panorama vast of varied worlds 25
Lay like an ample page before mine eyes,
All deeply stirred, as if they knew and felt
It was Creation's dissolution day.
Terror like some huge bird with sable wings
Outspread, now brooded o'er the face of things ; 30
A lurid hue,—nor light nor darkness—veiled
The scene, as 'twere the shroud of threat'ning doom ;
The sun himself, the moon, and pendant orbs—
Those sparkling gems which deck high heaven's brow,
Appeared all shorn of their effulgence bright ; 35
And the air did sing a dismal dirge of woe,
Nor od'rous smells nor sounds melodious bore :
For flowers exhaled no fragrance to the breeze,
And sylvan warblers poured no music sweet.

Was Chaos come again ? Not yet ! And yet 40
The elements,—earth, water, fire, air, sky,
Looked as they were about to be resolved
Into confusion primal—mingled all
In formless, undistinguished mass, as when,
Ere Order fair out of Disorder sprung, 45
The God-head floated o'er the waters vast
In his small fragile bark of banyan leaf.
When hark ! the trumpet's dread and furious blast,
Piercing all space with deaf'ning clangour shrill,
Demands in voice of thunder loud—" Give up 50

The dead ! Ye graves ! Ye elements ! that hold
Matter which once was life—give up the dead !"
Again—again is heard that mighty blast,
Till earth and sky a deepening echo fills.
—And lo ! a form in mid-air now appears, 55
Bright with the radiance of ten thousand suns
Shedding confluent streams of dazzling light.
'Tis the eternal Judge ! And all to Him—
All sentient things and rational, to Him,
Must render compt of life's short stewardship. 60

High near the throne of awful Justice sate
The stern Recording Angel—Book in hand,
And flaming sword, while hosts of cherubs bright
In arms celestial stood to execute
Decrees judicial of heaven's Sovereign Lord. 65
Nature beheld the Tribunal Divine
Aghast, her heart all quiv'ring with affright ;
The earth and sky to their foundations shook ;
Old Ocean sank into his inmost caves ;
And Time stood still—no sands his hour-glass poured. 70
Louder and louder still the trumpet sounds :—
" Give up the dead ! Ye graves, give up the dead !"
Obedient to the call, the sepulchres
Disgorge their cold contents, but oh how changed !
Though now revived, still—still how changed 75
From what in flesh they were, when they did walk
The earth, and dwell in tenements of clay !
The prison-house and discipline of Death
Are truly, sternly chast'ning ! Fancy drops
Her colored glass, and man beholds himself. 80

In all his naked imbecility.

Innumerable as the ocean sands,
 Spirits of men resuscitated now,
 But mute with fear, appeared in sight.
 They come, they come, like armies vast of ants, 85
 Or like unceasing billows of the sea,
 Wave after wave in endless following !
 Patricians and plebeians, rich and poor,
 Princes and peasants, rulers and the ruled,
 Tyrants and slaves, philosophers and fools, 90
 Commingled all in one promiscuous throng,
 Flock to the awful verge of space abysmal.
 O Death ! thou art indeed a leveller !
 Thou strippest monarchs of their jewelled crowns,
 Their purple robes, and golden rods of sway ; 95
 Robbest the bloom from Beauty's blushing cheeks,
 And the soft lustre from her witching eyes ;
 'Tis thou reducest mighty, splendid earth,
 Alike with what is deemed ignoble clay,
 Into vile, paltry food for crawling worms ! 100
 Alas ! that thy stern lessons should be lost
 On man, though taught with an iron tongue !
 —Yonder they come, the spirits of the dead,
 Nor rank nor precedence at all observing.—
 O Pride ! where now thy scorn, thy haughty mien ? 105
 Thou who in life didst spurn the lowly ones
 Of earth—the sons of Toil and Poverty ?
 O Wealth ! could not thy hoards save thee from fate—
 Thy ill-gott'n hoards all stained with human gore,—
 The wages vile of sin and bloody crime, 110

For which thou soldst thy soul to him the Prince
Of darkness—lost, beyond redemption lost ?
O Tyranny ! where now thy rod of sway,—
That iron heel which, drunk with pow'r, upon
The necks of thy weak brethren thou didst set ? 115
Vile caitiff, tremble for thy cursed soul !

The charnels now have cast up all the dead,
And re-awakened clay awaits its doom.
Say, heavenly Muse ! of that vast throng who stood ?
Who fell ? who stood firm as a rock, or who 120
Fell like some ancient column, hoar with age,
From its own rottenness ? Alas ! how few
Were there who boldly could their Maker face ;
To whom His will a guiding star had been !

In accents soft that breathed sweet music's soul, 125
First the Recording Angel bade the good
And true,—the lights of sanctity on earth—
Advance from 'mong the host now waked from sleep
Of death. Forth issued they, a glorious band,
In holiness and light devotional 130
Enrobed ; they moved like Hesper beaming mild ;
Their eyes were upward turned ; their looks threw back,
As in a mirror clear, a tranquil soul.
Oh ! tranquil as the ocean's breast when not
A breeze the waters stirs, a gentle swell 135
Alone expressing Gratitude's sweet throb.
Theirs were the kindly charities of life,
Benevolence and Mercy, Sympathy
And Love, that with a universal heart,

The wide—wide world in loving folds embrace, 140
Unmindful of the Geography that sets
'Twixt man and man unhloy barriers wide ;—
Not that false, hollow, cruel Love which mocks
With idle words, while deeds the iron soul
Betray, but Love true—true as his who bled 145
Upon the crucifix for fallen man !
Theirs was Humility, not such as veils
The outward form in mask of lowliness,
While rages fierce the flame of pride within,
But such as inly felt, external flows 150
In rippling streams of sweet humanity.
Justice was theirs, that in ev'n balance held
Self and the world, and gave to all their due,
And no distinction made 'tween man and man.
Religion was theirs, not mere lip-professed, 155
But heart-cherished, and proved by righteous lives
And works, where Love of God and Love of man—
The dual Love without which either's vain—
Commingle shone in happy union blest.
And oh ! when earthly pow'r was theirs, 'twas not 160
The meteor's blaze at night all ominous
Of coming evil, or the lightning flash
Whose dazzling glare preludes the fearful bolt ;—
No, 'twas the solar ray which blessed the world
With light and life and hope derived from Heav'n. 165

The saintly host in kneeling posture lay,
With clasped hands, and in devotion rapt.
A halo now each holy brow invests,
Brighter than brightest tiara of kings,

As He, th' Eternal Perfect Judge decrees 170
Translation of the blest to bow'rs of bliss !
Rejoice, Salvation's heirs ! your trial's o'er ;
Receive the well-earned guerdon of your faith !

One by one forth they stepped with noiseless feet,
That scarcely seemed to touch the solid earth,— 175
Forth they stepped, to receive from lips Divine
The golden sentence which promoted them
To thronéd seats among the pow'rs of heaven.
—See ! yonder now appears a form—a face
Familiar once, which I discern as that 180
Of him who rose, amidst surrounding gloom,
The star of hope to a despairing land ;
The Patriot bold who dared, in troublous times,
When his loved country faint and bleeding lay—
Alas, poor country, faint and bleeding still !— 185
To lift for her a fearless champion's voice
In brave, brave words which told where'er they fell !
Though fortune smiled not on his humble birth,
His lines though cast in rough and rugged ways,
He nobly fought his way like yeoman bold 190
To a high place in his fond country's heart ;—
Unchecked by penury, or frowns of power,
Or taunts of titled fools,—those finikin
Fops that like summer insects buzz and buzz
Their vain importance in time's golden hour, 195
But vanish fast before the darkening sky.
Alas ! the times do sadly need his aid.
Power leagued with an unholy press attempts
To crush improvement in the bud, and germs

(Of progress sown by kindly, fostering hands. 200
Oh ! for his polished wit and burning words
To grave the truth on hearts of erring men,
Who, fired by vanity, would build their name
On ruins of a people's happiness !
—Next see he comes, with smiling looks benign, 205
The grand old man,—the glory of his kind,
Who wived philanthropy, fair maid divine,
And heart and soul and wealth devoted all
To his poor brethren in an alien land.
He re-illumed the lamp of knowledge bright, 210
Where long her light had been but nearly quenched,
And gave a nation renovated life,
And won the crown to highest virtue due.
Methinks I see a troop of merry boys
Gathered round him, the centre of their sports ;— 215
And while the fun goes round, loud ringing peals
Of jovial laughter mark each sprightly prank
That youthful fancy, when on mischief bent,
Contrives, to speed the hours of life's sweet spring.
And he the while views them with glistening eyes, 220
Or joins in all their sports, or frisks and gambols
In very luxury of pure delight ;
Or now and then, as they fall out, decides
Their little quarrels, and harmony restores.
Blest spirit ! hallowed be thy name, and cherished 225
In kind remembrance to the verge of time !
—And next appears one, who, amidst a world
Of hireling scribes, his tongue and pen and heart
And brain employed—inspired by love
Of truth and love of kind—in sacred cause 230

Of justice for a people smitten sore.
Mindless of obloquy, and of the gibes
Of shameless witlings, whose hazzas incite
The hearts of tyrants to deeds black as hell,
He ranged onrside of truth—a dauntless knight, 235
And hurled his lance at despots and their tools :—
His work, not showy though, accepted still
Of Heav'n, because of the earnest heart and soul
It breathed in grateful odours to the skies !
—See ! See ! a saintly form now greets the sight ; 240
See him advance with gentle steps and soft,
All glorious with heav'n's holy, blessed light,
And breathing peace and good will unto men.
Though placed on fortune's summit high, nor pride
Nor ostentation his demeanour marked, 245
Nor lust of power stained his spotless soul ;
But still he lived a pure, unsullied life,
As pure as his, "creation's earliest heir, .
What time the father of mankind in Eden
Dwelt happy in his wedded love, and love 250
Of Heaven, ere the Fiend in serpent's guise
Lured him on with temptation's pleasing bait.
With well-poised mind and passions held in check,
He nobly worked at Learning's precious mine,
And to the world he gave the key that opes 255
The treasures locked in Sanscrit speech divine.
Oh ! where—where shall ye find his peer below ?
Death ! render back the glorious dead, to grace
Once more the world with his example bright !
—And now I see a noble figure, cast 260
In highest beauty's mould, whose lofty brow

Bespeaks possession of a lofty soul.
 He looks the image of sweet Clemency,
 And as he moves, lo ! Peace attends his steps !
 'Twas he did stem the tide of vengeance dire, 260
 When men hurled Reason from her tott'ring throne,
 And thirsted tiger-like for human gore ;
 He curbed their passions wild, and firmly checked
 The blood-hounds of crime in their mad career ;
 And saved a classic land from countless woes, 270
 And fair humanity from lasting shame.
 'Twas he upheld the majesty of law
 In dark, dark days, when Virtue quaked with fear,
 And Innocence would, but for him, have bled
 On the altar of unholy Retribution :— 275
 He brought down Mercy from her heav'nly bower,
 And Justice's sword attempered with her dew !
 Bright Spirit ! would that thy example were
 More followed 'mongst the rulers of the earth !
 For when high trust and pow'r were thine, the good 280
 Of nations formed thy only aim and care—
 The beac'n that warned thee off the rocks and shoals
 Of that unhallowed policy, which turns
 A cold deaf ear to poor millions' voice !

Them the Almighty pleased beheld, while thus 285
 A voice from Throne of Splendour them addressed :—
 " Servants of God ! Your duty done and trust
 Right nobly filled, ascend to heaven, and be
 For ever ranked amongst Celestial Powers !"
 On angels' radiant wings I saw them borne 290
 Aloft, amidst the songs of morning stars

And jubilee divine, to realms of light !

The Angel next his Calendar produced
Of rank offences 'gainst the King of Kings.
Endless the scroll, and black with tainted names, 295
From the first murd'rer to the last, who drove
The shining steel into his brother's heart.
The catalogue of dark iniquity
Enrolled the varied grades of guilt, arraigned
At length before the Tribunal Supreme. 300
From false Ambition's slave to Frailty's child,
From the big spoiler to the petty thief,
All—all the violaters of divine
And moral law in that black list were borne.
There stood they on Eternity's dread brink, 305
Bending beneath the load of conscious sin ;—
Despair in their pale looks, their limbs all shaking
With fright, like aspen leaves before the gale.
And now as Awful Justice cast his eyes
On the unholy record, presently 310
There shot forth dazzling flames of wrath divine ;
And aghast with fear, as lightning-struck,
The craven ranks of crime fell prostrate down,
And wept hot, scalding tears of deep remorse.
Unutterable anguish rent their souls, 315
And loud they yelled for mercy unto Heav'n.

For mercy ! vain unprofitable suit !
Ye tyrants, who, in your mad hour of might,
On earth a heavy hand relentless laid,
Trampling your fellowmen as soulless worms ; 320

Sue ye for mercy, that shewed it to none ?
Ye law-makers, who framed unequal laws
Or crude and irritating from mere love
Of change, or from ambition of a name,
Or at the beck of Pow'r, or Faction's call ; 325
And legislation made an engine dread
Of gross oppression and a fruitful source
Of misery to the voiceless, helpless poor.
Ye judges, who dealt one law to the weak,
Another to the strong ; and stained the ermine 330
Of Justice with corruption's darkest hue ;
Or turned her balance into ill-poised scales,
Where private feelings, and seductive tales
Of interest outweighed the righteous cause.
Ye proud, who walked the earth like little gods, 335
Great in your own conceit for wealth and rank
Inherited, or won by scurvy means ;
Who witnessed human woe with tearless eyes,
Nor fed your brethren when they starved, nor clothed
The naked shiv'ring in the wintry blast ; 340
And spurned, O shame ! all honest sons of Toil,—
Less fortunate indeed, but nobler far
Than ye, because more rich in all the heart's
Affections and the virtues dear to God.
Ye hypocrites clad in religion's garb,— 345
Who ministered in steepled church or mosque,
Tabernacle or temple fair—with God
In your lips, Satan in your souls—who, leagued
With tyrants, oft upheld the tyrants' cause,
Though hostile to the dearest rights of man ; 350
And who set man on man for sake

Of faith to do the devil's work on earth.
Ye hireling scribes, of spite and malice full
And all uncharitableness, whose pens,
Steeped in venality most loathsome—foul, 355
In sland'rous falsities against your neighbours
Dealt, or fomented tribal hatred curst,
Or discord dire, where harmony should rule ;
Who, to your base and hireling instincts true—
Oblivious of the brotherhood of man,— 360
In praise of despots loud hosannahs sung,
Nor raised a single cry for suff'ring men.—
Seize, Horror, seize on these, thy lawful prey
With iron grip and horrid, horrid looks,
Nor free thy hold till their vile souls are seized 365
By hell's more frightful brood of Horrors dread!

Amongst that miscreant crew, methought I saw
A ghastly figure old, whose night eternal
Had not too soon begun in sightless orbs,
Which well bespoke anticipated doom. 370
Why cower thee thus—thus with dastard fear ?
Why tremble those limbs reeking still with crime ?
Where that unblushing front and haughty mien,
Transgressor bold, feared of thy brethren poor ?
Why shrinks that soul black with iniquity, 375
And lust of gold which, like the drunkard's craving
Insatiate, only made thee long for more ?
What 'vail those hoards which formed thy cherished end,—
Those acres wide thou deem'dst thy highest heaven ?
Hark ! curses loud and deep resound in air ! 380
Hark ! widows' doleful wails and orphans' cries

For e'en their little all by force despoiled,—
Now rise before the Judgment seat in proof
Most damning 'gainst thy deeply guilty soul !

Next I saw, towering above the rest, 385
A lean, lank form supreme in guilt and woe.
Fast burning tears had cut long channels deep
In his pale shrunken face ; he smote his breast ;
He rent his hair ; and madly raved and howled.
As some small beauteous bird, whose nest has been 390
Of callow warblers by a serpent robbed,
Hovers in circling flight the reptile o'er,
Darting quickly down every now and then
With quiv'ring bill to strike the venomous foe ;
So hovered o'er his head, a female fair, 395
The Genius of the land he had misruled ;
So down she darted quick to strike the wretch,
With a wand made of countless scorpions' stings.

To them offended Justice thus addressed
In tones that pealed like thunder rolling loud ; 400
“ Ye recreant souls, who made a god of self,
And your unholy passions rule of life ;
Who were a scourge, a pestilence to men
Whose tears ne'er moved your stubborn, iron hearts
Into one act of mercy or of love ; 405
Go, restless souls, where rest ye ne'er can find,
In the dark pit's unfathomable deep !
Celestial guards ! them hurl precipitous
Down—down into the fiery gulf of hell,
'Mongst hideous sights and dismal sounds of woe, 410

Racked—tortured—deep—deep in perdition sunk,
There in despair to mourn your cursed fate !”

I woke, and lo ! the phantoms of the brain
All vanished fast like morning mists before
The new-ris'n sun ; but still the throbbing heart, 415
And aching brow, like ocean's swell, when storms
Are o'er, bespoke the agitation wild
Of feelings highly stirred by my strange dream.
Oh ! that the warning and the lesson stern
Which in imperfect strains, my lay conveys, 420
Were deeply graven on minds of men
Too apt alas ! to drown all serious thought
Of life and death and interests eternal
In dark forgetfulness' lethean stream !
Oh ! that hence Power may learn to exercise 425
Its sacred office for the weal of those
By Providence entrusted to its charge ;
And Wealth and Wit might know their duty lies
In the direction of sweet charity !
If but my humble lay one soul reclaimed 430
From error's ways, or fixed one wav'ring heart
To love of virtue, I might rest content,
Happy to think I have not sung in vain.

RAMSHARMA.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.*

THE avowed object of this work is nothing less than to shew the unsoundness of the whole of Mill's teaching on Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. An undertaking, about the success of which there may well be room for the widest variety of opinions, but which will certainly commend itself to the anxious and attentive consideration of all those who have imbibed the true spirit of Mill's own impassioned pleading in behalf of free and equal discussion. A great name—and John Stuart Mill is the greatest in recent British Philosophy—may be a presumption in favour of the doctrines with which it is associated; but the saying of Cicero should never be forgotten, that there is no error in philosophy in support of which some great name or other may not be cited. Indeed, assuming a doctrine to be true in all respects, the grounds of reason on which it rests are apt to be overlooked unless the pressure of controversy compels attention to them. This is especially true of doctrines like those of Liberty, Fraternity and Equality, with or against which the feelings are, commonly so powerfully enlisted. No rational advocate of the creed of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity will deny that, in the minds of the majority of its adherents, it exists rather as a mass of sentiment than as a body of reasoned truths. The enlightened friends of that creed have, therefore, as much reason as its worst enemies to be thankful to Mr. Stephen for his vigorous and unsparing onslaught upon it,—the more so, as, with an instinct for high combat, he has selected for his adversary its calmest and most philosophical exponent.

* Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. By James FitzJames Stephen, Q. C. Smith, Elder and Co., London, 1873.

I.—LIBERTY.

Mr. Stephen examines, in the first place and at great length, Mill's Essay on Liberty. He begins by giving an abridgment of the introductory chapter, which may be taken to be perfectly fair so far as it goes. But it does not go far enough if we consider the very first objection by which it is followed. This is Mr. Stephen's summary of the introductory chapter of the Essay :—

Civil or social liberty as distinguished from 'the so-called liberty of the will' is its subject. The expression, Mr. Mill tells us, meant originally protection against the tyranny of political rulers. Their power was recognized as a necessary evil, and its limitation either by privilege or by constitutional checks was what was meant by liberty. People came in time to regard their rulers rather as their own agents and the depositaries of their own power than as antagonistic powers to be kept in check, and it did not occur to them that their own power exercised through their own agents might be just as oppressive as the power of their rulers confined within closer or wider limits. By degrees, however, experience showed that the whole might, and was by no means disinclined to, tyrannize over the part, and hence came the phrase, 'tyranny of the majority.' This tyranny of the majority has its root in 'the feeling in each person's mind that every body shall be required to act as he and those with whom he sympathises would like them to act.'.....He then enunciates his own view in the following passage :—'The object of this essay is to assert one very simple principle, as entitled to govern absolutely the dealings of society with the individual in the way of compulsion or control, whether the means used be physical force in the form of legal penalties, or the moral coercion of public opinion. That principle is that the sole end for which mankind are warranted individually or collectively in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number is self-protection ; that the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community against his will is to prevent harm to others.'He concludes by specifying the 'appropriate region of human liberty.' It comprises, first, the inward domain of consciousness,.....demanding liberty of thought and feeling ;.....the liberty of expressing and publishing opinions.....is practically inseparable from it. Secondly, the principle requires liberty...of framing our plan of life to suit our own character,.....Thirdly, from this liberty of each individual follows the liberty within the same limits of combination among individuals.'

And this is his first ground of complaint against Mill :—

This, I think, is the substance of the doctrine of the introductory chapter. It is the whole doctrine of the essay, and it is remarkable that, having thus fully and carefully enunciated his doctrine, Mr. Mill never attempts to prove it, as a whole. Probably the second, third, and fourth chapters are intended as separate proofs of distinct parts of it.....There is hardly anything in the whole essay which can properly be called proof as distinguished from enunciation or assertion of the general principles quoted. I think, however, that it will not be difficult to show that the principle stands in much need of proof.

Accordingly Mr. Stephen gives us a set proof of the proposition that Mill's doctrine of Civil or Social liberty *does* call for proof. From all which one would naturally suppose that Mill asks his readers to take his doctrine for granted. Whether Mill has *succeeded* in establishing his doctrine by appropriate reasoning is an entirely different matter. The question here raised by Mr. Stephen is, whether Mill shows himself properly alive to the necessity of proving, and attempts to prove, the propositions enunciated in the introductory chapter. The concluding paragraph of this chapter, which Mr. Stephen very unaccountably passes over, completely disposes of that question.

It will be convenient for the argument, if, instead of at once entering upon the general thesis, we confine ourselves in the first place to a single branch of it, on which the principle here stated is, if not fully, yet to a certain point, recognized by the current opinions. This one branch is the Liberty of thought : from which it is impossible to separate the cognate liberty of speaking and writing. Although these liberties, to some considerable amounts, form part of the political morality of all countries which profess religious toleration and free institutions, the grounds, both philosophical and practical, on which they rest, are perhaps not so familiar to the general mind, nor so thoroughly appreciated by many even of the leaders of opinion, as might have been expected. Those grounds, when rightly understood, are of much wider application than to only one division of the subject, and a thorough consideration of this part of the question will be found the best introduction to the remainder. Those to whom nothing which I am about to say will be new, may therefore, I hope, excuse me,

if on a subject which for now three centuries has been so often discussed, I venture on one discussion more.

The second, third, and fourth chapters are, in fact, express attempts to prove the thesis proposed in the first. In truth, it would be difficult to conceive a more superfluous task than Mr. Stephen's own elaborate confutation of Mill's doctrine of Liberty, if its only claim to acceptance were the simple *ipse dixit* of Mill.

Mr. Stephen next objects to Mill's theory of Liberty, that it is subversive of religion and morality. It is impossible to justify this undisguised attempt to prejudice the public against that theory. The search after truth is sure to prove a mockery, when the inquirer is paralyzed at the outset with the fear that the road to truth is also the road to heresy. There is not a more effectual means of preventing your opponent from obtaining an impartial hearing for his opinions, than to begin by representing those opinions as inimical to religion and morality. But it is *not* true that Mill's theory of Liberty is subversive of religion and morality. Religion, according to Mr. Stephen, is a system, the essence of which is the fear of hell. He lays down the fundamental condition of religion to be 'a being intolerant of evil in the highest degree, and inexorably determined to punish it wherever it exists, except upon certain terms.' He does not indeed in this place pledge himself to the truth of this view, but he very properly objects to any body assuming it without proof to be wrong. He goes on to say :—

I do not say that this doctrine is true, but I do say that no one is entitled to assume it without proof to be essentially immoral and mischievous. Mr. Mill does not draw this inference, but I think his theory involves it, for I know not what can be a greater infringement of his theory of liberty, a more complete and formal contradiction to it, than the doctrine that there is a Court and a Judge in which, and before whom, every man must give an account of every work done in the body, whether self-regarding or not. According to Mr. Mill's theory, it ought to be a good plea in the day of judgment to say 'I pleased myself and hurt nobody else?' Whether there will be a day of judgment is not the question, but upon his principles the conception of a day of judgment is fundamentally immoral. A God who punished any one

at all, except for the purpose of protecting others, would, upon his principles, be a tyrant trampling on liberty.

It would be very natural, but it would be hardly fair, to retort by asking whether, according to Mr Stephen, it would be a valid plea in the day of judgment to say, 'I pleased myself and made every body else conform to my ways of feeling, thinking and acting.' The true answer to Mr. Stephen's argument is, however, so obvious that it is perfectly surprising that he should overlook it. Mill's theory is, in terms, one of *civil* or *social* liberty. It condemns all interference by society with the self-regarding concerns of individuals, unless for plain purposes of self-protection. It does not aspire to regulate the relations of man with his Maker. Indeed, the very reasons so forcibly urged by Mill against social interference indirectly afford a complete justification of Divine interference. Whenever society seeks to control private judgment and the purely personal affairs of individuals, its action is calculated to be mischievous, because men are not infallible and, secondly, because they are decidedly worse judges of what is good for individuals than the individuals themselves. These objections are manifestly inapplicable to the action of an infallible Being desirous of promoting the real happiness of his creatures. Whether such a Being is justified in delaying to interfere till the evil is done and over is another—and a tremendous—question, but it does not touch Mill's Theory at all.

Mr. Stephen then labours to shew that all existing codes of morality are essentially coercive, and embrace the whole of human life, as if the express object of the Essay on Liberty were not to rescue from the existing social coercion the region of private thought and purely self-regarding action. Whether this object is good or bad is a different question. But before this object is shewn to be bad, it is simply begging the question to say that social coercion is, and always has been, directed against the subjects which Mill would exempt from its operation. Mr. Stephen's appeal to European History is, therefore, utterly irrelevant, as the Essay on Liberty is, in one sense,

a protest against European History. Is the protest a wise or foolish one? That is the one important issue in the whole controversy. Mr. Stephen fully deals with every branch of this issue in the second and fourth chapters of his work; but before proceeding to review those chapters, it would be convenient to dispose of one remaining objection to Mill's theory which Mr. Stephen urges in his first chapter. He presses hard against Mill the admission with which his theory is qualified, that it is only applicable to people who have become capable of being guided to their good by free and equal discussion. He dissents entirely from Mill's assertion that the adults of all nations with whom 'we need here concern ourselves' fall within this class. He tests the correctness of this assertion by reference to two points. He asks, in the first place, how many people are capable of profiting by discussion? How many people, for instance, appreciate the fundamental principles of political economy or jurisprudence? The few who do, it is submitted, would not have done so, were it not for free and equal discussion. If it were not for Austin's celebrated Lectures on Jurisprudence and his characteristic invitation to the members of his class to ply him with objections, many other people than such a qualified jurist as Mr. Stephen would undoubtedly have still continued to entertain the haziest and most confused notions on many of the intricate topics of jurisprudence. And if it were not for the numerous and very able discussions on the province of political economy by writers like Mill, Buckle, De Quincy, Bailey, Cairnes and others, political economy would have been still regarded by educated people as a harsh, degrading and sordid enquiry. Let the true principles of jurisprudence and political economy continue to be freely discussed for fifty years more and it may be confidently anticipated that the popular misconceptions connected with those principles shall have all but wholly disappeared.

The other point which Mr. Stephen makes is, that there are many wicked people in the world whom nothing but compulsion can improve. Why, if the fellows

should hurt decent people, you are quite welcome, on Mill's theory, to coerce them into good behaviour. But pray consider for a moment, before you take upon yourself to regulate for their own good their exclusively personal matters, whether it is not odds that you will interfere wrongly and in the wrong place.

The second chapter of Mr. Stephen's book is on the Liberty of Thought and Discussion. The whole arguments of Mill on this topic are summed up in the following passage quoted by Mr. Stephen.

We have now recognized the necessity to the mental well-being of mankind (on which all their other well-being depends) of freedom of opinion and freedom of the expression of opinion on four distinct grounds.

First, if any opinion is compelled to silence, that opinion may, for aught we can certainly know, be true. To deny this is to assume our own infallibility.

Secondly, though the silenced opinion be an error, it may, and very commonly does, contain a portion of truth; and since the general or prevailing opinion is rarely or never the whole truth, it is only by the collision of adverse opinions that the remainder of the truth has any chance of being supplied.

Thirdly, if the received opinion be not only true, but the whole truth, unless it is suffered to be and actually is vigorously and earnestly contested, it will by most of those who receive it be held in the manner of a prejudice, with little comprehension or feeling of its rational grounds.

Fourthly, the meaning of the doctrine itself will be in danger of being lost or enfeebled and deprived of its vital effect on the character and conduct; the dogma becoming a mere formal profession inefficacious for good, but cumbering the ground, and preventing the growth of any real and heart-felt conviction from reason or personal experience.

Mr. Stephen remarks upon Mill's first argument, first, that it does not apply to propositions we believe on the evidence of our own senses, or an evidence which for all practical purposes is as strong as that of our own senses. Mr. Stephen does not, in so many words, give any example of a proposition which we believe on evidence as strong as the evidence of our own senses, unless, indeed, the case put in the following passage is meant to be taken for such a proposition.

A asserts the opinion that B is a thief. B sues A for libel. A justifies. The jury give a verdict for the plaintiff, with £1,000 damages. This is nearly equivalent to a law forbidding every one, under the penalty of a heavy fine, to express the opinion that in respect of the matters discussed B is a thief. Does this weaken the belief of the world at large in the opinion that in respect of those matters B is not a thief?

A more unhappy illustration could hardly be devised. Without entering into a discussion as to the expediency or otherwise of a law which would forbid C, under the penalty of a heavy fine, to assert that B committed a particular theft, because A had been found guilty of libel for making the same assertion, it is obvious that no sensible person could have a rational assurance upon the matter unless he could be certain that the jurors were conscientious men and men well skilled in the difficult art of estimating the credibility of human testimony, and, what is still more important, that the dread of a heavy fine would not deter any person from giving publicity to such fresh evidence of the theft as might be forthcoming.

As regards propositions which we believe on the evidence of our own senses, it may be conceded that we are right in the immense majority of cases, but it cannot be said that we enjoy an absolute immunity from error. The gay lady of Helvetius who saw in the moon two lovers bending towards each other or her companion, the parson, who declared that the figures she saw were evidently the two steeples of a cathedral, would have certainly been guilty of laying claim to infallibility, if they had compelled a contrary opinion to silence. There is no need to dwell seriously on the notorious liability of the senses to error. Granted that this chance of error is exceedingly small, say, as one to a million, but how can anybody have, not an instinctive, but a *rational*, assurance that a given instance is not the unfortunate millionth instance, if he forbids every body to contradict him? The absence of contradiction, by word or deed, though popular good sense allows full liberty of contradiction in such matters, is one of the reasons why people so implicitly believe in the evidence of their own senses. Further,

in all cases of practical importance where accuracy is desirable, men of the world testify to the soundness of Mill's argument by comparing their own with other people's opinion. Where no practical interest is immediately at stake, though for scientific purposes accuracy is desirable, the utility of liberty of contradiction, as regards propositions believed in on the evidence of the senses, is strikingly shewn by the history of the physical sciences. "A vague and loose mode of looking at facts very easily observable," remarks Dr. Whewell, "left men for a long time under the belief that a body ten times as heavy as another falls ten times as fast; that objects immersed in water are always magnified, without regard to the form of the surface; that the magnet exerts an irresistible force; that crystal is always found associated with ice; and the like. These and many others are examples how blind and careless man can be even in observation of the plainest and commonest appearances; and they shew us that the mere faculties of perception, although constantly exercised upon innumerable objects, may long fail in leading to any exact knowledge."

Again, the influence of pre-conceived opinions in distorting the judgments which people form on the evidence of their own senses is amply illustrated by various forms of superstition. The negroes, for example, firmly believe that their favourite amulet, 'the coral, changes colour with every change in the health of the wearer. If, in Mill's phrase, they should compel a contrary opinion to silence, they would assume their own infallibility.

There is indeed, one class of propositions, namely, the truths of mathematics, in regard to which Mill himself admits that his first, as well as other arguments for free discussion, does not hold good. "The peculiarity of the evidence of these truths," says he, "is, that all the argument is on one side. There are no objections and no answers to objections." Mr. Stephen omits to notice this limitation of Mill's Theory.

Mr. Stephen remarks, in the second place, upon Mill's first argument, that "an opinion may be suppressed because it is true, or because it is doubtful whether it is true or

false, and because it is not considered desirable that it should be discussed," thus giving the lie to Buckle's confident assertion that in the latter half of the nineteenth century, no one would be so bold,—Buckle uses a harder epithet,—as to propose the suppression of a true opinion because of its truth. In such cases, adds Mr. Stephen, there is no assumption of infallibility. No, but there is a complete renunciation of rationality. As observed by Buckle, "we are all agreed that truth is good ; or, at all events, those who are not agreed must be treated as persons beyond the pale of reason, and on whose obtuse understandings it would be idle to waste an argument. He who says that truth is not always to be told, and that it is not fit for all minds, is simply a defender of falsehood ; and we should take no notice of him, inasmuch as the object of discussion being to destroy error, we cannot discuss with a man who deliberately affirms that error should be spared." (*Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works*, vol. I., p. 51.)

Mr. Stephen observes upon Mill's second argument for free discussion that "if people are prepared to take the chance of persecuting a proposition which may be wholly true as if it were wholly false, they will be prepared to treat it in the same manner though it is only partially true." This objection has been already sufficiently answered, or rather, the right,—it may be said, the duty, of declining to answer it has been sufficiently shewn by the preceding quotation from Buckle.

As to the two remaining arguments of Mill, Mr. Stephen says that they are applicable only to "that small class of persons whose opinions depend principally upon the consciousness that they have reached them by intellectual processes correctly performed." The benefits of free discussion pointed out in those arguments are not, as a matter of fact, confined to this small class of persons ; all men, according to the measure of their intelligence, profit, more or less, by free discussion ; but however that may be, the existence of this small class of persons being admitted, and seeing that they constitute in every community the leaders, at any rate, the ultimate leaders of

opinion, every community is interested in eschewing persecution for the sake of its mental well being.

Mr. Stephen next addresses himself to an examination of Mill's doctrine of Individuality. He does not give a fair summary of Mill's arguments on this topic. He characterises Mill's discussion of this topic as consisting "almost entirely of eulogies upon individuality." For all that appears from Mr. Stephen's quotations, one would think that on this subject his initial objection against Mill, namely, that the *Essay on Liberty* is full of assertion and devoid of proof, is perfectly well-founded. The following extracts from the third chapter of the *Essay*, though extracts from a continuous piece of reasoning are necessarily ill-adopted to exhibit its full force and purport, will, besides presenting Mill's chief arguments on behalf of individuality as one of the elements of well-being, serve to show the justice of Mr. Stephen's criticism.

As it is useful that while mankind are imperfect there should be different opinions, so it is that there should be different experiments of living ; that free scope should be given to varieties of character, short of injury to others ; and that the worth of different modes of life should be proved practically, when any one thinks fit to try them. No body denies that people should be so taught and trained in youth, as to know and benefit by the ascertained results of human experience. But it is the privilege and proper condition of a human being, arrived at the maturity of his faculties, to use and interpret experience in his own way. The traditions and customs of other people are, to a certain extent, evidence of what their experience has taught *them* ; presumptive evidence, and as such, have a claim to his deference : but, in the first place, their experience may be too narrow ; or they may not have interpreted it rightly. Secondly, their interpretation of experience may be correct, but unsuitable to him. Customs are made for customary circumstances, and customary characters ; and his circumstances, or his character may be uncustomary. Thirdly, though the customs be both good as customs, and suitable to him, yet to conform to custom, merely *as* custom, does not educate or develop in him any of the qualities which are the distinctive endowment of a human being.....He who lets the world, or his own portion of it, choose his plan of life for him, has no need of any other faculty than the ape-like one of imitation. He who chooses his plan for himself employs all his faculties.....

Among the works of man, which human life is rightly employed in perfecting and beautifying, the first in importance surely is man himself. Supposing it were possible to get houses built, corn grown, battles fought, causes tried, and even churches erected and prayers said, by machinery —by automatons in human form,—it would be a considerable loss to exchange for these automatons even the men and women who at present inhabit the more civilized parts of the world, and who assuredly are but starved specimens of what human nature can and will produceTo a certain extent it is admitted, that our understanding should be our own ; but there is not the same willingness to admit that our desires and impulses should be our own likewise.....One whose desires and impulses are not his own, has no character, no more than a steam-engine has a character. If in addition to being his own, his impulses are strong, and are under the government of a strong will, he has an energetic character. Whoever thinks that individuality of desires and impulses should not be encouraged to unfold itself must maintain that society has no need of strong natures—is not the better for containing many persons who have much character—and that a high general average of energy is not desirable. In some early states of society, these forces might be, and were, too much ahead of the power which society then possessed of disciplining and controlling them.....But society has now fairly got the better of individuality ; and the danger which threatens human nature is not the excess, but the deficiency, of personal impulses and preferences.....

Mr. Stephen sums up his objections to this theory of individuality in three, to use his own phrase ‘unanswerable’ propositions, borrowed from an article on social Macadamisation in Fraser’s Magazine for August, 1872. ‘Unanswerable’ proposition No. 1 is, that “ the growth of liberty in the sense of democracy tends to diminish not to increase originality and individuality.” This ‘unanswerable’ proposition is a very curious illustration of the incapacity of even such a qualified thinker as Mr. Stephen to do justice to the case of an opponent, though it is simply and shortly answered by saying that Mill himself fully admits it. This is precisely one of those evils which Mill’s theory of Liberty is intended to counteract. Further on in the Essay, Mill expressly notices the danger to which individuality is exposed from misguided democratic sentiments. He refers to the statement

of thoughtful travellers that, in the United States of America, opulent men are deterred by the envy of the masses, which operates as a "tolerably effectual sumptuary law" from adopting a higher style of living than is within the reach of the masses. He even points out that we have only to suppose socialist opinions to be super-added to this democratic feeling, and the majority may come to regard the possession of more than a limited amount of property as infamous.

The second objection, to take Mr. Stephen's own form of it, is, "that habitual exertion is the greatest of all invigorators of character, and restraint and coercion in one form or another is the great stimulus to exertion." This is undoubtedly true up to certain points of intensity and time; but the mischief is, that, in its dealings with the individual, society is apt to go beyond those points either from want of knowledge or from love of power or from mere hatred of innovation. Under continued restraint, human nature adapts itself to the situation; and desires and impulses, if they meet with more than a limited amount of resistance, are liable to be extinguished. Doubtless if society should employ coercion moderately and wisely, according to the necessities of each particular case, social coercion may operate as a stimulus to exertion and so produce energy of character without going so far as to suppress any legitimate form of individual development. But this supposes society to be endowed with such a degree of moderation, liberality, and wisdom and such an accurate and scientific knowledge of the moral and emotional condition and needs of the individual, as society has never and nowhere displayed, nor, taking the most sanguine view of the matter, may be expected to display at any future time with which we need now concern ourselves. Mr. Stephen accuses Mill of taking too favourable a view of human nature. Rightly considered, it is he and not Mill who does so. It may be said—and Mr. Stephen does say—that because social coercion is liable to abuse, it does not follow that society should always and under all circumstances abstain from coercion. But a principle of human conduct which is

constantly liable to be wrongly applied is in itself a wrong principle.

And here it will be convenient to examine the canon of coercion which Mr. Stephen proposes in opposition to Mill. He says that coercion is good, if the object aimed at is good, if the coercion employed is effective, and if the good secured by coercion exceeds the evil produced by it. This may pass very well as an elementary lesson in Utilitarianism, but how is it to be reduced to practice? Mr. Stephen admits that his doctrine is "liable to great abuse," but he tries to get rid of the natural consequence of this admission by erecting social coercion into a privilege which is to be enjoyed by the few really competent members of society.

No one has a right to be morally intolerant of doctrines which he has not carefully studied.....The true ground of moral tolerance in the common sense of the words appears to me to lie in this. That most people have no right to any opinions whatever upon these (religious) questions, except in so far as they are necessary for the regulation of their own affairs. If this principle were properly carried out, it would leave little room for moral intolerance in most cases; but I think it highly important that men who really study these matters should feel themselves at liberty not merely to dissent from but to disapprove of opinions which appear to them to require it, and should express that disapprobation.*

Not to speak of the absurdity of supposing that when once persecution is set agoing, the many will ever abstain from partaking in this forbidden luxury, how is this congress of competent men to be constituted? Are they to be self-elected? If not, they must be chosen by the very majority, whom Mr. Stephen pronounces to be unfit for forming any opinion on the great questions of religion and morality. If the many have no right to any opinion of their own on such questions, surely—

* Though in this place Mr. Stephen speaks of disapprobation only, his doctrine is one of social coercion in all forms. True, he repudiates *legal* persecution of opinion, as not conformable with his canon (p. 76), but he prescribes a very comprehensive *social* persecution which he is right in considering to be more searching and more efficacious than legal persecution. "Argument, ridicule, the expression of contempt for cherished feelings, the exposure of cherished fallacies, chilled or wounded affection, injury to prospects public or private, have their terrors as well as more material weapons and more definite wounds." (p. 108)

which is in fact the same thing—they have neither any right to choose between the contending opinions of competing candidates for their instruction and guidance. And supposing this congress of competent men to be somehow or other properly constituted, what if they should disagree among themselves? These and similar other practical objections to his canon of coercion Mr. Stephen leaves to answer themselves. They evidently apply with as much force to coercion in relation to experiments in living as to coercion in relation to opinion.

To return to Mr. Stephen's triad of 'unanswerable' propositions. 'Unanswerable' proposition No. 3 is, that "though goodness is various, variety is not in itself good." Certainly, variety is not *in itself* good, but *because* goodness is various, variety is *therefore* good. Men have yet so much to learn in the art of living and the infinite differences in their character and situation promise such an immense variety of successful plans of life that it is well for mankind that new and ever new experiments in living should be practically tested. Granted that many of these experiments may prove disastrous failures; but, on the one hand, the parties concerned are generally much better able and always infinitely more willing than the public to provide for the success of their own experiments and, on the other hand, if the public should interfere, the chances are that it would interfere wrongly and in the wrong place. To clench the argument, even if public coercion should, by rare good luck, procure for the individual his outward felicity, it would do so at the expense of degrading him to the position of a machine working by rules. It should never be forgotten

—————that soul and spirit add

To pleasures, even base and bad,

A zest the soulless never had.

The fourth chapter of Mr. Stephen's book is on Liberty in relation to morals. Mill's theory on this subject, shortly stated, is, that society ought not to persecute any person for addiction to the purely self-regarding vices so long as he does not break any definite duty incumbent

upon him. But as soon as a person is led by his private vices to violate any definite duty to the public or other persons, he becomes amenable to social persecution. This, it must be noted, does not impair the integrity of Mill's principle of Liberty. It is only a particular application of the general principle; for the moment a man injures others, others become entitled to punish him for their own protection,—in other and better words, “the case is taken out of the province of liberty and placed in that of morality or law.” When, therefore, Mr. Stephen says—and this is the very first of the many errors which he fancies he has detected in Mill's theory of Liberty in relation to morals—that “there is no principle on which the cases in which Mr. Mill admits the justice of *moral* punishment can be distinguished from those in which he denies it,” he betrays a singular misapprehension of Mill's argument. The word, *moral*, has been substituted for the word, *legal*, which occurs in the passage just cited from Mr. Stephen, as that appears evidently to be what he intended to say, for he admits that if the question were restricted to *legal* punishment, he should be disposed in most cases to agree with Mill. Taking, then, Mr. Stephen's objection in its proper form, the obvious answer is that the ground of distinction between cases in which moral coercion is, and cases in which it is not, justifiable lies in the doing or not doing of injury to others. The paramount necessity of self-protection justifies the public in inflicting punishment upon every person who injures others, whether, as in the case under discussion, he is led to do so by vicious self-indulgence, or from any other cause whatever. One does not really know whether one quite understands Mr. Stephen's criticisms; they are often so wide of the mark. He follows up the objection which has been just considered with an attempt at a *reductio ad absurdum*, which proves the absurdity of anything but Mill's principle. “It might be right to say,” adds he, “you, the Duke of A, by extravagantly keeping four mistresses—to wit, B and C in London, and D and E in Paris—set an example which induced your friend F to elope with Mrs. G at—on—, and

you are a great blackguard for your pains, and all the more because you are a duke.' It could never be right to say, 'you, the Duke of A, are scandalously immoral and ought to be made to smart for it, though the law cannot touch you.'" Mill's principle is not the piece of inconsistency and practical absurdity which Mr. Stephen represents it to be. According to Mill, it would under no circumstances be right to address such abusive and insulting language to the Duke of A, so long as he did no wrong to others. As for the constructive wrong of setting a bad example to his friend F, F was a fool to follow it. The Duke of A's life should have served him as a beacon to steer clear of profligacy, as he must have observed its moral degradation and misery. "With respect to what is said," Mill well argues, "of the necessity of protecting society from the bad example set to others by the vicious or the self-indulgent, it is true that bad example may have a pernicious effect, especially the example of doing wrong to others with impunity to the wrongdoer. But we are now speaking of conduct which, while it does no wrong to others, is supposed to do great harm to the agent himself: and I do not see how those who believe this, can think otherwise than that the example, on the whole, must be more salutary than hurtful, since, if it displays the misconduct, it displays also the painful or degrading consequences which, if the conduct is justly censured, must be supposed to be in all or most cases attendant on it."

Mr. Stephen next endeavours to confute the correctness of the observation made by Mill, that if grown people are grossly vicious, the public is itself to blame, for the public ought to have trained them up in childhood in the way they should go. "This argument," he says, "proves too much, for the same may be said with even greater force of gross crimes, and it is admitted that they may be punished." The *same* may, no doubt, be said of gross crimes; but *all* that can be said of gross crimes cannot be said of gross vices. The former inflict evil upon others than the malefactor, the latter inflict evil upon the agent alone. The plea of self-defence which society may set up when it punishes crime society cannot.

set up when it punishes purely self-regarding vice.—Secondly, Mr. Stephen says that “it does not follow that because society caused a fault it is not to punish it. A man who breaks his arm when he is drunk may have to have it cut off when he is sober.” The distinction between a metaphor and an argument, it would appear, cannot be too often insisted upon. In the case supposed, you yourself are to blame for having broken your arm. In the case to which it is sought to be likened, the public—and not the vicious person—is to blame; the public, ex-hypothesis, is guilty of a culpable neglect of duty in having omitted to give him a suitable education.—Thirdly, Mr. Mill then remarks that Mill’s argument “admits the whole principle of interference, for it assumes that the power of society over people in their minority is and ought to be absolute, and minority and majority are questions of degree, and the line which separates them is arbitrary.” This is a mere cavil. At this rate one might say that you are always sleeping, for you cannot say what is the exact point of time which divides your sleeping from your waking hours. The line which separates minority from majority may vary, but it does not vary indefinitely. No body would contend that a child which has not yet cut its teeth is a major or that a septuagenarian is a minor. The existence of a debatable space of time in human life does not destroy the radical contrast between the period preceding it and the period succeeding it. To take a parallel case. The line which divides lunacy from sanity cannot be exactly defined. We are even told that there is only a thin partition between genius and madness. If one should admit this and at the same time propose the confinement of lunatics, would he admit the ‘whole principle’ of confinement and be bound, in consistency, to maintain that all people, including the men of genius, ought to be confined?—Lastly, Mr. Stephen observes, Mill’s argument “proceeds upon an exaggerated estimate of the power of education.” Undoubtedly, there are many men so unfortunately fashioned by nature that no amount of training can improve them. If their natural infirmities prompt them to injure

others,—if they cannot help committing crimes—we should be justified in punishing them and, in extreme cases, in even putting an end to their existence, just in the same way as we are justified in killing tigers and venomous reptiles. But if their natural infirmities prompt them to hurt themselves only,—if they cannot help indulging in vice, they deserve pity for their misfortune, which it would be a baseness and a cruelty to aggravate by the addition of social persecution.

Mr. Stephen admits the truth and importance of two other arguments of Mill, which are, to give them in Mr. Stephen's words, that "compulsion in such cases will make people rebel, and, above all, that the moral persecutor himself may very probably be mistaken." But, says he, this only shews that coercion in such affairs is a "delicate operation." He does not see that if it is a "delicate operation," the public cannot be trusted to conduct it aright. But enough has been said on this subject in connection with Mr. Stephen's objections to the doctrine of Individuality.

It is worth noting that Mr. Stephen omits to give in its general form one important argument of Mill in favour of liberty in relation to morals. There is not, says Mill, "anything which tends more to discredit and frustrate the better means of influencing conduct, than a resort to the worse."

Mr. Stephen comes out strongest in that part of his attack on the doctrine of Liberty where he contests the propriety of permitting people to combine for the diffusion and encouragement of the self-regarding vices. The strength of his observations is derived not so much from any arguments addressed to the reason,—for he expressly reserves them for future consideration, being, in fact, those the force of which we have just endeavoured to estimate,—as from the complete accordance of his views with the sentiments of the generality and his emphatic recommendation of the *argumentum baculinum*. But however that may be, Mr. Stephen is quite wrong in assuming that the liberty of combination for the promotion of vice must be necessarily included in Mill's theory of Liberty. On the

contrary, Mill himself states objections to this kind of liberty of combination far more forcible than any stated by Mr. Stephen. True, the general principle of Liberty laid down by Mill covers this kind of liberty upon a rigorous application of that principle. But Mill does not affect to represent his rule for distinguishing the sphere of liberty from that of morality or law as a cast-iron, inflexible rule. Indeed, considering the extreme complexity of sociological enquiries, if Mill had stated his theory to be one which needed no limitation whatever under any conceivable set of circumstances, that would have furnished a legitimate *a priori* objection to his theory. But Mill does no such thing: "Fornication, for example," says he, "must be tolerated, and so must gambling; but should a person be free to be a pimp, or to keep a gambling house? The case is one of those which lie on the exact boundary-line between two principles, and it is not at once apparent to which of the two it properly belongs. There are arguments on both sides." Accordingly he gives the *pros* and *cons*, but he does not pronounce one way or the other. He leaves the question perfectly open. The decision of it, we apprehend, must turn upon the peculiar circumstances of each particular case.

There are sundry weighty reasons, however, for concluding that coercion will never do. The enforced abstinence from personal vices during the prevalence of Puritanism in England naturally resulted in the excesses of the Restoration; and similar antecedents will always and everywhere be followed by similar consequents. The greatest of English Puritans and one of the greatest of the world's teachers, John Milton, who had abundant opportunity of observing the effects of coercion upon personal morality, declared himself emphatically against coercion. "He that can apprehend and consider vice," says Milton, in his Speech for the Liberty of unlicensed Printing, "with all her baits and seeming pleasures and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wayfaring Christian. And were I the chooser, a dram of well-doing should be preferred before many times as much the forcible hindrance of evil-doing. For

God sure esteems the growth and completion of one virtuous person, more than the restraint of ten vicious."

This coincidence between Mill and Milton on the question of what the former calls Individuality, which, being paraphrased, is nothing else than the unimpeded *growth and completion* of character, is somewhat remarkable. Considering the radical contrast between their general modes of thought and feeling, their agreement on this point, as well as on the doctrine of liberty of thought and discussion, considerably strengthens the position which they occupy in common. And if the controversy were to be decided by the weight of authority, notwithstanding our high respect for Mr. Stephen, we should say that his case was utterly desperate. But apart from authority, we have examined every one of Mr. Stephen's arguments against Mill's theory of Liberty and we leave the reader to judge whether Mr. Stephen has succeeded in making out a single point against Mill.

ASHUTOSH MOOKERJEE.

SONG OF THE SCRIBE.

1

I hold the Maharajah's brief,
I rant and cant for him alone ;
In heavy leaders fume and fret,
All for the Maharajah's throne !

2.

To order I dispense my praise
Or blame, as every body knows ;
The praise is still my patron's due,—
The blame's reserved for all his foes !

3.

For him I wield the goose-quill grey,
Or mount with brazen face the stump ;
And still to honest instincts true,
I blow the Maharajah's trump !

4.

La Mancha's knight in Sancho found
A faithful squire and ready tool ;
In me my Knight his Sancho sees,—
The only champion of his rule !

5.

How blest the sight that beauty spies,
Where faults they see,—the critic tribe ;
How blest in mutual love must be
Great Blowhard and his honest scribe !

6.

Visions of office flit across,
Sweet dreams of place oft haunt, my brain ;
For still I hope my island soon,
Like Sancho wise to govern men !

• J. W.

REMINISCENCES OF A KERANI'S LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THIRTY years ago ! Well, thirty years is a very long time to look back upon. The old man, with grey hair and grey beard now before you, had not then yet attained the last of his teens, and was enjoying the full vigor of his youth, with a noodle's head full of bombast and fustain, and a vigorous imagination building all sorts of castles in the air.

Thirty years ago ! What changes have occurred since then, how many friends have dropt off, how many pleasures have been numbered with the dead, how many recollections crowd on the brain and addle it !

Well, I was yet a youngster then ; not quite a boy, but hardly yet a man ; slim and not ungainly,—I may say so now when I am as ungainly as a human being can be ; my youthful memory stocked with quotations from Shakespeare, Milton, and Bacon ; regarding myself as a youthful prodigy not unequal to the admirable Crichton.

Raw from school, with the melodious warblings of D. L. R. still rumbling in his brains, what was this young man to do to commence with ? Of course he could start a newspaper or a magazine ; nothing in his estimation was easier ; or, better still, he could write books for the edification of mankind in general, and the Hindu race in particular ; or he might become a pedagogue, and for the benefit of others unload his brain of the perilous stuff that was playing the deuce with it. All these appeared to him to be quite easy and feasible, and promised more wealth (a consideration never to be lost sight of) than Alladin's lamp had ever fetched. But papa shook his head, and said "Nay" to every brilliant idea as it cropped up, and the upshot was that, at the age of eighteen, I joined the respectable firm of Smasher, Mutton, and Co., as an apprentice.

There were no conveyances in those days for apprentices, though now there are. The number of *ticca* gharriis was very small—scarcely enough to meet the requirements of well-paid keranis; and the number of *ticca* palkees was still less. Those, therefore, who drew no pay, did not think it *infra dig* to trudge to office on foot; and, if any found the sun too hot for him, there was the *chutta*, a very respectable protection for the head—I mean those *bursatee chuttas* with long poles, which—alas! for poetry and romance—have now become extinct.

Well, protected by a *chutta* and with a high *pugree* on my head (my first attempt to make one without previous study being necessarily very clumsy), I appeared before Mr. Pigeon, the managing clerk of the firm of Smasher, Mutton, and Co., and made as stiff a *salaam* as any Young Bengal has rendered either before or after. Mr. Pigeon received the obeisance with a smile. Of course he did not return it; no one has ever returned the *salaam* of an apprentice. “What did I know? What would I wish to learn? Did I understand accounts? Did I know what a ledger was? Could I docket a letter, or draft a reply?”—these and many other equally impertinent questions were launched out with mortifying volubility. They were all Greek to me; I had learnt English, but no Greek; I had never come across such uncouth words as “ledger,” “docket,” or “draft!”

With smiling hopelessness Mr. Pigeon made me over to his head Baboo, Kinooram Chuckerbutty, to make of me what he could; and with supercilious contempt the Baboo told me to mend his pens. Was Young Bengal to submit to this? Shades of Bacon, Addison, and Johnson, was the student who kept company with you so long, and pored over your pages night and morning, now to mend the pens of an old kerani? But then, another thought also arose. Was the very first day of apprenticeship to be signalized by a revolt? My young noddle was troubled and vexed; the pens were mended in moody silence and discontent.

• I had no idea before that I understood duffry's

work so well. Kinoo Baboo could not mend pens himself, and those mended by me were to his liking. He became very gracious, gave me small additions and subtractions to work out—e. g. coolie-hire so much, add to it punka-puller's wages, then deduct floating-balances in hand, &c. ; and I soon came to the conclusion that I kept the entire accounts of the firm though Kinooram drew the pay. The very important duty of entering letters in the peon's book came also to be assigned to me ; and by the end of a fortnight I thought I had fairly established a claim to a salary of at least 100 Rs. to commence with.

The fortnight past, I made a low *saluam* to Mr. Pigeon ; not so stiff as on the first occasion, and yet sufficiently so to indicate that I was of the Young Bengal genus, which Kinooram was not ; and I asked how Mr. Pigeon thought I was working. There was the same smile as before, but the words were not encouraging. "I have seen no work from you yet. What have you been doing ?" No work from me ! I who had kept all the accounts of the firm for a fortnight and entered all their letters in the peon's book, I to be told this to my face, when I felt certain that I had done quite as much as, if not more than, Mr. Pigeon had ever done in a month ! An *eclaircissement* with Kinoo Baboo was now unavoidable. I taxed him with unfairness in not having reported to Mr. Pigeon all the assistance I had given him. He laughed outright. The sums I had worked out were all worked wrong, he said. The peon's book was ordinarily kept by a sircar on Rs. 8, who made the entries better than I had done.

The indignity was too great to be borne. It brought on fever, and I was laid up. I never returned to Messrs. Sinasher, Mutton, and Co's office again.

CHAPTER II.

Behold me six months after seated behind the counter of the Government Treasury, this time no longer an apprentice, but hedged with all the dignity that appertains to a paid servant of Government.

What a grand sight for a young inexperienced man of eighteen ! Rupees scattered on all sides in delicious confusion ! Bright *julosee* rupees, quite new from the Mint ! Small rupees—halves and quarters—equally bright and in heaps, in quantities which my inexperienced arithmetic had never before summed up. Gold—brilliant gold coins—with the quaint device of the lion walking majestically beneath the luxuriant date tree—not in handfuls, but in bagsful and in chestsful, which the mind could not have conjured up even in dreams ;—there they were all before me scattered in every direction ! I wonder who suggested the device on the gold mohur. The date is an Indian tree—the lion an animal of Africa. Of course one can conceive of an African lion being left in a cage on Indian soil beneath the shade of a date tree ; but how could a lion at large be there, unless he had broken loose from the Barrackpore Park or some big Ex-king's menagerie ? I think the device should have shown a royal tiger under the tree, instead of a lion. To this the critic may object that a lion represents England's motto, which the tiger does not. True ; but the correct conclusion from the premises is that the lion's proper place is on an English coin. On an Indian coin the tiger is more appropriate : and altogether, it is better that England should bear on her escutcheon two royal animals in place of one, being mistress both of the East and West. But lion or tiger it was the bright gold that arrested my attention, and I was in rapture for days.

And then the sound—"chink, chinck, chinck !" Talk of the music of the spheres ! What is it—what can it be—compared to the music of gold mohurs and rupees ? What soft variety too there was in the sound. Gold giving out the most delicious "chinck" imaginable ; silver, one just a shade harsher, but still so pleasing : while even bright copper rang out a tune that was not unpleasant.

"Chinck ! chinck ! chinck ! on all sides. How the sound rung in my ears even in my sleep. For days, weeks, and months it haunted me as a pleasing fancy—a ravishing dream ; till by everyday repetition it lost its charm,

ceased to please, and ultimately became absolutely annoying. Thus even the sweets of life deaden the sense of pleasure by repetition.

There were other things also for a novice to note with wonder. The number of men coming in and going out ; their faces, nationality, and the errands on which they came ; these comprised a study in themselves. There stands the Jew—always and every where the most noted of men—with a large bundle of bank notes (I am speaking of days past when there were no Government currency notes but only notes of the Bank of Bengal in circulation) under his arm. What has brought him here ? He has bought some chests of opium, and wants to send them off to China at once, and has come to pay down the price. There is the salt merchant scantily clad, redolent of mustard oil, *chundan*, and putrid *attur*, with his agent stinking of sweat and tottering under a large bag full of rupees, waiting to have a pass for his salt. The respectable English merchant is there, with his sircar by his side, to pay for salt or opium, or to invest in the five-per-cent loan which is about to be closed. The upcountry *kooteewal*, his mouth stuffed with *pan* and spices, has come for money due on London bills. The sleek, oily Baboo has stepped in for the interest of his Government Promissory Notes. The peon of some great Civilian, with all the insolence which his master's position permits him to arrogate, is clamouring for the *tullub* of his master, which he insists on being paid first. Lieut. Sabertash of H. M's. 290th wants the money due on a bill from Khamptceopore, and is about to create a disturbance on the plea of precedence.

The Lieutenant in his red coat is a striking sight. He has lost his temper, and has not yet found his money. Why should he not be paid first ? He is an officer of the British Army ; do the shroffs and keranis know what that means ? Not paid yet ? He runs up to the Burra Sahab and lodges a complaint. The Burra Sahab is an old officer of much experience, and does not see what there is to complain of. The Lieutenant must await his turn ; 'first come first served' is the principle of the office,

and cannot be departed from. "What ! not in favor of an officer of the British Army ?" "No !" This is intolerable. Lieutenant Sabertash comes down the stair-case as fast as he went up. He is choking with rage and must give vent to it. Ah ! the unfortunate sepoy on duty ! He has not got the bayonet fixed on his musket in strict accordance to military rules. The Lieutenant calls for the Soobadar in command at once. This is his own independent element ; no Burra Saheb can interfere with him here. "Place the sentinel under arrest, and send him to the fort," is the sharp order given ; and the man is placed under arrest accordingly and despatched to Fort William. Simultaneously the Burra Saheb writes to the Commanding Officer to complain of the Lieutenant's interference, and explains that in such a crowded place as the Government Treasury the bayonet cannot be kept fixed on the musket without causing accidents to the crowd. The sepoy is at once released from arrest ; our deponent knoweth not whether the Lieutenant got a reprimand for his interference. From the Treasury he drove off with a smiling face, like a victorious soldier from the field of battle.

CHAPTER III.

The alphabet of a cash office is easily learnt. "Passes," "advices," "challans," "dakhillas," "bank post bills," "cheques," "interest drafts," "balance per contra ;" all the mystery and enigma involved in those words were learnt by me in one week. The Burra Saheb was a good man, overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and was pleased to think kindly of me. A sort of indirect opposition he had urged on account of my youth ; but this gave way on his being told that I had a moonsiff's diploma in my pocket. The law lost a clever judge ! But did not the Treasury get a most clever cashier ?

As I got initiated into the mysteries of my work, I felt that the poetry of the cash office, which had charmed me on entering it, was dying out. The music of bright rupees, and even of bright gold mohurs, had long

ceased to please, and the counting of banknotes was a bother ; but I was fast getting in favor, and that kept me in spirits.

Let me see ; I believe it was in the time of the Afghan War that we were sending up lots of money North-west. We had placed a large sum on board a steamer ; but the Captain had left without signing the usual receipt. The money had been in my charge, and the Burra Saheb had given orders to place it on board, and so I demanded a receipt from him. He smiled. Why was the receipt necessary ? Was it not sufficient that he had given the order ? Would any one hold *me* responsible if anything went wrong with the money ? But I was firm. "A receipt was the usual acquittance for money paid ; and there was no reason why this particular case should be otherwise dealt with. Life and death were in the hands of God. What if the Burra Saheb died suddenly, and the Captain of the steamer bolted with the money ? Possibly I would not be held responsible ; but still I would have nothing to show that I had allowed the money to pass out under regular oderrrs." I was afraid of my obstinacy, but the Burra Saheb took it in good part. "If I don't give you a receipt," he said, "will you be dreaming all night that the Captain had bolted and the Burra Saheb was dead ?" "Possibly I might. I would certainly feel somewhat uneasy that everything had not been done in regular form, as usual." A formal receipt and discharge was thereupon given with a smile, and I rose vastly in the Burra Saheb's estimation.

Another cashier, an old man, was a bungler. It is necessary to explain to the uninitiated that all complete bundles of notes contain 50 pieces each. Of course all bundles in the hands of a cashier would not be complete, the surplusage of each description forming small bundles varying in number from 2 to 49. Well, on taking over the balance of the day one evening the Burra Saheb came to a bundle containing 49 notes of 1000 Rs. each. The number was correct, and accorded with the figures on the balance sheet before him. But, just as the bundle was about to be dropt into the iron chest, old-

Goberdhone put in that that was a "missing" bundle: "What bundle?" "Missing bundle, sir!" Burra Sahab counted the notes over again; once, twice, three times: The number invariably was 49. He went carefully over the balance sheet; there was no mistake there even of a single pie. What then did the words 'missing bundle' mean? "You say this is a missing bundle; What is missing? Is the balance not correct? Has any note been lost?" "Oh no, sir! that is a missing bundle only." The patience of Job would have given way. I was at once sent for. "What does this man mean by saying that this bundle is a *missing* bundle?" I asked him to explain to me in *lingua franca* what he meant, and could hardly resist bursting out in laughter when he had told me. "Well, what does the missing bundle mean?" "Simply this, sir: It is a 'miscellaneous' bundle, that is, formed of the accumulation of different dates." "Only that? then don't you allow this man to come up to me with the balance of the day again. Always bring it up yourself."

Old Goberdhone was savage with me; but how was I to blame?

CHAPTER IV.

The Government Treasury is like a public mart, where one comes in contact with all sorts of people in the ordinary course of business. One day there came a young English cadet, with the bloom of old England still on his cheeks—the handsomest specimen of the human race that I have ever seen. He at once became the observed of all observers; there was a crowd around him; every one was anxious to exchange words with him. I thought he would get annoyed, there were so many on him at once. But with the sweetest face in the world he had also the sweetest temper, and he laughed and chatted with every body without betraying the least impatience. If all Englishmen had been as even-tempered as that boy would not the race have been idolized by the Bengalis? That cadet certainly was idolized on that day.

• Unfortunately men of a different stamp are more

common in the world. A young Marine apprentice, attached to the Pilot service, I think, came a few days after, and exhibited the reverse side of the national character with great force. He also had some money to receive like the cadet, but would not exchange a word with any one and was impatient of delay. He lost his temper in no time, if it can be said that he had any at all to lose. Taking up a paper-weight of shots he struck one of the assistant cashiers with it, because his work had not been sufficiently expedited. The nigger, also a youngman, was quite equal to the occasion. He snatched the paper-weight from the apprentice's hand and returned the blow with somewhat greater smartness. An Englishman on being struck always returns to his senses. He is apt to consider every man his inferior who does not establish by the incontrovertible logic of force that he is his equal. The youngman behaved very quietly afterwards, but he never spoke a word with any one.

After-experience has brought before me many repetitions of the conduct of the Marine apprentice. Elderly men, men of business, pious Christians, or at least men so famed, have all passed in review, and betrayed the same hastiness of temper, the same precipitancy in committing an outrage, the same submissiveness when beaten back; but in an experience of more than thirty years I cannot say that I have come across half a dozen cases deserving to be remembered along with the recollection of the young cadet. The cadet of that day will be a general officer now, but, the English army is so sparsely distributed over Her Majesty's vast dominions, that I have not been able to trace out his name.

I will now refer to another gentleman whom I also recollect with kindly feelings. He was an Afghan—some relative of Shah Soojah, he said—whom the British Government had agreed to shelter. He seemed to be every inch a gentleman, treated all men with courtesy, evinced the greatest affability in his manners, and was only wanting in gratitude to the nation of whose pension he was the recipient, but for whom he had no good word to say. I wish some body would offer a prize for an essay to

explain how the English nation, who are thoroughly honest and are always anxious to do good, come to be misunderstood and unappreciated. With some this is owing to the foible noticed in the Marine apprentice ; but surely all Englishmen are not of the same stamp. Why are they all alike disliked, if not hated ?

CHAPTER V.

I was very much surprised one day to meet with an orthodox up-country Hindu who said he was staying at Spence's. He said that he did not know any body in Calcutta, and not knowing where to find accomodation he had proceeded to the hotel for apartments. He of course did not take his meals there. For that purpose he went over every day to Burra Bazar—to the shops.

This gave me quite a new idea of Hinduism. In my youth and ignorance I had mistaken the orthodox dolts of Calcutta as representing the entire class of orthodox Hindus. I now found for the first time that Bengal had gathered a great many prejudices which were not entertained by Hindus elsewhere. What harm could there be in living in the same house with Europeans if you did not eat with them ? what harm in sitting on chairs and lying on beds they had used ? Northern India allowed all this ; Bengal did not. I have since found still greater divergences on diverse other yet more important points. No up-country Hindu carries his dying father and mother to the river-side ; to them no place is better to die in than home. No up-country Hindu throws away his *pawn*, or lays by his *chillum* if there be a Mahomedan in the same *gharry* or boat with him. No up-country Hindu when thirsty will refuse a glass of water from a leathern *moosuk*. And yet they are just as good, if not better Hindus, than their brothers of Bengal.

In discussions on these points, which relieved the monotony of official work, we had a very good champion of Hinduism in a mohurer named Gungajal Baboo, an old *Bysnub* of great sanctity, who imitating the

eccentricities of Krishna, had taken a second wife in his old age. He of course pooh-poohed the orthodoxy of up-country Hindus, but being a *Dysnub* he was obliged in theory to cry down the restrictions of caste; and yet on this very point of caste he was a great stickler. The phases of Hinduism are so multifarious that it is extremely difficult to reconcile them, one with another.

The amours of Krishna were of course a prolific source of banter, but I shall never forget the earnestness of the old man when he explained the tenets of his faith with an unruffled temper. "Krishna was—what? the same as Christ,—an incarnation of the *love* of God. *God is love*; the whole life of Krishna explains this;—for it explains love in all its phases; love of the child for its mother, and of the mother for her child; love between friends; love between lover and mistress; love of the worshipper for the object worshipped. What besides this does the story of Krishna expound? There are indecent anecdotes mixed up with it; reject them as spurious; they are the conceptions of indecent minds, connected, where no real connection exists, with a tale of great purity. What is the history of Christ"—would the old man emphatically ask—"but a repetition of the story of Krishna in another, but not a better form?"

I did not concede all that the old man contended for, but I fully believed in the purity of his faith, and to this day believe that salvation is not for the Christian alone, but for all who believe as this man believed, and who are true to their belief. I have a high respect for Christianity; but I have met with few, very few Christians indeed entitled to higher regard than this man. A very respected authority had once heard a certain Lord Bishop explaining to his congregation what sort of a place Heaven was: "You will meet there with bishops and archbishops, deacons and arch deacons, &c." Well, I have no objection to all the Lord Bishops being found there; but I feel quite certain—as certain as a human being can be on such a subject—that old Gungajal will be found there too, and perchance occupying a higher position than many bishops and archbishops.

ORIGIN OF BANIANSHIP IN CALCUTTA.

THE word "Banian" is a corruption of "Banias," which again is derived from "Banik," a merchant. In the earlier days of the late East India Company as the Serishtadar of the Judge's and Collector's Courts, and of the salt and commercial agencies, was called *Dewan*, so the native manager of an English Agency House and of a ship-captain, was called by the natives *Mutsuddi* and by the Europeans Banian. In fact the Banian in old times was the factotum of houses and captains, and from the absence of any European banking establishment, had the sole charge of all their monetary transactions.

In those days the captain, officer, doctor, and even the carpenter and gunner of the company's vessels, commonly called Indiamen, used to bring out from England investments of their own for sale at the several Presidency towns in India.

A native agent who could make himself understood both to the seller and purchaser, was requisite for negotiating for the houses and captains. The high caste Hindu who had picked up the little broken colloquy in English, which was a sort of prerogative to him, was the only man then qualified for undertaking such an office of responsibility. But as the investments of the captain and others comprised wines, liquors and provisions among other articles, the high caste Hindu of Calcutta till the latter part of the last century, from a religious scruple, kept aloof from managing them for their owners. What was then the alternative left to them? The reader will feel interested to know that the shippers found that the only Hindu (a Mahomedan being out of the question) who came across them and was capable enough to impart his thoughts by a fewer words than gestures, was a washerman, domiciled near Colootollah in Calcutta.

Recourse was of necessity had to his agency for carrying out the details of their business. This washerman hitherto charged with the duty of bleaching huge bundles of dirty clothes which had accumulated during a long and tedious voyage, was now trusted with the more responsible duty of an agent to buy and sell for his employers. The *dobus*, as he was called in Bombay and Madras as a synonym of Banian, was then seen hawking in the market from door to door with the bundles of clean suits on one hand, and invoices of beer, wine and liquor, and of ham and cheese on the other. Dobus' negotiations failed not to secure the approbation of his masters. But unfortunately, as might be imagined, he struggled under a difficulty not easy for him to overcome. Dobus was no man of letters, and hence it was indeed a hard job for him to convert pounds, shillings and pence into rupees, annas and pies. As, however, his new post was far more lucrative, he thought it advisable for his interest to take in partners of a greater calibre than himself. Three artisans equally situated with him in society, were invited to co-operate with him. They cheerfully joined him, and set up a firm under the style of *char yar*, (four friends.)

It may not be deemed out of place to mention here that the commanders of the Company's merchantmen and their officers were one and all either the connections or proteges of the members of the Company's Court of Directors, in whose gift was the appointment of them, like that of writers and cadets. These seafaring gentlemen were often the sons of wealthy and respectable fathers, and had extensive credit with merchants, brewers and manufacturers of England, who courted their custom and patronage. As the result of the authorized speculations of the captains and others during the Company's monopoly, was flattering enough, they largely extended their imports, and invested the proceeds of sale here in country produce when returning home direct. This extension of their operations brought on unexpected good luck to the "four friends," blessed as they were with the services of all the captains and officers who visited this port. The rich harvest which they reaped failed not to

attract the notice of their more respectable neighbours, and to rouse their jealousy. Irresistible was their temptation, and caste prejudice at length gave way to love of lucre. Legions of high caste Hindus of all denomination appeared in the field of *dobus*-ship, and proffered their services to the pursers of the captains, who acted on board both for the owners of the vessels and captains, and their applications were readily accepted for the sake of their greater respectability and intelligence. The sobriquet "*dobus*" was then changed into the more signifying term "*Banian*."

It is needless to dwell upon the amount of success which the labors of the *Banian* were crowned with; the names of many of former days yet ring in our ears, who soon amassed fortunes unknown in the present day.

After the abolition of the Company's monopoly, several of the captains and pursers set up or joined commercial houses here, and the identical *banian* who had served them before, served them again in their new vocation of merchants and agents.

SONNETS.—WAR.

How terrible art thou O iron War !

With vengeful furies in thy long-drawn train,—
Thy step is found e'en o'er the trackless main,
Nor rock, nor sea thy fiery course can bar.
Where'er thou goest in thy rattling car,
Deserted hamlet and ensanguin'd plain,
Attest thy cruel and tyrannic reign,
And flaming towns gleam lurid from afar.
Thy blood-red standard to the winds display'd,
Thy drum's deep roll, thy trumpets shrill and clear,
The thunder of the furious cannonade,
Are sights and sounds which fill the heart with fear ;
For they presage, alas ! too well we know,
Rapine and wreck, untimely death and woe.

But yesterday upon this ravaged spot,
Rose the proud city lifting high in air
Its graceful arches and its columns fair,
Here was the mart with life and tumult fraught ;—
O cruel War, what ruin hast thou wrought !
Outrage and wrong are rampant everywhere :
Hark to those shrieks,—wild cry,—and hopeless prayer,
Bursting alike from hall and lowly cot !
Is this the glory, this the deathless fame,
Which thou dost promise to thy lawless crew !
Shall we for this emblazon forth thy name,
Shall we for this thy path with flowerets strew !
—Away,—tho' proud thy brow, and dark its frown,
It is not worthy of the victor's crown.

O. C. DUTT.

SONNETS.—PEACE.

Come gentle Peace, with Plenty at thy side,
And scatter with a free and bounteous hand,
Thy gifts and blessings over all the land.—
—The earth has worn the rich robes of a bride,
The trees lift up their stately heads in pride,
The cloudless skies with varied hues look grand,
The air is full of perfume sweet and bland,
To welcome thee, O goddess tender-eyed !
We love thee with an ardent love sincero,
For 'neath thy quiet and benignant sway,
Gaunt Care, and sombre Grief, and trembling Fear
Depart,—and vanish from our homes away,—
And sunshine lights each heart—so dark erewhile,—
The glad bright sunshine of thy cheerful smile.

Lo ! where they stand upon yon village green,
Youths and young maidens in a joyous round,
Hark to the violin and pipe's sweet sound,
As they strike up to greet May's lovely queen.
High in the midst the slender pole is seen,
With garlands bright and prizes gaily crown'd ;—
O, can a fairer sight than this be found,
Where all is mirth,—no shadows intervene !
O Peace, our guardian angel,—may thy throne
Be fix'd and steadfast on our fertile shore,
And may we ne'er thy sov'reignty disown,
But love and worship thee for evermore ;—
The crown, the laurel wreath are meet for thee,
Thine is the triumph,—thine the victory !

.O. C. Durr.

BHOOBONESHOREE

OR

THE FAIR HINDU WIDOW.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE OTHER COUPLE'S NIGHT. THE REIGN OF THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

"It remains now," continued Preo Nath, "to describe the scene between Kusam and her husband on the night in question. Appearing at the door of his wife's room, Chunder was surprised to see it shut, and more surprised to hear some indistinct whisper within. He stood rooted to the spot, when suddenly the whispers ceased. He knocked at the door first gently, but no reply was returned, though a sound as of the rocking of a bedstead proceeding from the room intimated to him that Kusam was not asleep. He then knocked loudly, but still his wife would neither speak nor open the door. The horrible suspicion started in his mind that his wife was unfaithful, and had got a lover in her bed. He searched for a hole in the doors or chink in the walls through which he might peep into the bed-chamber by the aid of the light burning in the room, but there was none. He intently listened at the closed door, and thought he heard his wife speaking in subdued whispers. The "green-eyed monster" had now taken complete possession of his soul. The blood seemed to burn in his veins. Life appeared to him a burden. He wished to kill his wife and her paramour at one blow, and then to hang himself. But how to accomplish his purpose, was the question. As he stood at one door, the paramour might fly by the other. So he went to examine the latter and found it shut from within. He wished he could lock it from without. If he went to call for assistance, the paramour might make his escape during his absence. "I have come at the proper time today,"

thought he. "Every evening they meet, but separate before I come. This night they could not have expected me so early. I will either kill both, or perish in the attempt. Who knows how long they have been carrying on this criminal intercourse? She feigns the utmost devotion towards me as if she is unable to pass a single night without me. I fear all unchaste women profess great affection and love for their husbands. Such is the way of the world, and such is the character of the accursed female sex. I wish I could drag out the guilty couple in the presence of the whole house, and after killing them, kill myself. O God ! to see my beautiful wife in another's arms ! I cannot bear the thought. It maddens me. I would rather kill myself, and leave the wretches to drag on a life of shame and misery ? But why misery ? After my death, they shall have no one to fear, and will indulge in the unlimited gratification of their desires. Wretched woman ! I have loved thee with an ardour and passion that cannot be surpassed. O ! that I have lived to see this day ! My beautiful and lovely wife in another's arms ! Perhaps those of a menial who is at this moment revelling in her—alas ! now hollow—charms. O horrible !—I cannot realize the picture in my imagination. I shall go mad !"

"The wretched husband now heard a sound at the other door. Thinking the man would escape by that way, he immediately ran to that door, and as he did so he heard the sound of receding steps. Tying his robe (*dhoti*) tightly round his waist, he prepared himself for a mortal combat. If he called any body to his aid, his wife's shame would be published, and then farewell happiness in this world ! He placed his ear at the door and tried to listen. He could distinctly hear two persons speaking in whispers. One said "he is at this door," another said "no, he is at the other." All doubt was now cleared up. After a minute he heard his wife sigh. "She is sighing, thought he, "because she cannot send away her paramour. She has had many days of happiness, but my day of revenge is come. But is it a menial or gentleman that now shares her bed ? It must be a menial. In all great houses

it is the servants who take their masters' places in the hearts of their wives. These seemingly delicate creatures have a predilection for their rude servants. Why was the vile sex created ? There are virtuous ladies, no doubt. I wish I might get a wife like Bhóoboneshoree. So lovely and yet so chaste ! She is displeased at young men's attention while other women like to be gazed at by them. Flattery, slavish attention and lover's admiration cannot move her. Alas ! my Kusam was also known to be irreproachable. But there is no trusting women. Beneath a pure exterior, they hide ungovernable passions. I wonder which servant has won her favor." The wretched husband here passed all the servants in review from the age of 8 to 80, and then fixed upon a boy of 14 as the person whom his wife regarded with a partial eye.

"While Chunder was engaged in deliberately reviewing the persons and characters of the servants in his father-in-law's house in order with a view to find out the lucky individual who had conquered his wife's hearts, he stood still, not liking to disturb his brain pregnant with such important thoughts which might thereby suffer abortion. This profound silence seems to have led the pairs within to believe that he had departed from the place. For Kusam's gentle feet were heard to approach the door very softly. The sound of her movements aroused the jealous husband, she opened the door, he furiously rushed at it to prevent her parainour's escape. Kusam thereupon hastily shut the door before her husband could effect entry, and returned to bed. Chunder was now fully convinced that the boy was in the room with his wife. For had an adult been there he would have tried to escape, which the boy could not do with any hope of success. He now recalled to his memory all the suspicious circumstances to which he had been an unwitting witness : how once he thought he saw his wife exchange meaning looks with the boy, how he seemed fond of sitting near her and was zealous in his attentions to her comfort ; how she would often help him in his work and give him a share of her tiffin at times ; &c ; &c. Overpowered with the recollection

of things which he did not understand at the time, but which his jealous mind now found no difficulty in explaining to his perfect satisfaction, he threw himself on the bare ground and burst into tears. This seemed to relieve his surcharged heart a little, but still his mind was being gnawed by jealousy, and his blood coursed through his veins as though he was under an attack of high fever.

"Why did I not die beforehand?" said he to himself. "Was I reserved to see my beautiful wife in the arms of a stripling. The boy has scarcely forgotten his mother's teat, and yet my wife has madly fallen in love with him. Disparity of age in the same sex is a bar to friendship, but in the opposite sexes, it seems to cement the union. O! she must be madly in love with him. The boy being too young to feel anything like passion for her, she has helped to inspire him with it. Why should I kill him? He probably does not know that it is a crime to love my wife. He loves her as a servant would love his mistress. But she is the root of all evil. It is she that is herself corrupt, and has corrupted him. It is surprising I have not suspected the connection so long, although I have often observed their intense fondness for each other. I have hitherto been under the delusion that the stripling regarded my wife with something like filial love and that my wife felt a mother's affection for him. Now I see my mistake. Had an adult paid such attentions to my wife, and she had showed him the least partiality in return, I would have at once detected the improper intercourse. I have taken a viper in my bosom. I wonder when they intend to run away from the family. My name will then be in every body's lips. Every one will point the finger of scorn at me. Why did I marry this wretched woman? Her great beauty influenced my choice. Had I married a tolerably handsome girl, I would never have been so unhappy. It is great beauties who are generally the most abandoned. Other women might plead seduction, but my wife is the seducer. When this tale goes into the world, what will they say of me! I will hang myself the day her infamy becomes known."

“While the wretched husband thus went on tormenting himself, he heard his wife softly approach the door and after noiselessly undoing the bolt, return as noiselessly to her bed. Had not his senses been rendered extraordinarily acute by jealousy, he could not have perceived her movements, so stealthily were they performed. He thought the boy had just effected his escape through a vile woman’s ingenuity, and his wife softly undid the bolt that she might afterwards plead that the door had been left open from the beginning. His brain was now on fire, and he came to the door to verify his suspicions. The push that threw open the door, sent a lightning through his frame. He staggered in his step, but his vehement passion carried him within. He then stood still. His eyes surveyed the apartment. He saw there was no loophole for escape. For a moment he felt a maniac’s joy as the thought darted in his mind that his wife, unable to send the boy safe out of the room, had concealed him in some place or other. The long time she had taken to open the door as well as her feigning sleep seemed to confirm his suspicions. He, therefore, hastily shut the door, and taking the lamp in his hand, began to search the room. During the progress of the search his eyes watched the movements of his wife, as if they might throw some light on the matter. The wretched woman at this moment slightly raised her head. As their eyes met, she immediately buried her head in her pillow. The jealous husband trembled from head to foot at this apparent proof of his wife’s conscious guilt, but the ardour of his search sustained him still. He searched every creek and corner, but the boy was nowhere to be found. It now occurred to him that the little boy might be concealed in the bed. So he came and began to examine the beds. He was even foolish enough to examine his wife’s dress, suspecting that the boy lay concealed in her arms.

“Chunder now renewed the search still more minutely than before. There was not an article in the room left unexamined. He inspected even the interior of an earthen jar, as if his wife’s diabolical art could squeeze the limbs

of her favorite art and thrust him in through its small mouth. He next examined the walls to see if they contained any trap-door. Failing in his search he was inveighing against vile woman's ingenuity, on which the poets have expatiated so much, when it occurred to him that a large opening might have been made by unloosening one of the bars of the window. So he repaired to the window, and tried the bars one after the other. As he shook them with all his strength, one of them came out from the hold, and at the same time, a small figure was seen to glide away from behind the window. He held up his light rather high to ascertain who it was, but could see nothing except the shadow of a figure hurriedly retreating from the place. Imagination can hardly realize what the jealous felt at this apparent corroborations of his suspicions. He staggered and fell rather than sat on the ground, with his back to the wall. Bitter tears glided down his cheeks in streams. As soon as this relieved him a little, he asked his wife in a tremendous voice who unloosened the bar. His wife did not speak, but struck her head. Chunder took this as a confirmation of his doubt that the paramour had really made his escape through the window. "Ah, wretched woman!" said he, "now you strike your head, because you think all is now discovered. I wish you could, by so striking, kill yourself instead of leaving me to perform that piece of service." Kusam appeared horror-struck at this, and invoked Jove's lightning to descend upon her head. Her husband became more and more furious, and threatened to tear her to pieces,—a consumation which she devoutly desired. On cooler reflection, Chunder thought it to be a great crime to kill a wife and after weeping, tearing his hair and striking his head with a view perhaps to make his griefs evaporate thereby, he at last retired to bed. The beautiful wife, though in the same bed, did not sleep in the arms of her lord. Kusam preserved her silence unbroken to the last, and in the morning, the unhappy pair separated without exchanging a word.

SHAUKHARE JAULPAUN.

TO MIRZA SHAMBHA CHANDRA MOOKHOO PADHYA,
HEAD-EATER OF MOOKHOREJI'S MAG'ZIN.

DEER SUR,

I am glad 2 obzurv that the dish i set b 4 the publick in yore last No., waz most welcum. It waz indeed in ceaz'n, and—well-ceaz'nd. Wat with the ranes and a nisely reglated quantum ov pepper and salt, i new it cood not b utherwise. Mi frend Jeames putiklarly lykcs it, so doo Ram, Sham and Jogee. Bles tho lads! i promis them lots ov plums, only let 'em mynd thare les'ns and tri 2 b good boize.

But mi pryvasy haz bin much assailed ov lait. Letrs from all quartr's,—from China 2 Paroo, from Goliah down 2 Horoo, hav pored in 'pun me in an endles strim ov fluttring note papur. The cri iz, stil tha kum; and tho rage iz al for Shaikhare Jolpaun. The Breeteesh Eendian Assoshiasun hav rakorded a razolushun expresiv ov thare kordial appreshcashun ov mi dish,—a kopy ov wich razolushun thare kumytea hav bin good enuff 2 farward 2 me, prazenting at the same tyme thare kindest remembrances 2 yore gifted coracepondent. Thank u, jentlemen. U ma b ashured ov mi weellingnes 2 marit yore approbashun, only bare with me pashently if u pleeze.

Mi frend Jeames, hoo propozes starting a papur, rote 2 me the uther da, begging mi literhary asistans and expresing hiz willingnes 2 konsecd 2 me in all things except the rite of aboozing the natecvs, hoom he very justly hates in return for the brade wich thare kuntree givs him and wich his own——. Finish the centense, gentlo reeder, for yoreself. I hav not yato sent him a repli, but pawisibly i ma tel him—of koarse in very polight language az from 1 frend 2 anuther—the duce take u and yore offr! Wat a pity men with the skantiest ejukashun,—mere lackwits or rather the sang-kulots ov the rapublick ov letrs shood set up az publick tecchers and impoze their krood noshuns, whimsie, and fanciz on simple fokes too apt 2 misstake cloudy centen Cess and missten paragrafs for the inspirashuns of Jeneus! Jeneus! humph! Y, that artikl iz a rare kumoditty, and i rokn that in this vast kuntry thare r in all but three, viz;—yore preshus good-for-nothing-navur-2-doo-well self, the mischivus wag hoo duz the Inglesman's Saturday Evning Weakley, and last—need i ad, not the least—yore humble survant; and all the rest r a parsell ov sorry muffs, excepting ov koarse persnal Guyment Fall. Won shall 3 meet again?

The Obzurvur, also, acting on the prinsiple ov kontinuitea, wyshes to enlist me among hiz onlightend watchers. Prodijsus! Iz'nt it, mi Dominy? Hiz appiekashun iz at present under konsiderashun. Moenwhile i wil ask him 2 explano wat object in the fizzikal world iz refurd to under the deizgnashun ov "Hooghly's river" in sum-vur Cess wich appeared in a resent oesue of hiz jurnal. Pawsibly it iz the identikal gulf wich not long ago he waz ankshus 2 hav bridged, but here iz Mr. Leslie—beg yore pardun, i ment 2 sa No. 1—redy 2 perfawm the feat for him.

I ma further menshun that Vulkan ov Segerampoor, unable 2 forje any more bolts for Joopiter jooniar, now dezires 2 assine the happee task 2 me. Hiz bolts, he sez, are no long R effoktyv; tha flash and flash and end in idle reports. B 4 dispozing ov hiz offr 1 wa or the uther, i must konsult St. Pall, and pawsibly get him to indite an ape-istle, not 2 the gentiles, but 2 Vulkan in his uzal apostolik stile. There iz won kondishun, however, wich i must insist on b 4 the nigosheashun proceeds farthur, and it iz this: Vulkan must not uze so much brass in hiz ledsheet. The villanous kompond iz simply redekulus.

And now for a bit ov startling neeoose. Sound drums, blo trumpets, and whistle hilli-bullero! The Maharajah haz sent me an awtograff let r, in wich he makes an offr ov an Asseestant Sectry-sheep if i wood march 2 his raceeue. He sadly needs support, and mine, he sez, wood b most welkum. At present convolvd in nite, he greevusly wants mi lito to cheer him. Wan ov hiz advokatos the uther da waz polight enuff 2 kompair him 2 old Nick. Et tu Brute? Wat next and next?

Yes, Maharajah, I shal b soopreamly hapee 2 place mi harti servicess at yore dispozal if u wil only agree 2 three thyngs. I dont kare a bit for the sectrys-sheep; u shal hav mi umbot advokasy if u wil lisen 2 mi advice and follo it. Forswear yore lojic, wich iz suntymes the wery antepodes of sound cens; restrane yore impulsivnes, wich iz offintymes the bain ov yore best mazures; and b at all times the PEEPLE's unsflynching frend and wawm benefacter. With regard to the 1st point, let me onestly tel u that it iz *not* good lojic 2 sa that b coz the zemindars wood recover the rodecess from the Rayots, therefore the Guvment shoold imppoze it on the latter. This reminds me of the story ov the old Joo hoo, having bin charjed with krooelly fleecing a fast young man about town, defended hiz kondukt by saying that, in fleecing the sed young man, he had but rendered him a survis, az he had tharobi prevented uthers from fleecing him! Mr. Deerland's obzurvashuns with refrence 2 this queschun r wel thot out, and i cannot doo better than koommend them 2 yore urnest attenshun. It iz not too late 2 mend; only little minds r abuv instrukshun.

• Regarding the sekend point:—yore impulsivnes leeds u into

grivus mistakes and manifests itself in strong riting wich indikates a partizan, not a judeshal spirit. The nther da u called the zemin-dars "wolves." Waz that wel dun ov u, Maharajah?

I now kum 2 the last point. B the PEEPLE's unflinching frend and wawm benefactor. I hav obzurvd with the hiest plezure yore recent proscedings in this dyrection. It iz a fowl blot on the Breeteesh Adminstrashun, that sum ov the fairest parts ov the fairest provins ov India r being desolated by a terrible disease without evoking any urnest efforts 2 kumbat it and exturpate it from the land. Alas, Krischun England kares more for her kattle than for her subjects in her brytest dependency! B it yore glory to obliterate the shame. Oh, stop not til u hav kild the monster beyond a chans ov revival. A single human life thus saved woud pleed more effec-2-ally for u b 4 the throne of Grace than any amount of material kumfurts that u ma provide for those entrusted 2 yore charje. I am, however, sadly disappointed in respect ov yore akshun in the matter ov illegal cesses. U hav dashed down the kup ov hope from the very lips! Iz this the poor rezult ov so much insippiont urnestnes? Wil tho many stil trample upou the fu? Use a jyant's strength 2 doo a jyant's work! Pauz not, falter not, til u hav establicshd the many in thare rites,—til u hav emansepatated them from the insupportable thraldum ov the fu. U ma b assailed bi the cellfish and interested; but, strong in yore own Konshence and relyng on the living God, go on fyting the goodly fite ov oppressed, down-trod'n millions hoom the appathy ov thare roolers hav all but rooind. Remembur, Maharajah, the brathurhood ov man; and like a tru brathur, strive 2 wipe yore poor brathurn's tears.

Then as 2 yore rezolushun ov appointing reprezentativ rayots on the majisterial bench, the idea iz unqueschunably a good 1, but y dont u deaфинitly state hoom u konsider az such? Tha jonk with u hoo suggest the nominashun of Sirdar kooliz or Sirdar barers for such purpus. How woud u like 2 hav thezo reprezentativ men for members ov yore own kounsel? Thare r good men and troo in uthar ranks ov life, who hav a status in thare little village sirklo and r racepeekted by thare kompears for thare integrytea and sterling worth. Chuz yore onnerary magistrates from amongst theze, and dont bring the bench 2 ridikule by plasing thareon yore model fakirs and reerooting sirdars.

By the by, Mr. Head-eater, here iz a fla grant instans ov pers'nal Guvment, wich cannot b too strongly kondemd. A munth ago 1 cent in the kurrent koin ov the relm 3 rupee, 5 annas, 7 py, and 9 gundaz in ade ov the apeedemik-strikn suffers in Burdho-man; and woud u beoleev it, the Guvment ov Bengal hav not yet thankd me for this munifiscent do nation? Iz not this very provoking?

The kuntree rings with denunsheashuns ov Mr. Hog ov Post
offis notorytea. This speaks wel for the manhood ov the land.
The age of shivalry iz manifestly *not* gon. Alas, poor Mrs. Hog !
I pitea thee from the botum ov mi hart ! Tho I dont hold thee
quite blameles, I sincerely beleave that this imprudense waz the
rezult ov the sistematic pursekushun and krnel distrust ov the man
hoo shamed a huzband's name by flinging thee off 2 the world that
he ma the more eezily akumulat proofs ov guilt against thy marriage
vow.

“Luv, like the flour that koarts the sun's kind ray
Will flurrish only in the smiles of da ;
Distrust's kold air the jeunous plant annoys,
And won chill blite ov dire kontempt destroys !”

Ures transliterationally

SHAUKHARE JAULPAUN.

MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1873.

HYMN TO DURGA.

HAIL! Mighty Goddess! Universal Soul!
Power or Love, Fate or Illusion sweet—
Whate'er thy name, who wast, ere Time's dawn, solo
Existent, lowly—humbly thee we greet!
Hail! ten-arm'd Goddess of the lion-throne,
Whose power Time and Space and Being own!
The seed of things was in thy mighty womb,
Their source prolific, and their final doom!

From thee the mystic Triad Unity,—
Brahma, Vishnu, Mahesha,—one in three—
All sprung, thou primal dread Divinity,
Thou great First Cause of all and End to be!
The gemm'd embroid'ry of the azure sky,
The flow'ry graces that around us lie,
The whirlwind's blast, and lightning's quick'ning flame,
All—all thy pow'r and loveliness proclaim.

Descend, great Deity ! from thy cloud-girt seat,
 Embosom'd high amidst th' eternal snows
 Of lofty Himmala, where at thy feet

All rapt, Old Time lays him down to repose.
 While Kārtickaya on his star-eyed bird,
 As fits the war-god, bravely keeps his guard ;
 And Gannosha, in sober vesture drest,
 Woos Philosophy to his loving breast.

There rosy Lakshmee, blushing like the morn
 When she bepaints yon heaven's arche'd dome,
 Her lap all filled with golden ears of corn,
 Em-paradises her fond mother's home.
 And lily-hued Saraswattee, lute in hand—
 Attended by the Arts,—a witching band—
 Awakes ethereal music midst the snows,
 And all the place with rapt'rous ardour glows.

Come, Goddess bright, O come, Supernal Power,
 In beaming smiles and loveliness arrayed,—
 Our only hope in dark misfortune's hour,
 Our solo support, and never-failing aid !
 O bless the land with Peace and tranquil Joy !
 May no distressing ills the year annoy !
 O come with all thy radiant progeny,
 DURGAE, DURGAE, DURGATINA'SHINEE !

RAM, SHAM, AND JOGEE.

REMINISCENCES OF A KERANT'S LIFE.

CHAPTER VI.

I HAVE spoken of the Burra Saheb of the Treasury, but as yet the reader knows nothing about the Chota Saheb. During my incumbency of about eight years there were four Burra Sahebs, and five or six Chota Sahebs; but of course it is not necessary to describe them all. As a rule Chota Sahebs everywhere are short-tempered young men, knowing nothing, who expect the amlah to do everything for them, and at the same time to show them the same deference and respect as, or a shade more than, what is conceded to the Burra Saheb. There is no man who exacts respect more punctiliously than he who doubts his right to it.

But our Chota Saheb was on the whole a good man, —vain, as young men will be, flippant also, but not mischievously inclined. A fraud had been practised on the Treasury, and a small sum taken out on an interest-draft which had been paid before. The order of second payment bore the Chota Saheb's signature. At first his only fear was as to the view the Government would take of the matter in respect to himself; and his only thought was how to gloss over his share of the blame, and who to sacrifice as his scape-goat. Somebody suggested that perhaps the Chota Saheb's signature on the document was not genuine. This was a whisk of straw to the drowning man. He clutched at it with intuitive eagerness. "Of course it is not my signature! Does it look much like it? I will swear in any court of justice that it is not my signature!" And so the difficulty was tided over, and the loss paid up by the amlah. Chota Saheb freed from blame was not unwilling to pay. But the amount was very petty, and the amlah did not trouble him.

It was matter more serious when the Chota Saheb began to sign all sorts of papers that were brought to

him. Somebody had to pay a large sum of money (80,000 Rs., I think) into the Treasury on account of somebody else. He submitted the usual *challan* or tender of payment to Chota Saheb for signature, the *challan* being accompanied by a receipt which was to be signed after the money was actually paid in. Chota Saheb signed both simultaneously. There was the acquittance signed and delivered without a single pice of the debt having been actually realized ! It fell to my lot to explain to Chota Saheb his mistake. "Mistake ! what mistake ? If I was not to sign the paper why was it brought to me ?" "It was brought to you only for an order on the *challan* to authorize the cashier to receive the money." "Well, have I not signed that ?" "Yes, you have. But you have signed the receipt also before receiving the money. You ought to have waited for the cashier's acknowledgement." "Who is the cashier then, and why did he not send in his acknowledgement ?" "Because he has not received the money yet." "But why has he not received the money yet ? Why did he not receive it ten days ago ?" "The payment was not tendered till now." "Bless me if I understand all this ! What has gone wrong ?" "This only, that, if the man had chosen it, he might have gone away with your receipt without paying a pice of the money due from him." "Then let him go. He is welcome to do so, I suppose."

The case was hopeless. There was no help for it now, but to speak to the Burra Saheb, who of course understood the whole thing in two seconds. He kept back the Chota Saheb's acquittance, and told me to report to him when the money was received. An order was simultaneously issued and necessary directions given to the chaprassies that no papers were to be taken to the Chota Saheb for signature except by an *amlah* of the office. But the Chota Saheb never attempted to understand what all this bother was about.

Another Chota Saheb equally clever did not understand why a gold mohur, if equal to a rupee in weight, was so much smaller in size, and why bank notes of

different values had borders of different patterns when the paper used was the same. The difference between a cheque accepted and one unaccepted was also a poser ; and it was mentioned of one Chota Sahab whom I did not know, that he used to sign papers without looking at them, and every evening several blank papers and blotting sheets were to be found on his table signed in the usual way along with other papers. It must not be forgotten however that these Chota Sahabs were generally very young men, paid to learn their work, and not expected to perform it efficiently.

CHAPTER VII

I HAVE not yet alluded to the inconveniences of office life, but the reader must not conclude that there are none. The inconveniences are many and of diverse kinds. I have referred to a fraud practised on the Treasury. The attempts made to discover the culprit gave me a lot of trouble. The man who had presented the duplicate order for payment was seen by me and by some three or four other assistants. The police, with their usual brag, said that they would trace him out without fail if he were in the land of the living, and the only little help they wanted was that of some sensible person to identify him. Of those that volunteered I was selected, and dreadful was the bother I had about it. I had to accompany the police through many of the dirtiest byeways of this dirty city, to nooks and corners where no decent person desires to be seen. I was first taken to the house of a seal-engraver. In a hut was a squalid woman, with a thin squalid child on her lap. A policeman in plain cloths accompanied me, and asked the woman to fetch her husband. "He is not at home." "O yes, he is ; he told me to come for him ; tell him the Thakoorjee has brought some *mahaprasad* for him." I did not understand what this meant ; but the word *mahaprasad* was evidently the "open sesame" for admittance. The message was taken in ; the man came out, more miserable looking if possible than his miserable wife and child. He was not the man

we were looking out for. The policeman and he seemed to be old acquaintances, and they had a long talk of which I did not understand a word. Next I was taken to the ground-floor of an old two-storied house which was in a crumbling condition. There was a drinking party within, and they refused us admittance. The policeman in plain cloths did not come up to the house, but kept at a distance, another man being sent with me who, I understood, was the friend or companion of the party to be identified. It would seem, therefore, that there can be no sort of friendship or confidence between knaves. As admission to the apartments was refused my companion began to bawl out for his friend by his nickname "Kallo Ghose." We were kept awaiting for a long time, and curious eyes were peering out every now and then from a small aperture which represented a window, to see who we were and what we wanted. At last, after about a full quarter of an hour, Kallo Ghose came out. No ; he did not come out exactly ; he just opened the door partially and showed us his face. It was enough ; he was not my man ; but there was no doubt of it that he was a villain of the worst stamp. He asked my companion why he had brought another man, a stranger, with him. The reply was communicated to him by signs which I did not understand. The friends it seemed to me continued to be good friends still, but Kallo Ghose launched out any but kindly glances after me. If the mysteries of Calcutta were written by a clever hand we would know of many things which we do not dream of.

I was next carried to a flash house kept by prostitutes, being accompanied by one who was a frequenter of it, while the police awaited at the nearest corner. The time was immediately after night-fall ; the abominations I had to witness were awful. Admittance was given without much demur. The party assembled were three men and two women ; a third woman was lying on the floor dead drunk. There were two bottles of brandy or rum before the party, with several glasses ; and they had one dish of *chabanas* also, with plenty of chillies. Of the three men one was a big quarrelsome.

fellow, with a red face ; another, a very thin black man whom I was expected to identify ; the third was a decent-looking fellow whom I had seen before, but whom I did not know. The bully asked our business. My companion introduced me as a novice in the school of love. "Does he drink ?" "No ; but I shall drink for both." "That wont suit us ; he must drink for himself ;" and a glass of brandy was handed to me. I refused it with thanks. "Gulp it down," said the bully, "or I will force it down your throat. What business have you here if you wont drink ? We transact no business with dry lips." I said that I had come there with my friend to see, but not to drink. "To see what beasts we make of ourselves ?" My companion hastened to explain that I had only come to see the beauties of the house. "That excuse wont pass with me," said the bully. "Whoever comes where I am, must do as I do. Now, sir, will you drink or not ?" "I wont." The bully began to gesticulate ; but I knew I had only to bawl out for the police in case of need. This however was found unnecessary. The decent-looking person I had referred to asked me if I knew him. I answered in the negative. "I have seen you before," I said ; "but I cannot remember where or under what circumstances." "Do you know any of our party ? Honor bright !" "Honor bright ; I don't know any one of you except him who has come with me." "Well, I know you, and the family you belong to. Give me your word that you will not mention our names, or in any way describe us to your friends, or mention in what plight you have seen us, when you go out." "This I can safely promise, because I do not know your names, and because my friends could not recognize you from any description I could give of you." "A direct promise, please ; otherwise I wont interfere." I gave the direct promise required. He took the bully aside ; I do not know what talismanic words he said, but the bully was at my feet in a moment, asking me to forgive his rudeness. Of course I forgave him. He insisted on shaking hands with me, and I was then allowed to depart ; not without

a pressing invitation from the ladies to come and see them another day.

In this manner I was carried hither and thither for some days, till the police admitted their inability to trace the delinquent.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE rolling stone gathers no moss. Be it so ; but is the reverse always true ? Here was I a stationary stone for years in the Treasury that had gathered no moss to speak of. We had better roll now, thought I ; but in what direction ?

The office of Deputy Magistrate was being now created. The first few appointments had been reserved for members of the highest native families in Calcutta, and for well connected European candidates. But there were many others to give away. Unfortunately I had no friends to back me ; and those who I had expected would help me, did not. Young men however are not easily disheartened. The appointments were in the gift of the Secretary to Government known far and wide as the Burra Huzoor, and I waited on him to urge my claims. On the first occasion I was received and put off ; on two subsequent occasions that I called I received the stereotyped answer—“*Phoorsut nehuhaye.*” There was the great man on whom all eyes were turned, the dispenser of bounties and coveted honors, accessible only to people with long names, and to such others as made “*koorneeshes*” and “*saluams*” with both hands ; but not to me and the like of me. I accepted my disappointment with impatience indeed, but still with as much pride as I could call up. Years after I had the satisfaction of receiving from the same man a message that he would be glad to cultivate my acquaintance, and, subsequently to that again, an offer of a Deputy Magistrateship which I refused. I can well conceive what Dr. Johnson's feelings were when he wrote that celebrated letter to Lord Chesterfield, than which a better return below was never given.

In the height of his greatness the Secretary to Government would not see me. I was delighted to learn some time after that a native gentleman whom he had asked to come to him had refused to do so. This was a gentleman of independent means and station in society, who cared neither for the favors nor the frowns of the great man. He had never waited on him, though all the other native big guns of Calcutta had done so, and this was a sore point with the Huzoor, who liked to see the rich about him. He took the initiative at last, and asked to see the Baboo on the pretext of consulting him on certain points connected with native female education. The reply was that on account of domestic bereavements the Baboo never went avising. Oh ! how the Huzoor must have felt the slight.

But against one instance of this sort how many there are of a contrary kind. The great ruling passion of the native mind is servility to those in power. All our Rajahs and Bahadoors, with their *assas* and *sontas*, are constantly running hither and thither "to pay their respects" to this and that man—to every *topiwallah* in office in fact, quite irrespective of his claims to such attentions. I can well understand when all this bowing and cringing originate with a purpose. Then the meanness has an excuse, possibly a knavish one, but still an excuse for the despicable position assumed. But I have never been able to understand why most of our purse-proud ignoraniuses, who can have no ends to compass, go on demeaning themselves *ad nauseam*—crying "Jo Hookum" to every puppy that writes C. S. after his name, merely as it would seem for that meanness' sake. When Baboo Hobo Gul Ghose goes avising great folks in all directions we excuse him, because we know that the man is living on his wit's end. An up-country millionaire, with little or no brains, runs down to Calcutta with a long train of fancied grievances requiring the immediate attention of the Government; Baboo Hobo Gul is at once at his elbow, and offers to see him through the affair—for a consideration. The bargain is concluded without demur. Baboo Hobo Gul drives down to Government

House ; has an interview with the Private Secretary ; even introduces his friend the millionaire to the Governor General's right hand, without speaking of his grievances as a matter of course. The millionaire does not understand a word of English, and it costs nothing to Hobo Gul to convince him that his suit has sped well, and that it is now only a question of money. The matter will be awfully expensive ; there are so many big stomachs to fill. Of course the millionaire does not mind that, and a long fable ends with the demand of a large sum of money. But Jumna Doss Hurry Bhujun Doss, though ignorant is shrewd, and won't pay the whole sum at once. Half or one-fourth is after much haggling forked out at last ; and Hobo Gul never appears before the millionaire again.

And yet these are the people to whom the doors of the great are always open ; and the rich nincompoops who go there willingly bring themselves down to the same level with them. It is very seldom that an Englishman returns the visit of a native gentleman ; yet my countrymen are too mean-spirited to resent this.

CHAPTER IX.

WE were all very nearly losing our appointments one day, and that when we had not the remotest idea of such a thing happening to us. The Head Cashier had suggested some alterations in the general procedure of the office, with a view to provide greater security against frauds ; but the Burra Saheb, a new man, had vetoed this, rejecting all the expostulations of the man who was primarily responsible for the proper working of the department. Our chief upon that submitted his resignation, which was at once accepted ; and with him we all would have had to go out, as is usual on such occasions. But, simultaneously with his resignation, the Head Cashier had sent up a memorandum of his case to the Chief Secretary to the Government ; and the Burra Saheb, just, when he was about to fill up the vacancy, received the peremptory orders of the Government to

leave matters at *statu quo* till a searching enquiry into the working of the office was made. For this enquiry a distinguished financier was selected, and it resulted in his unqualified approval of all the measures which the Head Cashier had suggested, and the removal of the Burra Sahab to a less onerous post. As the peons and duffries noted epigrammatically on the matter : "*Burra Sahab bodlee hogya; Baboo ka oopur Lard Sahab burra khosee hooah.*" The Burra Sahab's nominee who was to have filled up the vacant post of course flitted as fast as he had come ; and the tempest in a tea-pot being over we breathed freely again, and continued working as before.

The new Burra Sahab was a thorough man of business, besides being a very pious Christian. He looked into every man's work with his own eyes, without neglecting his own. A great many checks and counter-checks were abolished by him, while he introduced various new ones in their place which were admitted on all hands to be exceedingly sensible and necessary. What did not give equal satisfaction was the selection he made in filling up vacancies. Even the best of men in some way or other manages to contract prejudices to which he steadfastly adheres. The firm conviction of this Burra Sahab was that Europeans always made the best office assistants, after them East Indians, and the natives last. This is even now the opinion of many very good men, and taken in the abstract the premises may not be unsound. But unfortunately we cannot get good Europeans for the salaries given in public offices ; and, if you stick to your hobby, the only result is that you cram your office with the refuse of Europe. As for the East Indians, as a rule they are men of no education, and are therefore fit only for mechanical duties and nothing more. The Registrar of the Government Treasury was an East Indian, a very good man, and with the best education of the East Indian standard. He had been many years in the office and moved quietly in the groove to which he was accustomed. But he was entirely upset by the changes which the new Burra Sahab had introduced, and it was no secret

that, in accommodating himself to the change, he was wholly guided by the advice and direction of his native assistants. Like natives also (and after all what is an East Indian but a native) East Indian assistants, when in power, bring around them all their brothers and brothers-in-law to partake of the loaves and fishes on the spread board. The English office of the Government Treasury had in this way become quite converted into a snug family conclave, consisting of three brothers, two brothers-in-law, one step-son, and half a dozen cousins of the first, second, and third degree. The Burra Saheb wanted to infuse into this *coterie* a little new blood. A good appointment was vacant for which several excellent native candidates were applicants. But the Burra Saheb would fain have an European. At last a ship-captain recommended a nephew of his, a very young man for the post. Of course he was totally unfit for it. But then he was an European, and—would learn. The lad had sense, but no education, and after a long schooling was barely able to get through his work as a matter of routine. He fell subsequently into bad company, took to the bottle, and got drowned. This of course the Burra Saheb could not have prevented : but he might have given the office a better man than the hobnail he put in. They say that the ship-captain was the Burra Saheb's friend, and had shown him and his family great attention on board when they came out. Was that a sufficient justification for the choice that was made ? And yet there is no doubt of it that the Burra Saheb was a very good man and a pious Christian, as I have said at the outset. But prejudices for or against make the best men unjust at times, and the evil is that they don't see it.

Another selection made by the Burra Saheb at about the same time turned out much better. This was for filling up a comparatively unimportant post, carrying with it a much smaller salary. In this case also an English lad was selected ; but he answered much better than the other man, being less bumptious and more willing to learn. For other very petty posts the Burra Saheb brought in some natives who had served under him.

elsewhere, and all these turned out to be efficient assistants. But the appointment of so many outsiders caused great heart-burning in the office at the time, and made the Burra Saheb a good deal unpopular, till his sterling good qualities developed themselves in regular course.

CHAPTER X.

THE Jury nuisance is well known. I received one day a summons to dance attendance at the Supreme Court as a juror. Many cases were gone through. One was that of an indigo planter charged with acts of cruelty and oppression against certain ryots. In the local court he had pleaded that he was an European by birth and therefore not subject to trial by that court. His plea in the Supreme Court was that he was not an European and therefore did not come within the court's jurisdiction. The case was gone through, and all the acts charged against him were proved; but the court having left the question of jurisdiction to be settled by the jury from the evidence, the majority contended that the court's jurisdiction was not proved. To this the minority did not at first agree, but they afterwards gave in; and thus curiously enough the indigo-planter got off.

What struck me particularly in the court was that, though the show was a good one, the ends of justice did not seem to be fully obtained. The interpretation was execrable. What the witness said was very seldom correctly rendered, and many things were put into his mouth which he did not say. The cross examination of counsel seemed also often to be very irrelevant: but the counsel had certain privileges which they fully asserted and would not allow to be interfered with. There was a passage of arms between the judge and the counsel on this very point. "You have been over and over repeating that question, Mr. Twigg. I don't see what you want to elicit. It seems to me that you are taking up the time of the court quite unnecessarily." "I beg pardon, my lord. But the question has been repeated so often most advisedly."

"You may think so ; I don't : and I really cannot allow this to go on." "Your lordship must excuse me. We have our respective duties in this court to discharge. Mine is to defend my client, and if by repeating any particular question I can throw one spark of light to clear him of the imputations made against him, I am bound to do so. And I hardly need remind your lordship that it is your lordship's duty and that of the jury patiently to receive the evidence as it crops up." "Very good, Mr. Twigg, you may go on." So the counsel had the best of it, and the judge was obliged to cave in.

As a rule the jurymen also were ill-chosen. Often, very often, native jurymen betrayed strong prejudice in favor of native offenders when belonging to the higher or middling classes ; much oftener still the Christian jurymen openly exhibited their strong bias in favor of Christian culprits ; and the right he had of challenging jurymen rendered it almost impossible for the court to convict an offender who was ably defended, as practically the choice of his judges was left with him.

In other respects however, the court exercised a very salutary influence, especially in checking the irregularities of the police ; and some judges took a delight in taking the officers of the police to task for any cause or no cause at all, of which the following is a veritable instance. The names of the jurymen having been called the judge observed that the number of absentees was very great, and he fined the absent jurymen 20 Rs. each. "My lord, I am present in court," bawled out one jurymen. "My name was not correctly called out by the Clerk of the Crown and I therefore did not answer, thinking that perhaps some other person was meant. If I (giving his name) was intended, I trust your lordship will, under this explanation, remit the fine." Mr. MacTurk, the Deputy Superintendent of the Police, here nudged the jurymen and told him in whispers that he must move through counsel. "My lord, Mr. MacTurk, the Deputy Superintendent of the Police, tells me that I must move through counsel ; but as I am attending the court as a jurymen your lordship will perhaps kindly hold that

to be unnecessary." Now, the judge, an irate man, was looking round like a mad bull, uncertain whom to gore. Was he to toss up the Clerk of the Crown, or the juror? Neither; the juror had found out the scarlet man for him. "Mr. MacTurk, the Deputy Superintendent of the Police," roared out the judge, "had better mind his own business, which I have observed on diverse occasions is very ill done. He has nothing whatever to do with my court and my jurors, and I beg that he will interfere with neither." The silence in the court was profound; Mr. MacTurk was no where; all eyes were turned on him at once, but the ground had opened under him, and he had disappeared. Something the judge said to the Clerk of the Crown in an undertone which was not audible in court. The juror quietly elbowed up to the Clerk of the Crown, and asked him if his fine had been remitted. "Yes, yes; you are very troublesome Baboo. I shall take good care that you are not summoned again." And long did the juror bless his own temerity that had earned such coveted exemption.

THE ADVENT OF KAMDEVA, GOD OF LOVE.

I

HE comes ! he comes ! the God o' the flow'ry bow !
With quiver full of pointed darts,
He comes to rule o'er lover's hearts !
Lo ! spring awakes and vernal breezes blow,
And laugh the skies above, and earth below !

2

He comes ! he comes ! the formless God of love !
With Ruttee blushing at his side,
Blushing in youth and beauty's pride !
Beware of him ! for e'en the Gods above
Are subject to the magic pow'r of love !

3

He comes ! he comes ! the God who dared the ire
Of Shiva dread—Time's sov'reign lord—
What time he Suttée's loss deplor'd !
He comes attended still by young Desire,
And Passions warm which set the heart on fire !

4

He comes ! he comes ! the God who loves to dwell,—
Midst pleasant smiles and deep-drawn sighs,—
In Beauty's cheeks, in Beauty's eyes !
He comes to waken with his witching spell
The warblers sweet in wood and hill and dell !

5

He comes ! he comes ! the God whose fetters made
Of roses bathed in crystal dew,
Unite all loving hearts and true ;—
He rouses Nature long in slumber laid,
And bids the flow'rs their grateful incense shed !

6

He comes ! he comes ! the cruel God of love !
Alas ! too well I feel his dart
Pierce through and through this stricken heart !
Oh ! may the girl less unrelenting prove,
The girl my soul doth fondly, warmly love !

THE EASTER VACATION OF 1862:

BEING

EXTRACTS FROM MY SCRIBBLING JOURNAL.

By ANONYMUS.

—α

April, 16th. Wednesday.—DROVE a little after 4 P. M. with Mr. H. to the Waterloo Station. It occurred to us at some distance from the University Hall, that we had omitted to bid good bye to the Principal; but I consoled myself with the thought that as the custom was to ask his permission to *stop* at the Hall during vacations, it was not particularly necessary to ask it on *leaving* the same. The day being tolerably clear, I observed the somewhat misty grandeur of the commercial metropolis of the world, while we were passing over the Waterloo Bridge. On the right side, appeared the towers of the Houses of Parliament, the Westminster Abbey, &c; also a huge stone lion looking towards the Thames—a sort of statuary, in which the British excel. On the left were the cloud-capped dome of St. Paul's, and a host of church-steeple's soaring far above the height of ordinary buildings. Steamers were flying in the river with the rapidity of the eagle in the air. All around us was life and bustle, so much so indeed, that though a cockney of nearly twelve months' standing, I thought as if all London and his wife had come out to a Festival. I realized fully the idea of the saying—"London is a growth as Paris is a creation;" but while every thing around us was in a gigantic scale, the Thames seemed to be a puny stream in comparison with our glorious ones in India. We crossed the river almost in no time. Waterloo Station is neither so large nor so splendid as some of the other stations; this being the first time I saw it. At 4. 45, the iron-horse neighed and began to move on so high a level that house-tops

appeared to be quite within reach. The contrast between the smoke and bustle of the city to the green beauty and quietness of the country was great. The day being clear, our delight was unalloyed. Passed through Ascot of horse-race celebrity. The country around is rather desert-like : in the horizon rose a few Scotch firs exactly resembling the palms from a distance, and I was forcibly reminded of some parts of poor dear Bengal. Arrived at Reading (44 miles from London) at a little before 6.30 p. m. ; when Mr. H. H. escorted us from the Railway station. The senior Mr. H., Miss H. and Miss Austin were waiting for us, and we lost no time in sitting down to tea. Of course, Miss H. was at the head of the table. Tea was preceded by prayer and hymns accompanied with the Organ, an instrument, which I saw for the first time in a private gentleman's house. Having thus refreshed ourselves, we retired to the drawing-room, and I was invited by the ladies to play at chess. They knew full well what they were about, and the result was, I was beaten twice by them. I had then recourse to the Photographic Album. Miss Austin and Messrs. H. sang to the Piano played by Miss H. till supper was ready below. Retired to bed after 11 p. m.

17th *April*. Breakfast 8 a. m. At 10, Mr. E. S. H. and I walked into the town of Reading, which is small, but old enough to contain a few buildings of the style of the 17th century. I looked into the corn market,—a model of its kind—seats are properly arranged and the place is carefully kept clean. There is a Post Office letter box too. The market was empty when we paid the visit. Went to the Biscuit manufactory of Messrs. Huntley and Palmer. Mr. Palmer having ordered the foreman to show us the various parts of the works, we were conducted through the factory, and were shown the process of making biscuits and cakes from the state of flours to that of eatables ; nay further, we saw them packed in tin-boxes and butts ready to be delivered to the waggon-drivers. An engine of 25 horse power, supplemented by more than 600 men, women and boys, is at work. By one part of the complicated machinery, flour,

and butter is mixed, the same process is carried on through different stages at different places. In another place, the pulp is pressed into sheets, which passing through rollers, are stamped and cut into round biscuits. These are placed in the oven, pass through it, and fall on the other side ready for eating. Various sorts of biscuits and cakes are made, plain and ornamental; several boys are engaged to give to the latter various shapes, and the activity of the boys is truly marvellous. We could not ascertain the quantity of biscuits that was made during a given time. Reading biscuits are celebrated, and sent to all parts of the world, and are found of course on the tables of Calcutta Babus. It took nearly an hour and a half to walk through this curious manufactory, not less wonderful, to be sure, than the soap manufactory of Messrs. Thomas at Bristol which I visited last summer. One incident is worth recording for the benefit of that useful class of my countrymen—the Chaprasis. Hear, then, ye Chaprasis, that have ears! We presented a crown to the foreman, and he very willingly accepted it.

Returned to the house of Mr. H. for a while, and then the two brothers H. and I went to the Jail. It is an improved model Jail, looks from outside more like a college than anything else. Tidiness marks most things English, and even when we had entered the building, we could hardly believe ourselves within prison-walls. Having waited a minute or two in a neat little room, a warder bade us follow him, and we passed on to the centre of the building which is erected in the form of a cross. From the centre, you see through vistas in four directions, lighted by the entrance-door, or the large windows at the furthest ends. The prisoners were engaged in work, each having a mask on his face. They are not allowed to exchange a word or look with each other, and the building is accordingly constructed. In each room, works a solitary prisoner. There is room for twenty men performing physical exercises without seeing each other. The cells contain such articles of furniture as are absolutely necessary; there is good ventilation.

Whenever a prisoner wants anything, he rings a bell, and it is so admirably arranged that the moment the bell rings, a brass-plate projects from the wall outside; and as the number of the prisoner is marked on the plate, the warder has no difficulty in knowing by whom he is called. There are excellent baths, and the prisoners are allowed to bathe once every month. The building is supplied with water and heat by a steam-engine, the temperature allowed to the prisoners is about 50° Fahrenheit. We passed down to the kitchen, which was as clean as could be wished. I may remark by the way that English kitchens are quite different from our dark, dingy, and smoke-full rooms. As to diet, three meals are allowed during the day to the prisoners. Males have 8 oz. (marked) bread each, and females 6 oz. each time. The bread is brown of course, but we thought sufficiently good. Breakfast (8 a. m.) consists of bread and gruel. Dinner (1 p. m.) consists of bread and meat; and tea (5 p. m.) of bread and tea. Rice and potato are allowed as vegetables. I examined the rice and found it to be good. Whenever the surgeon in charge of the Jail recommends, extra diet is given. We saw some excellent mats of cocoanut fibre, sold at the market price. Prisoners are employed on more or less hard work according to their physical capacities. There is a chapel above; the pews are so arranged that the prisoners cannot communicate with each other, while every one is within sight of the chaplain. The governor, the chaplain, the surgeon, and the teacher visit the prisoners as often as every day. The latter gives lessons in writing, and I saw a line written on a slate by the teacher, copied several times underneath. Refractory prisoners are condemned to the gloomy cells, and reduced diet. The warder (our guide) said that not unfrequently do some of the prisoners prove refractory. My visit to the jail impressed me with the idea of the great changes effected in criminal jurisprudence within the last thirty years. I have, however, grave doubts as to the desirability of feeding and clothing rogues better than poor honest folks.

The ruins of Reading Abbey are quite close to the jail, and we walked through them and also mounted the

mound which was raised during the Civil Wars to defend the town, and which is now planted with flower trees. On the top of the mound is a tolerably large gun, the mouth of which is stopped, as some rowdies had once frightened the inhabitants of the town by firing it. The ruins of the Abbey show that it was originally a magnificent building. There is a tale, entitled, "A legend of Reading Abbey" published by Charles Knight.

Returned home, and not finding the ladies, we went to Three Mile Cross, to see the house of Mary Russel Mitford, authoress of "Our Village." The house of Miss Mitford is a remarkably small cottage of red bricks, situated on the side of the road leading to Southampton. There is nothing poetical about the place, and that we owe so many volumes of agreeable reading to her pen, is due solely to her genius, which did not apparently require inspiration from her physical surroundings. Miss Mitford's house remains at present unoccupied.

The day being fine, quite equal to our glorious spring days in Bengal, we enjoyed the walk very much, and returned home at dusk. A little after tea, Mr. H. celebrated "the Lord's Supper." I was present during the service, but of course did not take part in the communion. I make it a point of joining in the Christian service when possible, especially in a family, and do not object to kneel during prayer, while my own theological opinions are well-known. I am no bigot, nor my master Rammohun Roy was. Passed the night in profound sleep.

18th. April. In the morning, went by rail with E. S. H., and Miss A. to Newbury (about 17 miles.) Mr. R. Shelley met us at the station, where we were joined by Mr. Preston of London also. S., who was dreadfully suffering from headache, was immensely pleased with our visit, and would not hear of retiring to his room for purposes of rest and quiet. He, good soul, kept our company throughout the day, and showed us with evident pride his little baby three weeks old. Dinner being over, H. and I walked through part of the town and alongside the canal. At 3 p. m. H. preached at the

Presbyterian chapel. At 5 there was a tea-meeting at the Town Hall, where more than 50 persons assembled. Messrs. Shelley, Preston, Howse, and several others spoke. Being requested to speak about India, I said a few words regarding the obstacles in the way of enlightening our country. The meeting lasted till 20 minutes to 9. Supper at Mr. Shelley's, four ladies, four gentlemen, and one boy forming the party. We were scattered during the night, sleeping in different houses. This was Good Friday, and the day proved good indeed.

19th April. Break-fast at Mr. Shelley's. The morning looked inauspicious, the sky was cloudy and there were a few drops of rain. Eventually the day appeared to be the best for walking abroad. Miss. A., Messrs. H., P., S., and myself went out and passed through hills, dales, woods, meadows, and purling streams—the glories of England—all that inspire her favored sons and daughters. What wonder that Englishmen in India should long for “home,” such exquisitely beautiful and sweet home as this? H. made a very just remark that the secret of the greatness of England was the readiness with which Englishmen could leave this paradise of existence for the toils and hardships of the battle-field at their country's call. Yes, this is true heroism.

We paid a visit to a snug little village church, which was being decorated with flowers on account of Easter Sunday. A very unpretending looking person, who was engaged in making garlands of flowers and leaves, rather surprized me by a set of pertinent questions regarding the condition of India, and I afterwards learnt that he was the pastor of the church, an individual, belonging to a class of people, generally much abused, and who like our old village Bhattacharyas carry intelligence and culture into the remotest villages.

In our walk we had to leap over several hedges, while having a lady with us. We had no difficulty in helping her to jump over the partitions, and this performed in a moment. What an awful affair it would have been, if we had a Hindu lady with us!

Newbury was the scene of two battles during the Civil War.

Returned to Reading in the afternoon, and spent the evening and night quietly, being a little knocked up by walking up and down hill for several miles.

20th *April, Sunday.* There is no Unitarian chapel at Reading. Mr. H. senior holds service at his own house, where a few friends join him. Today being Easter Day, all the Unitarians at Reading (not a large number) gathered at Mr. H's., and Easter was duly celebrated. Service and dinner over, Miss A. and I went out to take a walk by ourselves. We trod more than two miles and beheld from an eminence the town of Reading to the best advantage. Miss A's conversation was intellectual and very agreeable.

21st *April.* At 8. 4, a. m. Miss. H., Mr. H. and I set out by rail for Windsor. The castle answered to my expectation from a distance; but on nearer approach, I found the walls to be built of roughly-hewn stones, a sort of building I can scarcely like. The older portions have a smooth exterior, but the greatest part of the walls is modern-looking and really so. Unfortunately the State apartments and the Queen's were not open since the demise of the deeply lamented Prince Albert, and the opportunity of comparing the magnificence within with that of the Palais du Louvre in Paris was thus lost. We attended service at St. George's chapel (Royal), which does not look very imposing from outside, but is really very rich and handsome within. I sat close to the seat of the Earl of Chesterfield, whose coat of arms was just behind me. After service, we walked up to the battlements of the Round Tower, and got a very fine view of the surrounding country. The chapel and College at Eton were within sight, and were sufficient inducements for us to walk thither; so leaving Miss H. on a terrace of the Castle, we reached the interior quadrangle of the college premises in 20 minutes. As it was the vacation time, no students with caps and gowns could be seen, nor could we enter the old chapel, though we tried to do so. Returning to the castle, we engaged.

a brougham and drove through the Long Walk up to the hill on the top of which the huge equestrian statue of George III. is placed. The view from this place is really splendid; the Castle is seen at a distance of three miles through the vista of the double rows of trees, while on other sides lofty trees chequering the extensive swards are visible. We then drove through the celebrated Forest, saw herds of deer and numerous oak trees planted probably in King Alfred's time; tarried a little under the favorite tree of Queen Adelaide, and moved on till we arrived at the pretty Railway station just in time to catch the train. We were to pass within three miles of Stoke-Poges, where the remains of the poet Gray lie buried, and it would have been a piece of unpardonable folly to have missed the opportunity of visiting it. We accordingly obtained permission of the station master to use our return tickets for a subsequent train, and drove to Stoke-Poges. Three quarters of an hour had scarcely passed, the steeple of the "country church" became visible. I had read Gray's *Elegy* with tears in my eyes, and my feeling may be easily imagined when I entered the churchyard where the ever-charming *Elegy* was written. "My blood with intense pleasure thrilled." The country around is poetic indeed. I collected a few ivy leaves from the "ivy-mantled tower," stood under the poet's shady yew tree and saw other objects alluded to in the exquisite *Elegy*. I copied the following words engraved by Gray on his mother's tomb, where he was himself buried on the 6th August, 1771—"Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her." The monument, by no means an elegant one, erected to Gray is about three hundred feet off the churchyard. The "distant spires" of the Eton College and the "antique towers" of the Windsor Castle may be seen from this place. As we drove back I looked longingly on the picturesque church steeple and regretted that the tolling of the curfew and the parting day were wanting to complete the picture given in the *Elegy*. The day was splendidly bright.

22nd April. Kept at home. Acted as pressman to the Parlour press of Mr. H. and printed a few pages of a hymn-book Mr. H. has compiled. Collected a number of facts and anecdotes regarding Rammohan Roy and the Brahma Samaj from books in the Library of Mr. H. Could not help reflecting how sad was the want of zeal and appreciation in our countrymen to preserve historical and biographical records of important events and personages. It is assuredly a shame to our country that certain facts connected with India cannot be learnt in India itself, but elsewhere.

In the evening, singing, the piano being played by the ladies. The weather has changed. There were today showers of rain, the sky was overcast. My own wonder is that we had four or five bright days successively. My health is as good as I ever enjoyed. I take a good deal of exercise, eat heartily, and sleep soundly. This short sunny period of my life is worth recording, to be called back if it so happens, with pleasure at some future day.

(To be continued.)

THE BRAVE ALWAYS VICTORIOUS.

(From the German of Hauff.)

THE brave will triumph over all,
In peace,—in war's red play,
To flute's gay sound or cannon's roar,
He'll carry still the day.
To win a kiss from lady's lips,
To meet a foeman's glaive,
—For either ready and prepared,
There conquers aye the brave ;
Hurrah, there conquers aye the brave !

And when the dance whirls thro' the hall,
And arms slim waists have spann'd,
When glance meets glance, and hand returns
The pressure soft of hand ;
Then every fair one eager is
A hero to enslave,
'Tis there the craven lags behind,
There conquers aye the brave ;
Hurrah, there conquers aye the brave !

When on the march the sun's fierce rays,
Our foot-sore troops oppress,
And down to earth both man and horse
Sink down for weariness ;
The bold then shakes the stupor off,
He sings a merry stave,
His strength renews, his comrades cheers,
—Thus conquers aye the brave ;
Hurrah, thus conquers aye the brave !

And when upon the tented plain,
Two angry armies meet,
And from the height with shot and shell,
The foes our soldiers greet ;
Then on we rush, while o'er our heads
The banners proudly wave,
With sword in hand, and man to man,
There conquers aye the brave ;
Hurrah, there conquers aye the brave !

And when to me grim death shall come,
He'll find me prompt at hand,
'Tis not for gold I'll give my life,
But for my fatherland ;
I've vowed to shed my heart's best blood,
Dear country, thee to save,
I'll keep my word that all may see
Thus conquers aye the brave ;
Hurrah, thus conquers aye the brave !

O. C. DUTT.

THE EXILE'S SIGH OF THE SEASON,

OR THOUGHTS ON THE DURGA PUJAH

BY A TRUE BENGALI OUT OF BENGAL.

THE great Puja' is come !

What pleasant associations are raised up in the mind of all true Bengalis by this announcement ! The mighty Goddess, whom the great Ram Chunder invoked in his need, and brought down on earth from her mountain home, has ever been the peculiar object of adoration by the Hindus of the Gangetic Delta. Her worship is the highest felicity for a people who have much chivalrous piety in their nature. Whether this devout sympathy is due to the succour she gave to their distressed Avatar in his dutiful efforts to liberate his persecuted wife from the hands of a monster, or to the romantic legends connected with her many and various associations with human creatures I know not ; but certain it is that they hail her advent as the harbinger of peace, good-will, clarity, and love. The season has a charm which attracts the young and the old alike, and is enjoyed with a feeling of intense joy, not unmingled with reverence by all. What Christmas is to the Christians, Dasaha'ra' is to the Bengalis—a period of earthly blessedness. The sweet Devi, accompanied by her lord and children and happy friends about her, seems to be the picture of domestic happiness transcending all that can be attained or contemplated ; but which her votaries have ever happily tried to emulate notwithstanding. She inspires sentiments by her appearance which are as humanising in their effect as delectable to the eyes of the beholder. What deadly feuds are not sacrificed at her altar ? what desirable unions are not made at it ? The longest cherished up grudges are suddenly dropped, perhaps for ever. Contending relatives embrace each other and are brothers again. The spirit of charitableness

reigns in all majesty, and inclines us ever to view with leniency the transgressions of our bitterest enemies. The pent-up springs of the heart are opened, and the fountain plays to the music of harmony and concord. If the span of life deigned to us here could always secure sweets like these, existence would be one round of bliss—nay a perfect Paradise on earth. That saint-like humility forgetting itself in its duty to God and man ; that spontaneous effusion of the kindlier feelings of the heart which knows no ebb from morning till midnight ; that cheerful benevolence, which like the refreshing shower from heaven descends on all alike, and makes no difference in the objects benefitted by its influence, have something more than earthly in it. The virtues which ennoble humanity, and the graces which dignify virtue are with us then—a happy train, which elevating and exalting at last prepare the soul for that much coveted consummation—the blissful eternity.

If such halo, oh Dasahara ! encircle thee, what must be the dark lot of those who are excluded from the radius of its benignity, who, like the fallen angels, are destined to mourn the happiness they can no longer attain, bereft even of that consolation which enabled them to make a Heaven of Hell at their will. For let the Poet say what he might “for that there is nothing either good or bad, but that thinking makes it so ;” or the scholar extol the balmy quality of that strange magician, Fancy, the real craving of our nature can never be satisfied by any contrivance of the imagination however skilful and well directed it may be. The rather our imagination enlarges the phantoms of past delights seen through the dim light of memory—those shapeless beings which ever lie in ambush for our weaker moments and appal us by their grim undefined visages.

Yet harder must be the fate of those who cannot cherish their loss in silent recollection ; whose sacredness of grief is intruded upon—is disturbed and desecrated by a gain which disgusts by its hediousness. The ceremony which marks the celebration of the season here is a rehearsal of the Hero's exploits by a set of monkeys

famous for nothing but for the ugliness of their forms and bearing, and who veritably mock us by their apparitions. And, oh ! the mockery of all mockeries here in his own kingdom and within a few brief miles from his birth-place, the friendly Sáradia of Ram Chandar is not even known by name ! Whether it ever travelled with him to the North or not it is impossible to make out at this distance of time ; but even to the present day, amongst the many worshipers of the *sakti*, idols had never been the medium of devotion in the Upper Provinces of India. It would seem that the few world-renowned immortal shrines of the Hindus lying within easy distances of each other and coming together in close religious companionship had driven away such adjuncts to the people's worship from the area of their possession. Yet strange to say that this result is more the effect of ignorance than of contempt on the part of the inhabitants in general, seeing the interest and delight they have taken in them when some of the Bengali deities have been presented to them by Bengalis sojourning among them. Indeed, some have even spent thousands in imitating and adopting them as their own.

It is said the Maharaja of Ayudhyáya, the astute Man Singh, was transported beyond measure when some of the Commissariat Babus celebrated the festival in the capital of his great predecessor a few years ago. He acknowledged with his usual foresight and shrewdness that the tendency of such institutions was to increase sociality. Yet, why did he not patronise it ? A practical reformer like him could easily find the advantage of such a course over all the speech-making in the world. He could gain the heart of the people better by speaking through their belly and senses, for to the want of such general social congregations I ascribe much of the narrow-mindedness of his fat bellied brethern. •

Oudh. September.

ALPHA. .

BHOOBONESHOREE

OR

THE FAIR HINDU WIDOW.

CHAPTER XV.

A LOVER'S DISTRESS.

“**A** FEW days after,” continued Preonath, “my friend in the village sent me a long letter detailing the circumstances already related to you. It is impossible to convey to you in words what I felt on perusal of the communication. I tore the letter, trod it under my feet, and threw it away. I cursed the friend who wrote it, and cursed the bearer who bore it. I accused my charmer of avarice, and thought that by prolonging her stay, she wished to monopolize the whole of her grand-father's estates, instead of the one-fourth share she had already obtained. Not satisfied with this, I even accused her of adultery with the octogenarian, and praised Shama Soondory for her penetration. This again appearing improbable, I thought she had fallen madly in love with the handsome Dwarik. In fact I put the worst construction upon her conduct, and surpassed even Shama Soondory in my uncharitable surmises. All her excellences appeared as so many blots in her character, and there was not a crime of which I did not accuse her. But a moment after, her heavenly picture again rose in my mind in all its glory and loveliness, and I tore my hair and struck my head for having associated it with any thing ignoble or improper. I experienced a total revulsion of my feelings. Now my anger against her grand-father for detaining her by his artifices knew no bounds. I acted over all the scenes in my imagination. When the old man would not take his supper, because Bhoobon-eshoree was to leave his house the next morning, I thrust the food into his mouth, and on his refusing to swallow,

sent it down his throat with a thick ruler which choked him. When he would not go to bed, I threw him on it by main force, and on his declining to close his eyes, I set him to everlasting sleep. When he spoke of going to Brindabun, I dragged him out of the house, then forcing him into a carriage, packed him off. Next placing Bhooboneshoree in a palkee, I conveyed her back to her father's house, never releasing my hold of her feet in the way that she might not be thrown out of the vehicle. Nor did I at the same time forget to carry the envious young ladies in a boat in order to sink them in the nearest whirlpool. With supreme satisfaction, I saw them struggle for life and then disappear under the water, never again to utter anything against my beloved.

"By this time I had carefully collected the scattered fragments of my friend's letter, and joining them just as they stood when the letter was entire, fell to perusing it again and again. I was suddenly seized with envy at the privileges which her grand-father and the two young men had enjoyed. Again acting over the scenes in my imagination, I expelled the old man from the house, and sitting in his place at dinner, enjoyed the luxury of being fed with my charmer's own hand. I was, however, more intent on sucking her fingers than eating the delicacies which they raised. I did not like the tale of Sabitree which she recited to me, but like the old man I hung on her neck while her fair hands laid my head on her lap on which I died the death of a Suttoban. I then kicked the two young men out of the house, and sat in their place to adore her. I wounded my heart, not in imagination, but in reality, and washed her feet with the stream of blood issuing from it. I also rooted out my eyes and laid them at her feet in proof of the passion that was consuming me. Not satisfied with this, I ceased to exist as a separate being, and became literally absorbed in her feet. I acted over and over the same scenes, but still my mind was not satisfied. No imagination could supply the place of reality. I felt maddened at the thought that I was not to behold her for a whole month, or probably for a longer period, for who knew whether

the old man would not play the same game when next she wanted to come home. To behold her now, became necessary to my existence. I went to bed to compose my spirits, but found it impossible to close my eyes. Instead of sleep, I found a bed of thorns.

"The next morning I gave another, being the twentieth perusal to my friend's letter in its torn state. Though I had got most part of it by heart, still I felt a longing to peruse it, as the subject was so dear to me. To save so precious a treasure I copied it in my Memorandum Book. The act of copying and reading kept me closely engaged for two days and nights, and during the operation I felt not the least fatigue or any inclination to eat, drink or do anything else. I thought that if I were to receive similar epistles every day, I would not find it so painful to pass the time during which she remained away. To effect this object, I sent to my friend a rich present, consisting of a watch and chain and dresses, offered his "deserving" son a good appointment, assured him of my highest respect for his partner whose charms and manners I extolled to the sky, and in the end told him I could not remain easy unless he wrote to me daily regarding his health and that of the delicate lovely flower, his wife, who I knew was one of the most robust and strong women that I had ever seen. Then in a foot note, I added that as he might want subjects to write about, it would be well if he informed me every thing that transpired at the house of Bhooboneshoree's grandfather. I praised his power of description as evinced in his previous letter especially where it related to Bhooboneshoree, and hoped he would favour me with similar epistles in future, myself being a great lover of eloquent descriptions of virtue and innocence. I ventured thus far to allude to her, because my friend did not yield to me in his admiration of her, and because during my stay at his house, we always talked of her beauty and excellences. As a poor man, he could not fail to be extremely gratified at my presents, as a fond father, he was delighted at my offer of appointment to his worthless son; my praise of the beauty and perfections of his ugly

and ill-natured wife threw him into ecstasies, and my flattery of his style made him satisfy my curiosity to the utmost. His house stood contiguous to the one which contained my charmer, and as his wife visited her every day, every thing relating to her was faithfully communicated to me the day after it occurred.

"I expected these letters impatiently. For apart from the pleasure which the nature of the subject afforded me, I was extremely impatient to learn the progress of Dwarik's love for Bhooboneshoree. The amusing scene of the two young men's worship of her which had already been pregnant with important results to their future happiness and that of their wives, had no less affected mine. For I already felt the green-eyed monster in my breast. I thought that Dwarik was a formidable rival, his eminently handsome features having achieved the conquest of many a female heart. His frenzied passion for Bhooboneshoree which broke forth while even in his wife's arms, filled me with apprehension. When I considered how he had imposed upon his own wife who knew him so well, and in a few minutes had by his wiles and artifices converted her hatred into love, I trembled for Bhooboneshoree's fate. A beautiful widow, tremblingly alive to human woe,—who sympathised with every human suffering, whether just or unjust, would, I thought, be ill able to withstand the artillery of his beauty, passion and artifice. Nay to confess the truth, her repeated blushes while he paid his adoration at his feet, her averted face to avoid his gaze, and above all, their mutual exchange of tender looks, were in my mind so many proofs that she regarded his passion with a partial eye. Of course I did not believe in their mutual promises to shun each other's company for the future. Whether my surmises were correct or not, the sequel will show.

CHAPTER XVI.

FEMALE ESPIONAGE IN OUR ZENANA, AND FEMALE CURIOSITY AND CHARACTERISTICS IN GENERAL.

A PICTURE DEDICATED TO MR. HOGG.

“**Y**OU Know, Doctor” continued Preo Nath, “it is the custom in our country for boys and ladies to overhear the conversation of a married couple at night, especially when the husband is at his father-in-law’s house. The prohibition against wives speaking with their husbands except in whispers in the dark, has no doubt given rise to this improper curiosity. On the day Blooboneshoree received the homage of Dwarik and Chunder, the agonies of their wives on witnessing the same was partially observed by Shoshee Mookhee and Mono Mohini, who expecting a rich harvest of amusement when the couples met at night, posted themselves behind their bed-rooms in order to overhear what they said. The scene between Dwarik and his wife amused these listeners so much that with suspended breath they tried to catch every syllable they uttered. Of course they could not hear or see all that was said or done, but still they learnt sufficient to give them a general idea of the whole. Besides they had to attend not only one couple but two who slept in rooms several yards apart from each other. At first they continued to run from behind one room to the other that they might not lose anything that was said or done, but as Dwarik and Kadumbinee’s conversation grew every moment more and more interesting, while the other couple exhibited only dumb shows, the listeners paid more attention to the former than to the latter.

“The listening ladies kept themselves exposed to the dews the whole night through, and this for no other object than the laudable one of propagating scandal. As the couples whom they watched, retired to bed at dead of night they could have engaged themselves in half an hour’s sleep if they liked, but they preferred to compare notes which they could not do while secretly listening behind the

rooms. Bhooboneshoree being an early riser, was surprised to see his two cousins laughing with each other with their eyes red with watching. They would not at first tell her what the matter was, but woman's curiosity made her ply them eagerly with question after question till she heard everything. Their envy of her beauty led them to dress the tale in different colours, but she heard sufficient to fill her with apprehensions regarding Dwarik's mad passion for her and the future fate of her two unhappy cousins. She cursed herself for allowing Dwarik and Chunder to kneel to her even in jest. To prevent scandal, she implored Shoshi Mookhi and Mono Mohini never to whisper the tale into other ears. Not satisfied with their solemn promise to keep the secret she took their hands upon her head and made them swear by it. On such occasions, as you know, the sworn person says he eats the head of her who administers the oath in case she (the sworn) does not observe a particular promise. Those charitable and kind ladies felt however so violent an appetite for the head of Bhooboneshoree that they would gladly eat it at the first opportunity offered. Not being aware of this, Bhooboneshoree went away convinced that she had administered an oath which they could never break.

"Of course Mono Mohini and Shoshi Mookhi had no intention of breaking their solemn oath before the other ladies awoke. Mono Mohini attempted indeed to wake her cousins prematurely by knocking at their door, but Shoshi Mookhi upbraided her saying "how bad you are ! You have just sworn by Bhooboneshoree's head not to reveal the tale. Do let quite a minute pass away before you speak it out !" At this just rebuke, Mono Mohini returned. There both resumed their whispers and laughter as before, making their own comments on the scene of the previous night. Two minutes had hardly elapsed when Shoshi Mookhi said, "I wonder what is the matter with our cousins to-day. It is so late, and yet they do not leave their beds. Had they been sleeping with their husbands, they might have some excuse for this delay." At this Mono Mohini's modesty was

shocked, and she struck her cousin half fondly and half angrily, while a sigh seemed to escape her lips. "Ah!" exclaimed Shoshi Mookhi, "I see you are sorry for the absence of your husband. He would not even come to celebrate your 'second marriage,' though you have reached woman's state these three months." At this stage the raps from Mono Mohini's arms showered upon the speaker like ripe plums from a tree shaken by the wind, but warding off the blows with her own hands, the latter continued, laughing:—"It is very pleasant, I tell you, to be in the company of your husband, though very disagreeable to see him to adore Bhooboneshoree's feet. For had he been here, he would have, like these two fools, stooped to kiss the dust from off her feet. All men are so much alike. As he would not come, why don't you get Dwarik to consummate the 'second marriage.'" Here the modest listener struck so thundering a rap on the speaker's back that she was almost choked in the midst of her speech.

"Shoshee Mookhi was so intent on rubbing her hand over the fleshy part on which the thundering blow in its wisdom had alighted that she could not resume her discourse for some time. At last she continued—

"But don't you think Dwarik is very handsome? Such rolling eyes, lips radiant with smiles, the two eye-brows meeting, cheeks like buds of flowers, such broad chest, arms reaching down almost to the knees, and complexion vying with gold,—you will never meet. He is the most handsome man I have ever seen,—one alone excepted."

"You mean your own husband, I suppose," said Mono Mohini smiling. Shoshi Mookhi nodded assent with a laugh.

"The speakers now felt it tiresome to talk with each other. "It would have been better had we gone to sleep," observed Mono Mohini. It is however doubtful whether they could quietly sleep with the secret struggling in their breast to find a vent. Shoshee Mookhee looking at the closed doors, wondered why her other cousins were asleep when Bhooboneshoree had risen so long.

"I don't think," said she, "they will rise till we rouse them."

"This suggestion was lost upon Mono Mohini who having been upbraided once for knocking at the door, would not commit the same offence though the judge himself was the abetter in the present instance. Her companion therefore rose and said, "I will just see what the other ladies are doing," as if they could be doing anything else than sleeping. As she went to knock at one door Chittra, who from her bed was listening to the latter part of the dialogue, cried out from within—

"What are these girls prating about the whole night through? They must have something very particular to talk about."

"At this Mono Mohinee laughed a half suppressed laugh, plainly intimating that her conjecture was right. As Chittra came out in haste to learn what the matter was Mono Mohini laughed loudly and ran away. Shoshee Mookhee having by this time awaked the other sleepers, followed her example. The ladies wondered what the case might be with Shoshee Mookhee and Mono Mohini.

"They have some secret to disclose, no doubt!" said Shookhoda.

"They must have something very laughable!" exclaimed Mookhoda who had a horror of secrets. "I believe," said Chittra, "they have been overhearing the conversation of Kadumbinee and Kusam with their husbands. But their talk has now grown so old and stale that I never go to listen to it. Such couples can be only talking now about their little children and household affairs in which no one else can feel any interest."

"While this conversation was going on, Mono Mohini and Shoshi Mookhi had run and concealed themselves in a separate room, expecting to be followed there by their cousins. But Chittra's remark threw such a damp over the eagerness of the other ladies, that they did not like to take the trouble of pursuing them to their retreat. Thus disappointed, the two ladies slowly returned to the place, but as they sat, they looked at each other and smiled. The smile then grew into a laugh. The little laugh then grew into a big one.

"Pray, what are you laughing at?" exclaimed Sookhoda. This interrogatory had the effect of making the laugh increase in intensity. Unable to control her curiosity, Sookhoda offered to touch the feet of the laughing ladies in order to be relieved from her anxiety. At this they again ran away, and this time they were to their extreme satisfaction, pursued by Mookkhoda and Shookhoda. But the pursuers could not discover where they lay concealed, and were about to return in despair, when the fugitives laughed in order to point out their own hiding place. The place was stormed by the pursuers, and both ladies were taken willing prisoners.

"You must tell us what it is," said the conquerors.

"No, we won't," replied the captives.

"Well, let us take them to the other ladies—there they will tell the secret," proposed Shookhoda with a deep knowledge of human nature. For, of course, so profound a secret was not to be imparted to two ladies only, when so many were dying to hear it. The criminals were dragged to the conversation or general sitting-room, and made to sit before the great bar of justice.

"Don't you torture them in that way," said Chittra. "They will confess every thing. Don't hold them in that way. I am sure they won't fly. Now that you are free, tell us, cousins, what the matter is?"

"Oh! It is nothing," replied Shoshee Mookhi and at the same time she made sign to Mono Mohini not to confess anything.

"We won't hear that!" said Shookhoda, "your sign shows there is something at the bottom. Now let us hear, cousins, so good you are; Mono Mohini! you are a child yet; don't you mind that veteran offender. Sweet, lovely child, come on my lap and encircling my neck with your beautiful arms, pour the secret into my ear. I won't tell it to any body. I eat my eyes if I do so!"—and she winked to the other ladies that as soon as the secret entered her stomach through her ear, she would disgorge it before it could do any damage to her system. Shoshee Mookhi was evidently offended. She thought she ought to have been first.

solicited. "Well, Mono Mohinee," said she, "you may tell what you like. I go to wash my hands and face : it is so very late,"—and she rose. Mono Mohini, like an obedient pupil, followed her and wanted to wash her face and hands. Finding all entreaties unavailing, the other ladies let them go as it was really time to disperse to their respective duties. But they were mistaken if they thought that those two queens of Midas could wash their hands and face when the secret lay boiling in their breast. Shoshee Mookhee proceeded a few paces and then returned on pretence of asking for some tobacco powder which her cousins, as usual, were rubbing on their teeth preparatory to washing their faces. As she extended her hand to take the powder, she burst into a laugh which convulsed her frame, and the powder fell to the ground. The laugh continued so long and loud that again her cousins implored her to tell the secret which seemed so to have pervaded and poisoned her system for want of an outlet. She felt it so, and said—

"I would have told it to you, had I not sworn to eat Bhooboneshoree's head if I did."

"When the ladies at length heard that the matter related to Bhooboneshoree, their impatience to learn it became extreme.

"Good cousin," said Mookkhoda fondly, "tell us quickly what it is. Since it concerns Bhooboneshoree, it must be very interesting. I knew she would fall into some scrape or other. I hope it does not affect her reputation. I am almost sure it does not. She could not have done anything very heinous. But, then, she is so wrong-headed.

"You need not be afraid of Bhooboneshoree !" exclaimed Shookhoda. "If one does anything amiss, she cannot stop others' mouth. It will be out sooner or later. What, if you have promised to her not to reveal it ? We are not going to tell her what we learn from you. We eat our mother's head if we do."

"When Shoshee Mookhi assured them that the secret did not concern Bhooboneshoree directly, Mookkhoda's cheeks fell.

"Shookhoda had now become so anxious to learn the secret, that bringing her head in contact with Shoshee Mookhi's feet, she implored her to pour balm through her ear.

"Cousin, you are so good," said she, "you never keep any secret in your bosom. Really, such a candid and open disposition I have never seen. This sweet face! was it ever made to conceal any thing. The heart is reflected in the face. If you are afraid of breaking your oath to Bhooboneshoree, whisper the secret into my ear, and I will tell it to the others. There can be no harm in this, what do you say, cousins?"

"The proposition was so ingenious that it was carried by general acclamation. Shoshee Mookhi could not resist so many entreaties, but she thought it proper to ask her colleague's consent. Mono Mohini, heaving a profound sigh as if she was a martyr in the cause of secret-keeping, said, "yes; you must tell it. There is no help. But our cousins must swear by our eyes never to reveal it to any other ear. Especially Bhooboneshoree must not come to know of it."

"Accordingly the ladies took the prescribed oath,—of course intending to keep it as religiously as they had who enjoined it on them. Shoshee Mookhi then whispered the tale into Shookhoda's ear and Mono Mohini into Mookkhoda's; and they in their turn communicated it to the others in whisper. After this the ladies came to an unanimous resolution not to allude to it in the presence of Kadumbinee and Kusam. For they charitably declared it would be cruel to wound their feelings.

"Those two ladies were still in bed. Kadumbinee having patched up a peace with her husband, was sleeping. But poor Kusam was wallowing uneasily in bed, and her pillow was wet with her galling tears. She prayed Heaven to take her away, but Heaven had not yet done with her. How long they would have remained in bed, had not Shookhoda, growing impatient of the delay, broke into their rooms, it is difficult to say. Kusam did not however choose to come out. But when the ladies had got Kadumbinee alone, they commenced as follows:

"I would like to be angry with my husband," said Shookhoda. "Why so?" asked Mookkhoda. "If I were angry," replied Shookhoda, "my husband would fall to my feet and praise my person. I would not be appeased till he had given me a rich ornament." Kadumbinee did not speak, but bowing her head low, began to rub tobacco powder on her teeth. "What ornament would you like to have before forgiving your husband?" asked Shookhoda. The ladies cast their eyes upon each other, but they were all watching Kadumbinee's face. Shoshi Mookhi replied—"Let me think. Shall I have a bracelet? no, a wristlet? No, I have that already. I should like to have a necklace." "But you have got a necklace too," observed Chittra. "Yes, I have a necklace, but I want a pearl necklace." "What description of pearl necklace would buy your husband pardon?" "It must have nine wreaths. Three of the pearls must be large as a betelnut each. The necklace must contain at least three large, twenty seven middling and nine hundred sixty five small pearls,—no, not sixty five but fifty eight small pearls. It must have pendants made of diamonds and rubies." Here Kadumbinee burst into tears which put a stop to the merriment got up at her expense. Perhaps no one has so tender a heart as a Bengalee lady. All the cousins now joined in soothing Kadumbinee's wounded feelings. They cursed themselves for having spoken any thing to draw tears from her eyes. They did not forget to curse Bhooboneshoree as the root of all evil. They hugged Kadumbinee in a close embrace, kissed away her tears, called her by all endearing names, bound her locks, praised her charms and her husband's devotion, and declared it impossible that he should prefer any one else to her. Kadumbinee's outburst of grief, if it did not relieve her much, benefited Kusam indirectly. For after this, the ladies did not venture to torment Kusam, who was indeed ill able to bear their jests in her present state of mind.

OUR *KHAS* DISCOVERY OF THE SEASON.

JOURNALISM is popularly supposed to be an ill wind that bodes nobody good. We confess it is a wind which does not always blow the most exhilarating zephyr on public characters ; we may even admit that it sometimes visits a very genuine bone-shaky eastern blast on seers and sages, prophets and reformers. Nor is it very propitious to its regular patrons—for, in the unimpassioned item of pure news the proportion of bad news by far outweighs that of good. If the news is unexceptionable, the figures on the milestone will probably be found to damp our ardour in it. For the torture of man, Distance itself turns deceiver. For the first and last time Distance, ere while the great banker of romance and witchery, which it lent on easy terms, is the rude disenchanter. The misery to the human race from that bitter rule may be imagined when we remember the part that journalism plays in modern society—how papers and periodicals are the necessary sustenance to the daily moral, and in no small degree physical, life of us all. Could not the evil be arrested ? It is certainly worth trying. We at least could not think of a more congenial form of activity this holiday season. The task is formidable, but patience will, you know, remove mountains, and genius—let us see what it can do. We at least have made up our mind—to present our profession in a new and amiable light, and do our discontented friends of the tub, the stump, the tabernacle, a good turn. It is, therefore, not an ordinary satisfaction that we feel in having to communicate to the world a cheering discovery. It generally happens that much the greatest portion of the best news that journalists supply relates to distant scenes and persons : home news is for the most part a succession of accounts of the breaking out of the cholera, the torture of the dengue, and the ravages of the malarious fever, the cracking of P. W. D

buildings a-building, the exposure of Commissariat frauds, the break-down of the Government system of accounts, the unhappy activity of the Four Law Mills, the discord in High Court decisions,—the confusion worse confounded by ignorant and not over-honest law reporting,—the progress of Maharaja Blowhard's malady, the failure of well-known houses, the chronic dulness of commerce, the incompetence of officials, the freaks of Personal Government, the conflicts between the judiciary and the executive, &c. Our pleasure is all the greater to record a piece of rare good fortune nearer home. In a word we have lighted upon a veritable gold mine in Bengal in the most literal sense.

We are glad by the same opportunity to be able to make some amends to the Prophets *et hoc genus omne*. They are apt to think that journalists are their sworn enemies, and, poor fellows, they have some colorable reason to think so—as a matter of fact journalists in the due discharge of their duties not being able to shower compliments and sprinkle rose-water on them. We will, however, prove today that after all they are mistaken. The balm we bring them is, if not quite a positive one, rather better than that of a metaphysical kind. It is, indeed, a relative one, of the antiphlogistic class, a counter irritant which we trust, will be as efficacious in subduing moral congestion as any recipe in the British Pharmacopœia in diverting the blood in physical. . Here you are ! Prophets, it has become a stale proverbial truth, are not honored in their own country. What is honored, we ask ? Are journalists anymore appreciated ? Is there any statue erected yet to Mr. Delane, perhaps the greatest and most indefatigable teacher of the Age—or to a scarcely less eminent instructor, the editor of *Mookerjee's Magazine* ? Alas ! no ; nor is there much prospect of any such wisdom on the part of mankind, the world is afflicted by such a blind obstinate wrongheadedness. It has no feeling, no eyes, ears, nose, or taste ; no perception of the good, or the beautiful, or the true. It is a melancholy fact, but it may be some consolation to the Prophets chafing under neglect, unmerited

as they are convinced, that their's is the fate of everything good and great. The alchemy of human ingenuity may extract good from bad ; even evil may have its uses ; just as from the sad truth of man's universal folly and inappreciation the great prophet of the house of Dave K. Sen may support himself under the strictures of the *Englishman*—the attacks of the chivalrous knight of the press who has constituted himself the protector of the fair sex of his country in difficulty, from philanthropic spinsters to married ladies in the Divorce Court. (By the way, does this gallantry account for his demand for the Honorable Ashley Eden, a gentleman of proved gallantry, for the Lieutenant Governorship of Bengal when Sir George Campbell crowns a life of true active benevolence by an act of unparalleled self-sacrifice in leaving the country for the country's good ?)

Prophets are not honored in their own country. Why only prophets ? Neglect is the fate of all that's good and true. The beautiful is always under a perpetual cloud. Eclipse is the portion of the all-vivifying and glorious sun. We are prepared to show that the most palpable material good is neglected because it is at one's door as it were. We extend our heads to hear a tale of Californian gold but shut our ears against the news of a "digging" in our neighbourhood. We are interested by the account of the latest "finds" in Melbourne or New Zealand ; we are ready to shoulder our axe and hasten to the Cape Diamond fields to take a very doubtful chance, but we never think of travelling a hundred miles to work a mine in the heart of our own Province. Natives are proverbially lethargic, but it seems as if European capital and enterprise are not stimulated by aught save the prospect of great dangers and hardships and much risk. Or else why are our Own Gold Fields left unworked ? Alas ! the developers of our resources would borrow and borrow to gamble in Indigo manufacture on the most distant chance of making a fortune and the certainty of oppressing thousands of poor peaceful agriculturists, rather than scratch to a few inches of earth to come to the boards of Cræsus.

Our Gold Fields? Yes, we mean veritable Bèngal Mines. Pray, be at your ease, sceptical reader. The proper study of mankind is man, to be sure, but it is not the easiest study. The last knowledge that a man comes to is that regarding himself. Our profoundest ignorance is our ignorance of our own household. There is poor Mr. Hogg who had to read up the newspapers and Parliamentary Debates of some 28 or 29 years back to acquaint himself with the practices of Sir James Graham and study the literature of espionage from the speeches of Cicero against Catiline to the trial of Andre, from the Memoirs of Fouché to those of Vidocq and Waters, not forgetting the records of European Diplomacy, with perhaps an occasional dip into the trash of Lang—the *Secret Police*—to learn efficiently to set a thief to catch a thief, rob in the Post Office, and organize a system of detection through half the globe, just to satisfy himself whether his own wife loved him or not; and after all that ado—the trouble and expense, and anxiety and heart-burning and degradation—he has far from succeeded. For, if the dirty business which occupied him so long has left him any portion of his wits and candour, he can hardly be satisfied by the verdict of, shall we say?—as typical a British jury as was ever empanelled and as sympathetic,—because probably as jealous as, and not possibly more happy in his home than, himself,—a judge as ever luck of plaintiff was blessed with, of the guilt of his wife.

Yes, we have the great pleasure of announcing to our readers a discovery of the greatest interest and importance—no less a one, indeed, than the fact of Bengal, low, flat, despised Bengal being a gold producing country. Upon our word, we are not dealing in figures of speech! We do not allude to the foreign merchants and manufacturers and miners who in effect find our native land an El Dorado. We do not mean a fling at the thousands of European employes under the state who share between themselves the entire fruit of the pagoda trees and frown on any aspiring sons of the soil who presume to walk rather near the pagoda plantations or look awistfully, like the fox in the fable, at the shining bunches

overhead. We are not thinking of the conversion of jute or silk or indigo or coal or official work into gold ; we mean in very truth gold—24 carats gold at first hand.

Bengal a gold producing country ? Nothing wonderful !—when somebody, maybe after years of thought and investigation, under disease, privation, and every discouragement, finds a thing for you, and you, honest fellow, have the easy task, elected by your noble instincts, of preventing the poor man from deriving any profit from the ultimate success of his genius, patience, fortitude and perseverance, or even receiving any credit for it. Why, you have just to look gravely indifferent to the announcement as no news at all. You will find thousands of men, who have not even your conception of the matter, ready to assist you by deriding the poor fellow as one whose ignorance and immodesty are the source of his hallucination of discovery,—a Rip Van Winkle gone to sleep over an extra dose of opium and Mandagoora awaking to a new world and wroth with others for not being equally surprised with him by the face of things. So, one peremptorily demands if we mean Nepal (which, by the way, is in the imagination of the plains, what the plains are in the imagination of Nepal—the land of wealth and wonders and witchcraft,)—in which case he would contemptuously request us to say no more about it, as Nepal has always supplied us with gold in exchange for the wheat of Bengal Proper, and is doing so still. And this intelligent and well informed authority, we may mention, has been requested by the young spirits among us who are to revive the ancient commerce and lost manufactures and arts of India and drive the foreigner out of the market and stop the furnaces of Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Glasgow and Dundee—who have opened the campaign with a manifesto in *Mookerjee's Magazine* and the establishment of a lucifer match manufactory in Bombay and the despatch of a couple of Bengali lads to Europe to master the mysteries of manufacturing—to be President of the new Native Chamber of Commerce which is proposed to be established to neutralise the standing conspiracy of the European Chambers of Commerce against the wealth.

and prosperity of the country : certainly no more worthy head or tail could be found for so rational, seasonable and hopeful a movement, but with respect to his brilliant surmise that when we speak of Bengal as a gold producing country we mean and must mean Nepal, the only difficulty, a slight one we confess but still not quite surmountable, is that Nepal is not Bengal nor in Bengal.* But to proceed to the remaining successors of those who could easily, each of them, have discovered America—after Columbus.

Bengal a gold producing country ? Another *supposes* it must be in the hills ; the hills are rich in all kinds of minerals and precious stones, from platina to diamonds, which escaped the ignorance of the Oldhams, and Medlicotts. A third *knows* all about it ; it is in the rivers of Assam ; the sand beds of the Brahmaputra teem with gold ingots which descend from the feet of the Great Grand Llama reposing on the heights of Lake Palte. No ! our brave friend ; the gold all lurks amid the paddy fields of Lower—we might as well at once say lowest—Bengal.

* We—or rather I, the plural being I fear the editorial-in-chief privilege—cannot help pitying—but I ought to be respectful, I mean I respectfully pity—the editor for never understanding his men or a good part of them, so that his allusions are neglected as a mystery, his jokes fall still-born, his grave and gay are confounded with one another. So many of his readers are of the information and calibre—a sub-editor new in his office ought perhaps to content himself with only saying defective memory—of his first interlocutor that they will thank me for *reminding* them that, not much wheat grows in Nepal, and that, after all, the Nepalese live principally not on wheat, but, like us Bengalis, on rice, which grows in abundance in Nepal.

By way of anticipating demands for my credentials, I sub-join a transcript of my appointment. The original may be seen in the editorial nest high up in the air, “unknown to public view,” by payment of a small fee of one guinea.

“To all whom it may concern, I am hereby appointed to the honorable office of sub-editor of the gayish department of *Mookerjee's Magazine* for so many days, hours or minutes as suit me, to have, possess, enjoy, and exact, use or abuse all the privileges and perquisites of the said office and do as much or as little of its work as I am inclined to. Pay no object, provided perquisites are plentiful. Dated Calcutta the 10th day of September one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three. Witness my hand and seal.

Seal. (Sd.) YOSEG DAITYA.

It will be remembered this belongs to the class of first honorary appointments in which it is customary for people to appoint themselves. Nay, by the practice of all new undertakings from a bank to a purse-prond meek society for the regeneration of the Universe, or an Obscenity Association or a Committee for sending religious missions to the moon (the poor satellite stands more in need of medical missions, lunacy commissions !) Projectors seem bound to help themselves to not only the honors but indirectly (or directly if pressing need be) to also the emoluments of the projected institutions.

It is all bosh ! they and all the rest unanimously cry. Softly ! softly ! If it were so very easy of belief, where would be the charm of surprise ? If it were so easy of knowledge, where would be our merit of discovery ? Why, sir, a few days' excursion would convince every sceptic. If we have not ourselves been eye-witnesses, what does it matter ? Of how few things, one is, or can be, an eye-witness. Have you, our sceptical friend, seen the attraction of the spheres, any more than heard their music ? Oh our logical prig, do you see the Sun and planets each larger than the earth ? do you see the earth moving round the Sun or the Sun moving round the earth ? and *which* do you believe in ? Science ? Fiddlesticks ! Science is the true "Bosh !" for us, or most of us. Don't deceive yourself. Are you even sure the earth is round ? Alas ! how little reason have you millions who laugh at the labors and speculations of Ptolemy and the ancients for your easy faith in the Copernican system ? In truth, Sechi and Proctor and Lockyer and La Verrier and Laplace and Newton and Kepler and Gallelio and Copernicus and Ptolemy and Arya Bhutta and Váraha Mihir are all the same to you. How few of you have worked out the problems for your own satisfaction. It has been enough for most of you that certain assertions are made in certain books of the age. Science, indeed ! Mere words ! words ! words ! as old Hamlet has declared of all literature.

So of our Discovery, we do not speak without the book. We lovers of truth never do without. Listen, then, with the attention due from all mortals who hunt for filthy lucre to a literally golden topic.

Sadik Isfahani was a Persian geographer who flourished, according to calculation, in the first half of the 17th century. He is a trustworthy writer who travelled in most countries of which he writes. As he passed much of his time in India, his notices of Indian cities and provinces are more reliable than those of places of the far West. His writings, collected and edited by Sir William Ouseley, have been translated by a modest gentleman who allows us only to guess (if we are able) his personality from the initials of his name, J. C. Sadik mentions Soonergong

as a town in Bengal then dwindled to a village, and Mr. J. C. adds a footnote in which he truly says, on the authority of the earliest and most distinguished of British Indian Geographers, Major Rennell, that Sonargong was before the building of Dacca the provincial capital of the Eastern division of Bengal, that it was situated on one of the branches of the Brahmaputra, about 13 miles south-east from Dacca, and that it was famous for the manufacture of fine cloths; and with equal truth, on that of Hamilton's *Gazetteer*, that the place was originally called "Suvarnagrama" or the golden village. So far all right, with or without authority, or rather so far all humdrum, —uninteresting to the capitalist, uninviting to the bold and hardy adventurer, or the restless travelling kine in search of "fresh fields and pastures new," but the strangest revelation remains yet behind, for J. C. adds to his information about the derivation of the golden name of the place—"and that it (Sonargong) has some pretensions to this name or title (the "Golden Village") appears from the quantity of gold produced in its immediate vicinity."

Modest Mr. J. C. speaks of "some pretensions" to gold-production of a country like the low lands of the Delta of Bengal, all plains and no hills, with a soft earthen soil, which may be dug up to any depth with ease, where gold is found in quantities. Why, we never heard of a more promising *El Dorado*. We are almost inclined to suspect J. C. to be a most successful old Californian or Australian finder. But perhaps the reader sets us down for the discoverer of a mare's nest. Nay, nay. We not only do not speak without the book—which in the present instance is published by the learned Oriental Translation Committee patronized by Royalty itself—but also we do not quote an author who treats us to mere assertions. No, J. C. is better than that: he appeals to facts. Hear him! He "has lately seen a handsome watch-chain, made by native artists of Tellichery, from pure gold found at Sonargong, in the presence of Thomas Henry Baber Esq., about four years ago; and the watch-chain is now in Mr. Baber's possession." This, surely ought to be

conclusive. It is enough to satisfy even the great Gradgrind himself, the Avatar of an Age of Utility and Facts.

Who even suspected it? Bengal which we used to read of in our schoolbooks as the garden of the world in consequence of its fertility, now turns out to be the California of India. But it is all due to our obstinacy in rejecting information long ago tendered by the ancient geographers of Europe who called East Bengal the *Golden Chersonese*.

And now merchants and capitalists of India who sit idling behind their counters bemoaning the stagnation of trade, summon up your energies for a new field of enterprise lying at your door, and hurrah, for the marshes of the Dacca district! A few hours on the Eastern Bengal Railway and a couple of days' steaming will set you down near the Land of Promise. Financiering experts of Bombay rusting with your genius, here is a splendid opportunity for forming joint stock companies and gambling in shares. The ensuing holidays will afford a fine time for reconnoitring the scene.

And now for *our* price. Every man you know (for one of the greatest Grand Viziers of pure and honorable England has told you) has his price. We know Discoverers are no better treated by the public than Prophets, but we will not permit ourselves to be so easily "done." We will not at least allow ourselves to suffer by our own modesty. However, we will not be hard. We shall be satisfied with a statue in our honor of a ton of the first find of the metal—the first find, and no mistake, be it precious, non-precious, or invaluable—be it gold or *byāngá* brass.

The Eastern Bengal Railway, which, whatever the result, will find its traffic immensely increased by our Discovery, ought at least to allow a free pass for the first class for half a dozen for ourselves and staff during the holidays.

We have purposely abstained from saying a word about Government, because it will rather spend thousands of pounds to maintain archæological sinecures or to send missions to verify geographical discoveries made in the

Ultima Thule of Central-Asia by politicians musing in their study or over their cups at their fireside, rather than lay out a few hundreds in any unromantic efforts towards utilizing our learned discovery, for the development of the untold precious mineral resources at home, within a few hundred miles of the capital.

SONNET.

I SAW thee with thy cheek upon thy hand,
Thy head bent sideways, and thy dreamy eyes
Turn'd to the west, as if they would surmise
The station of the fabled fairy land
Beyond those clouds ;—the evening breezes fann'd
Thy noble forehead ;—I could scarce disguise
My strong emotions and suppress my sighs,
As there, unmark'd, beside thee I did stand.—
The shades of twilight stole o'er sea and isle,
Yet still unbroken was thy reverie ;
Thou could'st not guess as there I stood the while
In silent grief—my heart's mute agony :—
Had I been blest with *one* kind look or smile,
I would have fallen down and worship'd thee !

O. C. DUTT.

FIELD SPORTS, &c.

By YOUNG NIMROD.

Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano—JUVENAL.

“Better to seek health in fields unbought,
Than fee the Doctor for a nauseous draught.”

Gentlemen of Bengal ! What say you to the advice of the poet ? Is it not good, sound, counsel ? May I hope it is palatable too ! Although hardly any of you, I venture to assert, can in theory gainsay its wisdom, yet, alas, few, if any, conform to it in *practice*. However, be this as it may, I do not think you will object to the subject of this article ; and if it is only handled in a competent manner, I feel assured you will sufficiently appreciate it to give it an attentive perusal, for in days gone by, when the sporting department of the defunct *Indian Field* was virtually surrendered to me by its last Editor and Proprietor, (one of India's most gifted sons, and whose skilful pen, I have a shrewd suspicion, I can trace in the pages of the last January number of the *Calcutta Review*),* that portion of the paper was not to be shunned, as a rule, by its native readers, I have been told. Thus, in a manner fortified, I do not hesitate to contribute a sporting article to a journal, the majority of the readers of which are, I surmise, gentlemen of Bengal, particularly as I wish to address a few words of advice on the subject to them : moreover I find, from the prospectus of the Magazine, that sporting matter is not interdicted, but tacked on as one of the subjects to be treated therein. Apologising for the rather inordinate length of these prefatory remarks, I shall plunge in *media res*.

It may safely be pronounced without fear of contradiction, that Bengal yields to no other province

* “The Territorial Aristocracy of Bengal. No. IV. Rajas of Rajshahs.”
Y. N.

throughout the length and breadth of India, in the extent and variety of sport her limits afford, and it is therefore *prima facie* a matter of surprise that her sons, with the solitary exception of one here and there, have signally failed to evince a *penchant* for field sport. However, when we reflect on the debilitating effects of the humid climate of Lower Bengal on the constitution of the nations who have made it their habitation for some centuries, and the absence of example, we then cease to consider it surprising that their minds have been cultivated at the expense of their bodies, in short that sheer mental culture, and not physical culture in combination with it, has been attended to. But, nature will eventually assert her power, though she may long defer doing so, and it therefore behoves Hindu youths to make continuous and strenuous efforts,—a few spasmodic attempts will by no means suffice,—to shake off their lethargy in this respect, and strive as eagerly in acquiring a love of field sports, as they have intuitively done in acquiring other occidental tastes, some of which are not so very deserving of imitation, if Report does not prove a lying jade in this instance. As the quotation from the Roman satirist at the head of this paper, has long become an aphorism, so I need not dilate on it.

Skill in the pig-skin is not unlikely to be attained by educated young men, who are aspirants for Deputy and Sub-Deputy Magistrateships, since the Lieutenant Governor has ruled that riding twelve miles at a rapid pace is a *sine qua non* for candidates for admission to the Subordinate Executive Service : Sir George Campbell has initiated, and encouraged the practice of, athletic games in Government Colleges, so that those disposed to fit themselves to endure the physical labour absolutely necessary for the pursuit of field sports, can now do so.

While the turf is debarred to all except the most wealthy, hunting, including the glorious enjoyment of pig-sticking, is within the reach of any one possessed of moderate means. Scouring the country in quest of a stray jackal or solitary wild boar, brings one in frequent contact with the tillers of the soil or *rayats*, and

thereby enables one to learn all about their welfare, sympathise with them in their hardship, and perchance occasionally assist them with seasonable advice. A scramble across country on horseback in the early part of the morning, will enable one to do a hard day's desk work without any great fatigue, while a sharp gallop in the evening hardly ever fails to produce a good appetite for dinner.

I do not think rowing can be objected to by the youths of this country on the score of peril, in as much as that

“—purest exercise of health,

The kind refresher of the summer heats,”

namely swimming, is, I believe, frequently practised by them, ergo they have little to fear in case of their craft capsizing. Pulling an oar expands the chest, and develops the muscles of the arms, thus giving one better health and greater strength, besides affording some recreation in those parts of the country where equestrian and pedestrian exercises are virtually impracticable, as it is in certain places in Lower Bengal during the rainy season.

Angling is, I believe, indulged in rather freely by all classes in this country, so it would be well nigh presumption on my part to describe the calm pleasures that the piscatory vocation affords to the followers of good old Isaac Walton. But, fly-fishing is rarely, if ever, practised, and might with advantage be adopted in angling for those fishes—they are but few and not tank-fishes, it must be confessed—which can be induced in Lower Bengal to take “the mimic fly,” for these lines of “the Poet of the Seasons” recur to me :—

“But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds,
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.”

Shooting is a sport that can be practised by all : those who are daring and eager to acquire fame in the *shikar* line, will find tiger-shooting on foot hazardous enough and likely to gratify their laudable ambition, while deer-stalking can be indulged in by those who do not care to encounter any great risk, and duck-shooting in the *Bhuls* or "Lakes," can be obtained by simply sitting down quietly in a *dinghi* or "punt." He who has become an adept in handling the gun, will find his skill tested by snipe and quail-shooting. As a *Shikari* he will be respected by the people around him, for they know they can always apply to him for succour to destroy noxious wild animals, such as tigers, leopards or panthers, buffaloes, so called alligators, etc.

Out-door games, such as cricket, the national sport *par excellence* of Englishmen, are well-worthy of attention, as affording exercise and excitement combined. But, I need not refer to any other sport, as those I have already briefly alluded to, will, I think, answer the main purpose for which this article is indited, to wit, to convince gentlemen and youths of Bengal, that field-sports are alike pleasant and profitable occupations, by no means undeserving of being assiduously cultivated by the scholar, as witness the annual contest of the two great English Universities, Oxford and Cambridge which excite quite a national interest.

I must now wind up my rather desultory paper, but before closing I would add that if sporting affairs prove interesting to the readers of *Mookerjee's Magazine*, I may be induced to write again on sporting subjects for their special behoof.

KHULNA,
JESSORE, }
July 25, 1873.

A SCENE IN THE PLAINS.

(CONTINUATION OF *A Scene in Cloudland* IN NOS. 9 & 10)

ENTER MAHARAJA BLOWHARD AND VIZIER BURNHARD, GENIUS OF PINGAL at a respectful distance, chained to a rock by Zealous Prefects with the assistance of a Constabulary commanded by Zilla Kotiwala.

BLOWHARD.—Can you tell my last thought, Burnhard—what I am after, at present?

BURNHARD.—Sure, *Khodawand Nyaamut*, I ought not to presume to sound the profound depths of your eminently moral consciousness.

BLOW.—You are a promising boy of my School and as you grow and find opportunity you will, I predict, be as *pucka* an ogre to your inferiors and dependents as I am. I like you much, and your speech and conversation more, and you may safely presume somewhat on my indulgence, so long as you consume to ashes the impertinents with whom this wretched Pingal abounds.

BURN.—The Lord bless you! my Lord.

BLOW.—But my idear?

[Burnhard looking his Chief full in the face and head, as if he would penetrate the hard skull to see what the deuce was disturbing it within, hesitates.]

GENIUS OF PINGAL.—It would not be a bad thing to offer the next convict sentenced to death the alternative of diving into the “lower deep within the deep” and explore it and report on it.

BLOW.—*Chuprao*, you *Soor*! But my idear,—my idear?

BURN.—(*loudly*) *Chuprao*, you *soor*—ess.

BLOW.—I suppose that's the result of one of those unprofitable early studies which wasted so much of your time and had very nearly spoilt you, had you not betimes had the benefit of my example in Snakecity. I tell you what Burnhard—Rulers of men would hurt their efficiency by attending to differences of sex—or, as you say it is technically called, gender.

But my idear—what think you it is just now?

G. or P.—Sure I can tell, for I have learnt to know you—to my cost. What between your attentions to the Jute Town of Dandy and your open bait to the bigotry of Northland in general by the Revocation of the Hindian Edict of Nantes, you are clearly bent upon making political capital for entering Parliament and rising to eminence in future. Poor Pingal is simply made a convenience of, as Hind was made of by Dizzy to get rid of an inconvenient Irish Secretary.

BURN.—Prefects Zulumpoor and Zalimabad, ye are a useless lot!—
* quite unfit for your post of Heads of Districts. I'll see you blowed to Judges and that sort of thing.

BLOW.—District Superintendent Jones Zubburdust! sure you are such a lazy stupid beast I'll make you my Director of Public Instruction, you richly deserve the promotion to adorn a ministry without portfolio!

BURN.—To be sure what are you good for if you cannot suppress that *fellee* there with your ragamaffins—or at least muzzle her impertinent tongue?

PREFECTS AND D. Ss.—*Jo Hookoom, Khodanund.* [*Proceed to gag her.*]

BLOW.—*Fellee*, eh! the feminine of feller? You are improving wonderfully in copiousness and freedom of language and throwing away your old prejudices of what you called purity, &c. Yes, that's the way to improve a language. What a goose that Khan or Khansaman of Sweeden or Raja of Cochin China to submit to the bullying of the grammarian Paracelsus who I understood had the audacity to tell his Ruler that though the Raja or Khansaman or whatever it is may be king of men, yet he the man of grammar was the king of words. The impertinent dog, he ought to have been by the Khan sent to the Tower of London.

[G. or P.—(*aside*) or launched in the *Sonamookie* in the Hindian Ocean with the “Annals of Pingal under Blowhard the Magnificent, written by Himself”—a Brummagem Caesar, but the genuine Guicciardini of Asia! Any way the punishment would be effectual in preventing a repetition of the crime.]

Why, my dear Burnhard, I and you are rulers of men and of course of language. The greater includes the less, isn't that the haxiom?

BURN.—Please your Honour, I cant just now recall my arithmetic.

BLOW.—*Harithmatiqs*, say, man. Oh, I dare say we have both forgotten our Primers generally as we blunder whenever in

dealing with figures we depend on our own calculation instead of calling in the assistance of the rascally expert Baboos, who also do our spelling. But rulers of men are above such vulgar bagatelles as grammars, lexicons, and the Rule of Three, which though, are good for the masses, oppressed by the Zemindars of that dolt Corn Wallace, as likely to teach them loyalty to District Officers and hate towards their landlords. By the bye Corn Wallace and Rice Bruce are appropriate names for such fools: How different would Pingal have fared—as indeed she is doing—under an Oatmeal Hero! There, take the shillogism, as you call that sort of thing, I believe—

1. Language and Harithmatiqs belong to men.
2. Men belong to their Rulers.
3. Therefore Language and Harithmatiqs belong to Rulers of men.

Armed with that fundament of truths—

G. OF P.—(*interrupting, with choked utterance.*) What a noble simile! worthy of an Anglo-Indian classic and lucky English Pamphleteer, author of speculations on Hindia through all the declensions and the Administration of Pingal in all its latterday woes, India in Ireland, &c.

BLOW.—Hulloa, Burnbard, she appreciates! The discipline has already—

BURN.—Wrought a change over the spirit of her dream. She has learnt in suffering, as the Poet would say. But—but—beg your Highness' pardon for quoting poetry and the Poets.

BLOW.—My good lad! I will report your progress to my Grace of Hargyll. Between me and you, with home support, we shall be able to crush in Pingal all Poethry and Senthiment and a' that, and undo the self-styled Enlightened Policy of Hasthings and Bonthink, Hawkland and Arding, Dolhousy and Cunning, and the philanthropic work of the Airs and Wyde Easts, Thravaileyans and Makalis and their nincompoop followers, the Pils and Colviles, the Colbins and Beedons and Jhohn Pether Ghrants, and the nuisance of Babus familiar with Shakspeare and Milton and Burns and Tennyson will be no more. We will, instead, inaugurate the reign of Popular Chemistry, Diluted Physics and Universal Surveying—I mean under "respectable" *gooroomohasoy*s and *coolies*. But remove her gag as an experimental measure. She may now be trusted with her tongue—under surveillance.

G. OF P.—Thanks O valiant Knight, worthy gentleman! successor fit of Sir Roger Dowler of sharp memory! And may I

be permitted my wondering admiration for your new and original reading of the anecdote of Tiberius and the Grammarian Marcellus. What a metamorphosis of the Kaiser of Rome to the Khan of Sweeden or Raja of Cochin China and of Marcellus the Grammarian to Paracelsus the Physician! Excellent! And what wonder when you are a *savan*, a Barrister-at-law and D. C. L. &c.?

BLOW.—Ah! that's progress, Burnhard. Her wits have sharpened under the 'chastening' rod, as you call my strong measures.

As I was saying—armed with that fundament of truth—my beautiful shillogism—I go forth to conquer the world—of Pingal, to abolish what is called the classic Hindi and Pingali, caring for neither Universities nor critics, Brahman nor Pundit—though I confess to a deep instinctive reverence for the Moulvi and the Mollah—for sure, dear Burnhard, you can testify if need be that, whatever the case of others, and I was ashamed of the conduct of some of my brother officers, we two were always as respectful to our Mussulman servants and brethren as they could wish, and never called our Moonshes *soor* nor pulled him by the beard—a reverence which has rapidly grown in me since a certain day in September 1871, until in less than five months it rose to boiling point. I would not interfere with the Mahomedans,—no, not I!—except to help and aggrandise them at the expense of the spiritless unbelieving curs, the Hindus. I am fast being persuaded that what is jealously called the Mussulman Pingali is the true national tongue of Pingal, and I'll just drop a hint to my worthy and amiable cousin in Westchurch to force the obstinate Northriv'r' (what a misnomer, not to agree with a scion of the clan Blowhard! and how fulsome the darkies who have never a good or even an indifferent word for me to speak of "Gentle Northiv'r, he flows and he shines and he cools!") to change his course at my beck and adopt my view and force it on poor Mr. Boyley's debating club, the Kulkutta University. Meanwhile I anticipate by introducing the noble dialect of those last of the Romans the sturdy Sheikhs and Sayeds and Moguls and Pathans of Furroeadpore and Ducka—the Latin of the East—

[BURN.—(interrupting.) Your Lordship means *the Romance language "undefield" of Pingal*—in the schools of my Government, in place of the demoralizing literary *patois* of such fellers as Okhoy Dutt, Iswara Vidyasagar,

Bhoodeb Mookerjee, Bankim Chatterjea, Hemi Banerjea (the Fenian jingler! I wish he were the Government Pleader, I would know what to do with him), Denobundoo Mitter, &c., and besides I have got another beautiful plan for killing two birds, nay bagging a whole lot of game, with one stone.

BURN.—I am sure I am dying to hear my Lord's famous idea. I am sure it will make my Lord immortal—and myself, too, his humble servant.

BLOW.—Listen, then. I mean to reward Bims for his vigorous inquisition among the landlords in the character of father and mother of the poor, his ferreting out the grievances of the tenantry or at least making out such a case against the purse-proud landlords, by patronizing his favorite project of a Pingali Academy, provided he is content with the thing and does not banker for personal glory from it, for in that matter the Ruler of Men has the precedence by right or might, the two being convertible terms. For I am the Cæsar and the Lord—at once Statesman, Seer, Prophet, *Savan*, and what not besides—everything, I confess, save Lawyer and Poet—things I detest. As I was saying Bims must not be ambitious. That's the prerogative of Cæsars only. Besides I am genuine Cæsar for I love learned connections. By virtue of my High Court Judgeship, the Haysiatic Society—gentle body—allowed me the honors of a whole number of their journal all to myself to cook a special Ethnology for them, and I have had travelling Phrooshian Geographers putting up with me at Bellshebear. I will stand out as the founder and perpetual President of the Academy—perpetual and no mistake, for none shall ever after be such President under any vulgar hallucination of my death from the inability of men to explain my disappearance from among them.—Rulers of men do not die any more than they can do wrong. However, there will be the non-perpetual post of Perpetual Secretary which will be vacant with the demise of each incumbent. The first Perpetual Secretary will not be Bims, but Moonshee Ameer ali as a fit gentleman innocent of all literature and one who being a native of Vihar is an eligible authority in the Pingali language. It being made a reproach to Bims by classical Baboos that he was ignorant enough of the language of which he wrote much, for the improvement of which he desires to establish a permanent institution, that he published a book on the Comparative Philology.

of the Hindian Vernaculars before he had heard of one Vidyapati and one Chandidas—represented to be in Pingali what—what—Gwaowar and Chowser are in Hinglish.

BURN.—Nice comparison; your Lordship seems well acquainted with the sources of our mother tongue.

BLOW.—Not a bit of it. I am an ethnologist, sir, and will not allow any one to confound me with a pitiful bit of southern flesh and blood. I shall not be robbed of my glorious *elevated Rock* nationality. I am of the Bruces and Wallaces, and as such above all the Hapsburgs and Bourbons. Above all I am a Blowhard, and kinsman within the fiftysixth degree of Maharaja dhiraj of Hargyll, K.T., one of our great Sovereign's Principal Viziers of State, and worthy cousin by a double right—including that of the father of the Princess Royal's husband. My mother-tongue is the language I might say, with so many others of us, of Burns if I had read any of his works, which I might have done if he did not write all in that jingling travestie of human language called poetry which so distracts me as so incomprehensible..... I pardon thee, however. As for the comparison which excited your misplaced admiration it is none of mine—nor so good as mine always are—not half so good, for example, as that in which I likened the Pingal Zemin-dars (meaning of course Gentu Pingali landlords, particularly the Hinglish-speaking, newspaper-writing, petition-making and public-meeting-holding ones) to rhinoceroses. As for the allusion to Gowowar or Gowger and Chawsar or whatever it is—as you seem to know best to your misfortune—the Babu fellers are full o'them, I merely quoted them. I certainly remember hearing the names from some disgusting blue-stockings of my acquaintance. Any how it is enough the Baboo prigs consider Bims as a Pingali a humbug—that is his best title to be one of the Forty of the Academy of Pingal. He will have for colleagues a number of learned believing tailors, *duftries* and *chuprasis* and other such respectable and representative personages.

But we are digressing. We were talking of your new classical coinage *fellee*. I was going to ask, when were you given to be so very particular? Are you so unmanly as to be ashamed of calling a gal feller?

BURN.—Pardon, my lord, a momentary forgetfulness.

BLOW.—Oh! dont mention it, as I pardon you readily enough. It's not a bad word, that *fellee*, so be it adopted into the

Imperial Pingal Dictionary compiled under my august patronage. And do you in the meantime issue the usual Notification. And let me suggest to you the musical synonym *she-feller*.

BURN.—Wonderful! very pretty!

BLOW.—Well, but we are digressing.

BURN.—*Jenab, doorust!* Exactly, my Lord.

BLOW.—I was going to ask you—do you guess what I am thinking of, these days?

BURN.—I am sure, a world

[G. OF P.—(*aside*) A nether world] of things.

BLOW.—That is too general. Anything in particular?

BURN.—Please yer Honor, if I may venture to think.....

BLOW.—Speak out man.

BURN.—Whatever it be, please your Honor, may I be permitted to hope it has some connection with getting me the office of the Sub-Deputy Governor who is to be placed in independent charge of the North-East Frontier.

BLOW.—Hassam, you mean.

BURN.—Yes, my Lord. Our band-master, Father St. George, Jr. Jesuit, has clearly preached the gospel anticipatory to the effect, hesitating, like a disinterested man of prayer that he should be, only on the trifling score of my not having attained the customary majority for the toga virilis of statesmanship, but that is nothing. I was always accounted a precocious lad. With your kindness I am sure to obtain the prize. What oppresses me is the thought of separating from your Highness.

BLOW.—Very good, I'll see to it. And now what really do you think of my last idcar?

BURN.—Very grand, unquestionably.

BLOW.—Can you guess?

BURN.—Dare not. Certain it is magnificent.

BLOW.—Never mind. I'll make a clean breast of it. Well, Burnhard, I am going to England.

BURN.—(*aside*) So they are right who say so. (*aloud*)—What for, my Lord.

BLOW.—To enlighten the Noodles of the East Hindia Committee on the affairs of Hindia. I'll take up their challenge. I'll represent Pingal, and after me my good boys whom I take with me.

BURN.—Bah! Most original! how bold.

SHAUKHARE JAULPAUN.

TO MIRZA SHAMBHA CHANDRA MOOKKHOO PADHYA,
HEAD-EATER OF MOOKERJI'S MAG'ZIN.

DEER SUB,

The Pujah drauze ni. The ceazon ov 'niversal maryment iz at hand. The puls ov the land iz bounding with joy. Phool that i am, wat am i riting? Maryment? Joy? Theze r not for mee, at al events at the prezzent moament. Maryment means munney—joy involvs annoy? and munney iz in mi rajah's close fist, and joy at any rate at Yeast-Parish. I wish Ram Sharina wood giv mee a return teakate 2 hevvn;—for the holly daiz at leest. Bi-the-bi thoze dredfool astyrics ov hiz seam 2 kovvr a yoning kazim. Y dont u take a tryd down for the meer phun ov the thing. Ram's Bradshaw wood no dout tel u howe wery eezy iz the d scent and wat jawly kompny kood b had b low.

But wat waz i going 2 sa? Let me ce. Yes, sumthyng about maryment and joy. Theze mite b mine if i coold only perchaze mi good ooman's smyles, but then the pryce ov thoze smyles just now iz much hi r than wat mi phynest ayereal struck chur with its gilded kollogne aids mite fetch. Purhaps u kan cell it 2 advantage for mee—u hoo hav so menny rum kustummers. It iz a glorieus kastellated bilding,—fit habetashun for prin Cess ov immajeenashun. Ah, me! such ga partairs, such butifool kaskaide, such magnifiscent halls, and such suburb sekend-hand Bowbazar! But i am afrade, with all yore talents, u wont b able 2 effekt a bargaine. Then, wats 2 b dun? Anjels and minsters ov Grace d fend me! i waz expektyng Joo Peter Pluvius wood send a shour ov gold az he did a shour ov buries the uther da; but weather the rayots ov hevvn hav konspired 2 withhold there rents like there brethren ov Pubna, or Vulcan iz working up the preshus mettite into jewelry for mamma Joono, there iz not much gold 2 spare in the celes chal Trezzury. Wats 2 b dun? i am in despare. Heer iz a thund'ring d mand from mi bettur hawi, and i am expektet at wonce 2 komply with it. Wo's me, if i doe not! Sumthing warce than Cyberean egzile,—yea, transportashun for life under Bunkum's Matrimoneal kode, stairs me in the place. And that iz the severest inflicshun that kan b fal yore unhappy ko-racepondent, akkustumd az he iz 2 b pecked for a good quarter ov a benchury. The d mand must b met any how, the more espeshally

az it kompryzes r tikills wich mi inegzorable daim intends for Puja prezzents 2 her *Dakhonhashi* ov Chorebagan and *Maukore Gungyal* ov Shovabazar. But stop. A luckey thot okkurs 2 m e. Yes, saved, oh saved! Theres mi Zomindary at Najanipore. A shawp turn ov the skru wood get mee the rekuared tin from mi rayots. Bless mi myleh-kyne tha kan bare ane amount ov mylkyng ; I'll kall mi cess *Dakhonhashi* bawb ; and i hearbi d fie all the Maharajahs in the world 2 centerfear with this nachural ajustment ov rent. Ho ! St Pall 2 the reskew !

The papurs now-a-daiz stink so much ov pork that a p ore Hindu like mi orthodox self kannot but b skandalyzed at the smel. Doz not the roze bi any uther naim smel az sweet ? Kal him the base Judean hoo thru a perl away. And giv the wize Daniel hoo tried the kase a party kolord soot. Motley's the only weer ! Iz n't it mi kronce ?

But i am dye gracing. The Pujah drauze ni, and i must send prezzents 2 mi frends all round. Heere, Nuffer, fetch mee that lump ov Patna. Now, go and prezzent it 2 mi frend Mookhoreji with mi wery best kumplements, and tel him we all expect sum rich fancis frin him m braced in the arms of his longest p~~re~~nthecis. And Jota, doo u karry yonder packet ov Mahapershad 2 Mitranus ? i wonder how much long R he wil b n gaged kooking hiz present dish. Hav a kare, old boy ! Dont let the tatood buteas ov Orisha kum too neer thy soft hart.

Now, Bhojja, take this kap and bells 2 mi frend Jeames. He shood wear the same from ear's end 2 ear's end ! Then, take mi best gold penn to mi old chum Moon, make mi kindest remembran cess 2 him. Ma he wield it long 2 the d lite ov Ram, Sham, and Jogee. But i must not forget mi frend Quicktosh. Here, Shomra, *ohi Kaguchto la jao*,—it's a breef ; and giv him mi best weeshes for a retane r. Tel him from me he shood not dally so much with Money Begum. Bibee Maga expekts more ov hiz kompy.

And now let me hav a lyttil quiet konfab with Bunkum. Ho ! klee the koast. Well, how goze the world with u, Bunkum ? U d zurv a hansum nuzzer from me, and yet u doo not. Wat the doose maid u +ten yore last sweet thyng *Bishbrickkho* ? I wil nev r forgiv yore bad taist. B sides, i hav annuther quarl with u. I obzurv u r a little too spoonee on yore doxy Durshun. Let us ce more ov u, u abandond reprobate. Meenwhile, not 2 disappoint u al-2-gether, heer iz sum fine, fresh Doob for yore long-yeard d vinity. And so good-bye for the prezent !

Mallee ! Mallee ! fech me that grean sprig ov lawrel. Now look heer, make it in 2 a reath, and go and giv it with mi seen seerest regards 2 O. C. Dutt, may it ever flurrish grean on hiz brouze. I wondur y he dusun't kall himself Datta ?

Well, mi prezents sent round let mee now enjoy mi chillum ov peace. But it strykes mee az if sumthing still remanes undun. Ah ! i ce i hav al-2-gether over lookt old Ram Sharma. Now, wats 2 b dun ? I hav givn away all mi prezzents. So i hav nuthing lephth 2 send 2 him except mi halt, spavind, broken-winded Razzinante ov a Paggasis. He iz welkum 2 mi sorry hors flesh if he wil hav it.

I think it wil not b out ov place 2 note heer the kuriositea wich iz felt on all sydes 2 no hoo iz S. J. Y. Sur, he is nuthing more or less than a ritch kompond ov *Uttharo Phaya*. 2 gratifi, however, the kuriositea ov the jentle reed r, i subjoin mi autoboeographea in 3 chapturs all bris ling with d tales.

AUTOBEOGRAPHEA OF SHAUKHARE JAULPAUN.

CHAPTER I.

I wuz born in the ear 1997.

CHAPTER II.

Heer i am az large az life, hoarding. hoarding, hoarding, and thynking no end ov mi liberallytea.

CHAPTER III.

I ma shortly kick up the buckets, so ma u all, ye rich and proud. How short the span b twin the kradle and the grave ! Only remembur that.

FINIS.

And now, Mr. Headeater³, let me wish u and yore reed rs, frends and foze alike, plezzant hollydaiz and a mary Pooja. *Amar Kothati poorolo, nota Gachti Moorolo &c.*

Yores hartily,

SHAUKHARE JAULPAUN.



J. George, Apostle to the Samothrace

Geometrical of M.D.





MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1873.

REMINISCENCES OF A KERANI'S LIFE.

CHAPTER XI.

DRUNKARDS AND DRUNKENNESS

THE vice of drunkenness has been making very considerable progress within the last five and twenty years. I do not mean to say that a quarter of a century before there were few drunkards. There were a good many even then ; but there are a great many more now. Among my office mates of those days, say out of one hundred men I could count only about ten who drank at all, and of these two only were drunkards. A similar reckoning now would give sixty per cent of drinkers, and at least eight or ten per cent of drunkards.

I hate a drunkard. I hate even what cant calls moderate drinking. There is doubtless a great deal of truth in the saying that the good things of life are to be used, not abused. But I don't see that it can be made applicable to drink, not being able to understand that wine and spirit are "good things" in the sense in which those expressions are generally understood, any more than ammonia, arsenic, and aconite. Very good medicines, but not very good "things" any of them. I don't want however to moralize. I want simply to describe the drunkards I have known.

The variety is very great ; or rather the effect of wine and spirit is very different on different men. One will take his whole bottle of brandy or one bottle and a half (for these are the modern Bengali drunkard's usual doses) very quietly, till he is fairly mastered, and finds his way to the gutters. Another will commence to become vehement before a quarter of a bottle has gone down, and wax more and more so as the doses increase, one whole bottle often failing to get the better of his fury. Of course both fellows are awfully disagreeable ; but the latter much more so. The first only harms himself ; the other, every one that comes within his reach. I cannot conceive of any thing more villainous than for a man, knowing his foible, to go to the bottle again as before, and then to abuse brothers, mother, wife, and children. Nor do they stop with abusing. Smash everything, whether it be a child's or a wife's head, a glass-case, empty bottles, or an earthen *handy* ; smash everything and every body that comes in the way. Behold the drunkard's jubilee !

Is Baboo Oghore Nath come to office to-day ? Oh yes ; there he is ; but he is yet high seas over and will not be able to do any work. Has Gonesh Baboo come ? No : he has been breaking all the furniture of his house last night ; his wife has had a narrow escape ; some body else's bones were broken ; his own hands and feet have been cut awfully ; and he cannot come for some days. Now, should not some one have summary jurisdiction to prescribe a good dose of shoe-beating every time this occurs ? A shoe-beating, mind, is the only treatment that effects a radical cure. There is no other remedy, and to my knowledge a good shoe-beating has never failed.

And what cowards these drunkards are ! Mr. Oghore Nath—I can't call one so well acquainted with English spirits, a *Baboo*—has broken his servant's arm. One whole bottle of brandy gave him the courage to do this. The servant has threatened to haul him up before the magistrate. For two weeks Mr. Oghore Nath never came out from the female apartments ; and office work

and everything else of course fell into arrears—till the servant was bought over. Did Oghore Nath mend? He takes his usual dose of one and a half bottle every day, and has twice broken his own legs, besides breaking several people's heads. His wife wears tattered rags; his children are haggard and pale for want of sufficient food.

Gonesh Chunder has also signalized himself. He has had a fight with his *mehter*, who had come to clean his privy! What! take away all the treasures of the privy, and that before his own eyes! This was not to be borne. There was a furious onslaught, and the *mehter*, taken unawares, had the worst share of blows and bruises. The Baboo got back the coveted treasure; but a great portion of it was spattered on his body and head which made him so fragrant that he could not be approached for weeks. The *mehter* did not threaten to prosecute, but said that he would repay the blows and bruises with interest at cent per cent; and Gonesh in a funk was too glad to compromise.

But how does the vice spread? It is so loathsome in its best phases, and the liquid fire is so hard to swallow, that one would think the infection would never catch. It does catch, though; and there are hoary villains who make it a trade to find recruits for the d—l's regiment. An old fellow of my acquaintance, and sooth to say, a well educated man, who once held a very respectable office under the Government, having drunk out all his substance and pawned his soul to the d—l, has to my knowledge been very assiduous in ruining others. Youngmen—younger, in fact, than his sons—were the victims chosen; the cloak assumed was friendship—great disinterested friendship—a real liking for the children—strong desire to do something for them in life—to introduce them into the highest circles, &c. : all springes to catch wood-cocks, and the wood-cocks were caught. I don't know how the old scoundrel was benefited. He of course made himself a beast as often as he liked at the youngsters' expense; but that was all he gained. In the d—l's service men work very zealously on the smallest pittance; God's service requires more substantial bribes.

CHAPTER XII.

OTHER BAD HABITS AND THEIR CURE.

“**P**OOOR rule, that won't work both ways,” as the boy said when he threw back the rule at his master's head. And so the drunkard may say that all our phillipics against drunkenness will tell just as well against other habits with which the bottle has no necessary connection. There certainly was one man among my office mates who neglected his wife and children as much as, or more than, the drunkards I have introduced. He drew a decent pay, but not a pice of it went home. Friends told his wife to complain to the Burra Sahèb, and she did so. “Now Juggernath, what do you do with all your 70 Rs. ? Your wife writes to me that you don't pay her a pice, and she has to beg for her living and that of the children.” “Oh no, Sir ; she has not to beg for it at all, Sir. My brother supports her and the children.” “But why should your brother have to support them when you are so well able to do it yourself ?” “I am not well able to do it, Sir. My 70 Rs. scarcely keeps me afloat.” “How is that ? I thought 70 Rs. to a man in your position was a good income. What does your brother earn ?” “Little enough, Sir——.” “Don't try to blind me now ; let me know precisely what his pay is.” “Sixty five Rupees, Sir.” “And what family has he got ?” “A wife and child.” “Then his 65 Rs. supports six souls—himself, his wife and child, and your wife and two children ; while your 70 Rs. is scarcely able to meet your wants. How do you account for this ?” “Ah, Sir ! All men have not like wants——.” “Well, Juggernath, you ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself ; and now mind, if out of your 70 Rs. you don't pay 30 Rs. every month either to your wife or to your brother, for the support of your family, I shall strike out your name from the establishment list.” “But, Sir, I can't do it.” “You can, Sir ; and you must. I shall make you do it.” But Juggernath did not, and the Burra Sahèb was too kind a man to enforce the punishment he had threatened ; besides Juggernath was too useful an assistant to be sent adrift.

Now, what should be done to a man of this stamp who, for the "bought smile of a harlot," sacrifices health, money, and domestic happiness, making life a burden to those whom he is bound by laws both human and divine to support and relieve. Here also a course of shoe-beating would be the best cure. Our forefathers understood this, and administered the medicine in sufficient doses to keep the family in order. But those patriarchal rules have now lost their force. Even fathers and guardians cannot now take the law into their own hands; and the consequence is unmitigated misery all round. There should be some one authorized to deal summarily with cases like these. The legal process of applying for maintenance and all that is too uncertain; and besides it does not cure the patient. I view both drinking and prostitute-hunting in the light of violent diseases which require violent treatment. My faith in the efficacy of the cure I have named is deep-rooted. The difficulty is in getting a doctor to administer it.

The word "doctor" draws out a chain of new ideas on the subject. Do not several of our doctors (I mean our Bengali doctors) aid and abet the offenders—both by precept and example? I speak only of matters which have come to my own cognizance. I felt sick myself and sent for a doctor—a countryman of mine. The complaint was a bad stomach, bad digestion, occasional pains. "Oh," says the doctor, "no medicine is necessary. Take cocoanut water—one entire cocoanut—after every meal, or take a bottle of beer." "But why beer, doctor, if cocoanut water will do as well? The cocoanut will come cheaper and never make me tipsy." "What, are you afraid of getting tipsy, or have you really conscientious objections to the beer?" "Very conscientious objections indeed, unless it be absolutely necessary." "Then the cocoanut will do just as well, perhaps better. But nine people out of ten would have preferred the beer." Doubtless they would, and therefore should the doctor be more wary in naming it. His is a high avocation, and he should not pander to the d—l if he can help it. If the beer is necessary, of course it is,

right that he should say so. But when such a harmless thing as the cocoanut will do as well, it ill becomes an educated man and a gentleman to suggest the use of that less harmless alternative which the giddy-pated are sure to prefer. We all have responsibilities in life. One unthinking word may light up a conflagration which all the waters of a whole river will not quench. I did not say all this to the doctor; but the thoughts occurred to me.

CHAPTER XIII.

FORGERY TRIALS.

A CASE of forgery has come up before the Police Magistrate, Mr. Bully, and my evidence is wanted. A Mr. Impudence has forged the signature of his brother Mr. Stanley Impudence, the well-known aristocrat. I happen to know Mr. Stanley Impudence's signature, and I am hauled up before the magistrate to say what I know.

"Your name is so and so; you are employed in the Government Treasury?" "Yes." "Do you know the signature of Mr. Stanley Impudence?" "Yes; pretty well." "'Pretty well' won't do. I must have clear and definite answers." "I know it very well then, your worship—exceedingly well." "How do you come to know it so well?" "In the course of business." "Do for goodness' sake explain what you mean by such an indefinite expression as 'the course of business,' which may mean anything or nothing." "I have seen Mr. Stanley Impudence sign papers in my presence very often, and have observed the signature carefully." "Just look at the signature attached to this document. Do you recognize it as Mr. Stanley Impudence's signature?" "No." "The name is correctly written." "Yes." "But it is not the signature you know?" "No, it is not." "Is it like Mr. Stanley Impudence's signature?" "No; there is an attempt at imitation but not a successful one." "You would not pay money on that signature?" "No, I would not."

Here my evidence terminated. Similar evidence of others was taken, and then the case was sent up to the

sessions. Mr. Bully was an excellent magistrate, but he liked to have scenes in his court : he was an old player who had not given up his stage tricks on being promoted to the bench, and so he continued to act on to the end of his life. Our evidence in the case would not have been required at all, but that Mr. Stanley Impudence, who had refused to pay the forged cheque, did not appear to give his testimony about it, expecting perhaps that his brother might escape the clutches of the law if he kept back. My evidence and that of others who deposed to the same effect removed this hope, and Mr. Stanley Impudence, putting the best face on the matter, came forward at the sessions to deny his signature. Our testimony was therefore not taken at the sessions trial, but we had to attend all the same lest friend Stanley should shy back.

Mr. Stanley Impudence and I were old acquaintances ; but he cut me at the court, I suppose for the evidence I gave against his brother at the Police. He stared me in the face ; but I out-stared him. There was no chance of Mr. Stanley Impudence getting over me in that way. His brother was convicted and transported.

I saw another trial for forgery at the same sessions—the culprit in this case also being a European and of respectable connections. The Judge personally knew the prisoner and his friends in England ; he said so in passing sentence on him. As there were no extenuating circumstances he was obliged to pass the usual sentence of transportation, and the prisoner left the dock in hysterics. His friends afterwards succeeded in procuring a remission of a portion of the punishment, the local Government having the power to grant such remissions. Perhaps the youngman deserved this kindness—perhaps he purchased it by his good behaviour. A similar recommendation in favor of a native offender—Sibkissen Banerjee—was not acceded to. I don't mean to say that Sibkissen deserved any show of kindness ; but the recommendation on his behalf was based on equally good grounds, namely, age and good behaviour since transportation.

CHAPTER XIV.

ASSAULT AND BATTERY.

IT is past 3 P. M. ; some ten minutes after the time when the Treasury ceases to receive or pay money. An English woman (look at her bloated face and squalid dress ; you cannot call her a lady even out of courtesy) runs in with a bill due at sight, and insists on its being paid. The amlah are unable to comply, and she is referred to the Burra Saheb ; but she has run out of breath and is unable to go up. Go up she does at last ; but Burra Saheb is very sorry that he cannot help her. "It is only ten minutes after 3 o'clock." "Yes, just ten minutes too late." "But surely you can pay me now quite as well as you could have done ten minutes earlier?" "There must be a time to stop. If I pay you now and another person comes five minutes after how can I refuse him?" "Mine is an exceptional case, Mr. ——— ; I am a lady." "I am quite unable to accept the case as an exceptional one." "You are very unaccommodating. I expected greater civility from you." "Mrs. Horne, you are forgetting yourself."

In great sulk the woman withdrew from the Burra Saheb's room. The cause of her importunity was soon made apparent. An old money lender had lent her some money some months before. Neither money nor interest had yet been paid, and he had been put off for weeks and months. He then threatened to bring her up before the Court of Requests (now called Small Cause Court), and this she was anxious to prevent by paying down the interest at once. The bill had been shown to him and he was willing to receive the interest in part payment without resort to law. "Well, mother Horne ! have you got the money?" "No, you stupid. These fellows here refuse to pay me to-day." "But I must have my money immediately. I have many dues of my own to pay." "Then go to h—ll and get the money. You don't get any from me." "I must get from you. You have put me off from day to day. You must pay the interest this evening, or I shall pass on to the Court of Requests." "I shall prevent you from doing that ; I shall make you lame." And no

sooner said than done, she gave him a tremendous kick with one of her elephantine legs. The poor old man fell down much hurt. The by-standers took him up and helped him to the Burra Saheb's room, to lodge a complaint.

"What can I do for you, old man? I can't interfere in this matter. You should go to the Police." "But, Sir, she kicked me in your Treasury and I complain to you. What else can I do? She is a lady." "I don't know what you can or cannot do. This is *not* a lady. If you had returned the kick I would not have interfered. A woman that misbehaves in such a manner is not entitled to the privileges of her sex. But I cannot help you, old man. You must go to the Police." He did go there; but the Police inflicted a nominal fine only.

There was another case of assault and battery within a short time after. A great Baboo—a millionaire—had come to the treasury for interest due on his Government Promissory Notes. His carriage was standing at the door. An English gentleman comes soon after in his buggy, and tells the coachman to drive forward. This the pampered servant of a millionaire wont do. The Englishman gives him a whipping. The Baboo's durwans and syces surround him, and the Baboo himself runs out to the landing-place. "You beat my coachman? Who you? Why you beat my coachman?" The gentleman tried in vain to explain to him that the coachman was to blame in not clearing out from the landing-place. "I see you in the Police. Why you beat my coachman? You know who I?" "Don't make a scene here, Baboo. If you want to go to the Police I have no objection. But ask other gentlemen—ask the Baboos in the Treasury—every body will tell you that the landing place must be left clear for the last arrival." "But why you beat my coachman? tell me that;" and so it went on for sometime, till cards were exchanged, and then counter-actions were brought in the Police. Of course Lakhapati Baboo came off second-best.

Unfortunately these illiterate Baboos represent all native gentlemen in the estimation of Englishmen. They are insolent themselves, and teach their servants to be insolent. A part of the whipping that the coachman received might have been advantageously administered to the Baboo himself. The arrogance of Lakhapati Baboos sadly requires a cure. Education has done nothing for them; they have received no castigation at school; a little whipping now and then would be of inestimable service to themselves.

CHAPTER XV.

UGLY MISTAKES.

I NEVER received any reproof in the office but twice; once when I made a mistake myself, and the other time when I corrected one made by the Chota Sahab. It was on this last occasion that I learnt for the first time that men in authority make no mistakes. It was a glaring blunder that I pointed out. A debit entry had been made on the receipt side of the account sheet and the totals of course did not square. All the items had been checked one by one, but as the amounts had agreed the entry on the wrong side of the account had not been detected. More than an hour had been lost in this way by the *huzoor* when, partly by guess and partly by intuition, I laid my finger at once on the item which required to be expunged from one side and taken over to the other. The Chota Sahab was furious. He first maintained that the entry was perfectly correct, and that my suggestion betrayed but little knowledge of accounts. I took the rebuke quietly, and by deducting the amount from one side of the account and adding it to the other showed that the totals came right. "What then? That did not prove that a receipt was not a receipt?" "No; but an examination of the voucher will show whether the amount was a receipt or a payment." "I did examine the voucher when I made the entry. Surely you don't mean that I make these entries at haphazard?" "Of course I don't mean that. What I mean is that, in the hurry of business, the entry that was intended for the payment register was made in the receipt register."

"Absolutely impossible ! I would consider myself unfit for any work if I made such a mistake." By this time other assistants had been going through the vouchers in the file, and the one required having been found it proved that my surmise was correct. "I must have been very stupid at the time," said the Chota Sahib, "to have made the mistake. But how is it that you could not detect this sooner ? You have been going over the account sheets with me for the last two hours. I, as having made the wrong entry, was not likely to discover the error ; but you as a looker-on ought to have detected it at once." "It always takes sometime to determine in what way a mistake of this nature would occur. It is difficult to detect such an error at once." "Not difficult at all, I should say. If I were a looker-on I could place my hand on it at once. I would do so by intuition. No great knowledge of accounts is necessary to detect such an error. Your wits are not so sharp now as they used to be."

It was useless contesting the point further with such a man. Instead of thanking me for finding out his error and relieving him of further trouble in the matter, he seemed to take a pleasure in blaming me for the delay in making the discovery—as if that exonerated him from the blame of having made the mistake. I therefore kept quiet, accepting the reproof as one of the many disagreeable but inevitable attendants of service. It is little evils of this nature that make service so unpleasant. They are not, it is true, of every day occurrence ; but they leave an impression on the mind long. A very great amount of forbearance and philosophy* is necessary to override the petty evils of life.

I detected another more serious error of a different kind on another occasion ; but this was an error committed by an office-mate, and the detection of it not only brought thanks but a handsome treat to the whole office. In paying a demand of Rs. 25,000 a brother cashier, intending to pay it in 500 Rupee notes, had by mistake paid out 50 notes of Rs. 1,000 each. The mohurer who assisted the cashier had also by mistake entered the notes as 500

Rupee pieces, but my eyes were caught by the borders of the notes—(bank notes of different values bore different border marks)—and I at once saw that something was going wrong, so I took the notes out of the mohurer's hands just as he was about to make them over to the payee, detected the error, kept back half the number, and had the necessary alterations made in the number book. The cashier was ignorant of all this at the time; the secret was kept between the mohurer and me, the surplus notes being retained in my possession. In the evening there was consternation and dismay, for notes to the value of Rs. 25,000 were missing. The cashier was an elderly man, and I did not like to keep him long in suspense and misery, though I was advised by others to procrastinate. The notes were produced and placed in his hands. The old man was in extacies, and a treat to the whole office on Sunday following proved substantially the sincerity of his thanks. I allude to this matter only to juxtapose the conduct of the Chota Sahib with that of a despised nigger.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FREAKS OF FORTUNE.

THE wheel of fortune always goes round; but have we no hand in guiding it? Good fortune, I believe, is providential. We are often in luck's way inspite of ourselves. But for bad fortune who generally is more to blame than he who suffers from it? One old man took service in the Treasury on a salary of Rs. 6. Six rupees in those days was not quite so insignificant a sum as now, and yet it was small enough. Four rupees was peon's pay, and six rupees was barely above peon's grade; so that the man who did accept it, if of higher status, was undoubtedly of straightened means. This man that I was speaking of was of a good but poor family. In childhood a childless man of means adopted him, and dying left him, when he was about twenty years old, a small but decent fortune of a little above 10,000 Rs. No sooner did the money come into his hands than he began to think how it could best be spent. The idea of keeping it and living on it never occurred to him. Advisers are never wanting when

there is substance to swallow ; some suggested convivial parties, others Machooa Bazar company, and interested parties gifts to Brahmans and the like. But the young heir was an original genius, and had a hobby of his own to ride. He had seen tigers in menageries ; he wanted to see how the lord of beasts stalked in his native woods at large. No sooner thought of than it was done. The idea was too bright and original to sleep upon. Boats were procured and manned with *paiks* and *shikaries*, and an excursion undertaken through the creeks of the Soonderbuns. A large party had to be taken because those creeks in past days were (and perhaps now are) infested by robbers ; and the excursion was a somewhat prolonged one as the feline monarch was not disposed to be very obtrusive. At last, after much bush-beating, a whelp somewhat larger than a pariah dog was seen—only for a moment, for he ran off to the higher jungles on becoming conscious of the proximity of man. The heir to another's fortune of Rs. 10,000 was highly delighted ; the one wish of his heart was now fully satisfied. His dream of dreams was realized ; but the money had also slipped out, and he came back to the poverty in which he was born, and from which even Providence had tried in vain to rescue him. The subsequent history of his life is that of a constant struggle for the necessaries of existence ; till in his old age he was obliged to enter the Treasury on the pittance I have mentioned, to discharge the duties of a subordinate sircar, scarcely distinguishable from those of a menial servant.

Another assistant of the Treasury whom I would here immortalize was a broken down poddar, who in the hey-day of his life had made a good deal of money by his profession, and more especially by the purchase of stolen goods. But what Satan helped him to, he also helped him through. The wealth thus acquired was spent in a manner equally, if not more disreputable. He was a man of the old class and not addicted to liquid fire ; but he liked his *chillum* of *gunja* and *churus*, and in his old age delighted to recount the number of frail women he had known. This garrulity was all the treasure left to

him. He had not a pice in his pocket now ; his cloths were tattered ; he had no respectable relation who owned him ; and, saddest of all, he had no wife or child to take care of him. He also had taken service in the Treasury on a pittance of Rs. 6. a month ; but his only regret now was that the females he had known—some of whom were still living—took no further notice of him.

A third acquaintance of the same class was a man of the weaver caste who at one time had a good shop and flourishing business as cloth merchant in Natoon Bazar. He was a very open-hearted fellow, and used to recount the stories of his own roguery with great glee. He had made some money in his day ; but he led a cat-and-dog life at home, of which the presiding genius was a shrew ; he could also never agree with his son ; and between them all the money went out as fast as it had come, so that in his old age he was obliged to seek the sinecure's refuge in the Treasury, on the same pittance as the others I have noticed.

THE EASTER VACATION OF 1862:

BEING

EXTRACTS FROM MY SCRIBBLING JOURNAL.

By ANONYMUS.

(Concluded from p. 446, No. XII.)

23rd April. Stratfordward Ho ! The Emperor of poets was born today, two hundred ninety-eight years ago, and we are about to see the place where he first saw the light ! Started from Reading by rail at 12-55 P. M. ; passed through Oxford, tasted the Banbury cake on the way, and arrived at Coventry, through Leamington about 3 P. M. A carriage sent by misses Freeman was waiting for us (the two brothers H., and myself,) and in an hour we reached Ryton-on-Dunsmore, where the good ladies received us most kindly. Walked to the Brandon Station to meet Mr. Twamley from London. While the brothers H., Carpenter (the eminent Physiologist's son) and I were standing on the platform, conversation turned upon the late great battle in America. The New York Herald had stated that about 20,000 of the Federals, and more than 25,000 of the Confederates had been slain ; this, a gentleman present remarked, was tantamount to a defeat on the part of the Federals ; for, our friend added, the Federals must have understated their own loss, and exaggerated that of the enemy. I said : " Here, then, is a very well-understood thing that a party under-rates its own loss, and magnifies that of the enemy. Accordingly, when the English engage in a war with another nation, and give an account of a battle, we are to make the same allowances for what may be stated to be the respective losses of the parties." The gentleman replied : " The English are not Americans : they are distinct nations now. The former

are noted for their love of accuracy and truth." I rejoined of course : " You, English, have always some reason or other to speak in your favor." Well, whatever nations may be concerned, I do not believe in the correctness of what is generally uttered during times of war, we can only judge of battles by their final results.

Mr. T. not arriving by the London train, we returned, and were caught on the way by a shower of rain, when Mr. Henry H. took shelters under a hedge. " April showers" are said to bring " May flowers."

On our return to the house of Misses F., I was shown into a richly furnished bedroom as the place where I was to sleep during my stay at his charming village of Ryton. From the window I obtained a view of Nature assisted and dressed by Art, which baffles description. The bowling-green like a sheet of green velvet, the lawns, the cedar trees, the poplars, the flower beds, the fields in the back ground, altogether make a piece of the loveliest landscape.

At ten, Misses F., their sister Mrs. F., the brothers H., C., and myself formed the party. Mr. T. arrived late in the evening, which was spent in singing, chess-playing, &c.

24th April. After breakfast, Miss M. F., Mr. and Mrs. T., the brothers H., C., and I started in a carriage for Stratford-upon-Avon. The country through which we drove, was very beautiful. We passed by an oak tree said to be in the very middle of England. On the way, a villager *salaamed* us because I suppose, we were drying in a phaeton, I thought that touching the hat in England, and showing the back-bone in India were one and the same thing, only different in expression.

A little after 10 A. M. we arrived at Warwick Castle. The entrance to the Castle is grand. Near the gate, there is a room containing relics of antiquity, and a funny old woman showed them to us. A huge culdron is in the centre of the room, said to have been used for preparing Punch in former days. A very heavy shield and a sword are shown as weapons of a giant. A large piece of bone is said to be a rib of a gigantic cow called the Dun-Cow,

and the idea struck me as very foolish. We passed on to the interior of the Castle, which answered exactly to my idea of an old English Castle, derived from reading Novels. I was far better pleased with Warwick than with Windsor Castle. The former is sufficiently old to strike the imagination, and yet sufficiently modern to appear as the abode of luxury, affluence, and ease. The ivy-clothed lofty towers some of which are as old as eight or nine hundred years, the high walls, the stately cedar-trees, the ancient elms, and the extensive lawns combine to impress the mind with majestic splendor. The interior apartments are quite in keeping with the exterior. It was all enchantment, like those of the Arabian Nights ! The kernel was so fresh in so old a shell ! We were first ushered into a very large and splendid Hall full of curiosities, and then passed on from one room to another, every one of which contained rare things of beauty—paintings by Vandyke and other masters, tables inlaid with precious stones, elegant chairs, bedsteads, vases, and other objects too numerous to mention—so tastefully arranged as not to produce any shop-effect. An antique dish was shown to us for which 2000 guineas had been offered and refused, and our informant was Lord Darwick's servant. We saw the bed-rooms where Queen Anne had slept, and it contained some personal chattels that belonged to her. There are several portraits of Charles I. ; the one by Vandyke is considered the best existing. I could not fail to observe some Indian curiosities, as coats of armor, &c. Being quite satisfied with our visit to Warwick Castle we moved on towards Stratford, and arrived at that "holy" place at about 1 p. m. Of course, the first thing for us to do was to see the place where Shakspeare was born. We had scarcely any difficulty in finding out Henley street, where the house stands. In describing the place, I cannot do better than quote a few lines from a book called "Shakspeare : His birthplace and its neighbourhood," which Mrs. T. bought in Shakspeare's house and presented to me while standing there. "The house is one of the old timbered houses that may still be seen standing in many parts of the country, with their great beams

chequering the walls with squares, and their high pitched gable roofs and dormer windows." It "has passed through many changes; but recently, thanks to the liberality of the late Mr. John Shakspeare, and to the good taste of the people of Stratford, it has been restored to its original state in Shakspeare's time, and been separated from the surrounding buildings, and the garden planted with all the flowers the poet sings of so lovingly in his plays."

The walls and the ceiling of the room in which Shakspeare was born, are so full of signatures of pilgrims, that there is scarcely any space left for new ones. Tennyson's signature was pointed out to us. A Portrait of Shakspeare hangs in one of the rooms in the house; it seemed most likely to have been taken from the bust on his tomb, which we saw afterwards. There is an old oak chair, of the 16th century, as a make-believe Shakspeare chair, I fancy, for the house-keeper seemed a little embarrassed on my questioning her whether it was Shakspeare's own. The chair should more appropriately be placed at the British Museum or some such Institution. There is a visitor's book kept, and I wrote in it my name—"a pilgrim from the far Ind." Having walked a while in the garden we went over to the Trinity Church, at some distance from Henley Sreet. The church is an old and large building, not quite in keeping with the little town of Stratford. There, Shakspeare's remains are buried. His grave has these lines *without his name* :—

" Good frend for Jesvs sake forbear,
To dig the dost enclosed heare.
Blest be the man that spares thes stones
And cvrst be he that moves my bones."

The monument with the bust stand on the adjoining wall. The bust is colored, and is said to have been originally so. Malone had for sometime had it whitewashed and had the honor of meriting the following epigram :—

" Stranger ! to whom this monument is shown,
Invoke the poet's curses on Malone :
Whose meddling zeal his barbarous taste displays
And daubs his tombstone as he marred his plays."

From the church we went to the village of Shottery, where Shakspeare had wooed Ann Hathaway. On the way, a butter-cupflower was handed over to me by a pretty little girl, herself looking like a rose-bud. Hathaway's cottage is much in the style of Shakspeare's own house, and it is now occupied by a female, a collateral descendant of Ann, though the land now belongs to one Mr. Thomson. I sat on an old bench which is said to have been occupied now and then by the poet and his bride. We were taken upstairs, and were shown a curiously carved bedstead of oak, which had a planked roof. The occupant of the house is in a state of poverty.

Returning to Stratford, we went to the School-house where gentle Willie was educated, and saw a desk, by which, it is said, he used to sit. As it was not yet 4-30 P. M. the time fixed for dinner, we went to the Town Hall, which was dedicated by Garrick. There is a fine life size portrait of the poet in this fine Hall; on the opposite side is a splendid picture of Garrick encircling a bust of Shakspeare with his arm. The annual Shakspeare dinner was celebrated only the night before, the plates, glasses, &c., were yet in a state of admired disorder on the tables. The house-keeper, a horribly manish looking woman, having the baser part of Fidele, her hair parted near the temple, told us that in the course of the speeches the evening before, it was stated that the third centenary of Shakspeare's birth would be celebrated with great éclat in 1864.

We came back to the Red Horse Hotel; crossed the Avon by the Clapton Bridge; witnessed a swan nestling and another playing in the Avon—a circumstance which put me in mind of the stability of physical characteristics in England. Walked over the swards on the bank of the Avon, and obtained a very fine view of the Church. At the town of Stratford, the name, bust, and portrait of Shakspeare are met almost every-where. We saw a "Shakspeare Iron Foundry."

As to portraits, they are of all varieties, and as different from each other as possible. It seemed to me that a high forehead, a bunch of hair on each side of the

temples, and a French beard, make up, according to English notions, a face of Shakspeare.

We bade farewell to Stratford-upon-Avon at half past 6. P. M., every one of us gratified with the incidents of the day, myself feeling somewhat proud of apparently being the first Bengali that paid a visit to this poetical shrine.

We drove to Charlecote Park, famous for being the place where Shakspeare is said to have got a bad name. We saw herds of deer grazing in the beautiful park. Reached Ryton about 10. P. M. and I immediately went to bed being attacked with severe headache.

25th April. A most splendid day, but I was dead to it. Somewhat relieved before sundown, we began to play at bowls. There were six players, and four ladies sat in the verandah to witness the game. It was the first time I played at bowls, and did not bring discredit to myself if the ladies were to be believed. Of course it was the occasion of the dinner that had brought together the gaily dressed ladies, and I proceed to describe briefly an English dinner-party.*

At a dinner-party, the ladies wear a light and fanciful dress, but those of the house have less flashy ones. The gentlemen put on black-cloth trowsers with that abomination of a dress-coat which has lately been justly described to have been adopted in imitation of crows' tails. The party at first assemble in the drawing room, and hold some minutes' conversation upon the inevitable weather and other topics of the day; when dinner is announced, they pass on into the dining-room, each gentleman having a lady in his arm. The lady of the house sits at the head of the table, and the gentleman at bottom, as fashionable slang goes. Soup is first served; next comes fish, it may be the royal salmon, which it is the etiquette to take once only. Think of the custom which does not allow the salmon to be eaten more than once! Fish is followed successively by meat, rice and

* This was written before it had become fashionable for 'Bengali gentlemen to visit England, and further, was intended for the perusal of persons not very familiar with English manners and customs.

curry, pudding or tart, and perhaps the horrid cheese, and a salad of green vegetables. The table is then cleared and the cloth removed. A dessert of both fresh and preserved fruits with wines follows, when the ladies retire to the drawing-room, and the gentlemen commence discussing wines and brandy pawnee more freely. This custom of ladies' retiring from the dining-room seems to have had its origin in the barbarous ages, when men were in the habit of drinking hard, and it was impossible for ladies to keep their company. Within half an hour or so after dinner, tea is brought into the drawing-room, and the evening is passed in light and rational conversation, while some lady is playing on the piano, others engaged in chess or the backgammon, or in looking into picture-portfolios, scrap-books, stereoscopes, or other objects of curiosity. Thus the enjoyment at an English evening party is very great.

Our party at Ryton retired after 10 P. M. and I passed a sleepless night.

27th April. A fine morning after a rainy day. Mr. T., the brothers H., and C. went out to walk, I stayed at home, and sat under a tree manufacturing a few verses in Bengali. Late in the afternoon, Miss F., Mr. T., and I drove to the old town of Coventry. We saw the splendid old cathedrals built in the 14th or 15th Century, and admired the zeal of the Roman Catholics, as evinced in their religious buildings. *Our* temples do not deserve to be named in the same breath with such cathedrals. In a niche at a corner of a street in Coventry is a bust, which is called "the peeping Tom" and thereby hangs a tale. It is said that Lady Godiva of old, finding that the ryots of her husband, the Rajah of the place, groaning under great oppressions frequently interceded on their behalf. The Rajah at first turned a deaf ear to her pleadings. But too often solicited, the Rajah became incensed and said at last that if Lady Godiva could ride through the town stark naked, he would grant her request. Such a condition, however, did not daunt the good and noble Ranees who earnestly desired to ameliorate the condition of her people; and accordingly consented to do

what was desired. A proclamation issued that all men in the town must shut themselves up, and not look into the streets. Lady Godiva rode through Coventry to the great satisfaction of all classes. There was a tailor named Tom, whose curiosity overran his gratitude. He peeped through his window as the Lady rode naked, and was therefore struck blind by Providence. The inhabitants of Coventry have made a capital out of the tale. They have founded an annual festival and fair upon it. In a procession, a woman of the town personates Lady Godiva and an immense number of people gather to witness the fun. I find in the Coventry papers that people are now discussing the propriety of the festival and procession, some writing in favor, others against the custom.

We went to the Unitarian chapel conducted by Mr. Heaviside. The sermon was on the evil effects of drunkenness, and was so droll that the audience was twice or thrice in the course of it, on the verge of bursting into laughter. Returned to Ryton after sun-set, and the evening was spent in singing, &c.

28th *April*. A glorious morning. After break-fast, Messrs T., H., C., and myself rode to Kenilworth, and paid a visit to the interesting ruins of the once magnificent Castle memorized by Sir Walter Scott in one of his novels. The ruins most satisfactorily prove that the English understood what true magnificence was, infinitely better than the Indians, before they drew upon the gold of the "gorgeous East."

An old lady spoke feelingly about the poor working men of the district earning 9s. a week. She alluded to a servant-girl, who was in raptures on having pudding to eat for the first time in her life.

Returned to Ryton before 3 o' clock, and after dinner and tea, took leave of my excellent and kind hostess at the Brandon station. Started from Brandon at quarter to seven, and arrived at Euston station at half past nine, greatly pleased with the excursion.

**SONNET: ON THE IMPENDING FAMINE
IN BENGAL.**

O God ! restrain thy wrath, recall thy fears !
Lo ! droops the land beneath a stifling sky !
Lo ! parched and drear the fields around us lie !
Moistened but by the weeping peasant's tears !
All nature now a dismal aspect wears ;
On every side pale faces meet the eye,
And th' ears assailed with misery's shrieking cry ;
For lo ! grim Famine yon his head uprears !
Amidst th' impending woe, all eyes are set
On thee, thou Viceroy of our noble Queen !
Amidst the thickening gloom, and gathering fate,
Thou shin'st, our star of hope with light serene.
O may kind Heaven on thee His grace bestow,
That so thy care in saving streams may flow.

RAM SHARMA.

BHOOBONESHOREE

OR

THE FAIR HINDU WIDOW.

CHAPTER XVII.

SELF-DENIAL AND GENEROSITY.

BHOOBONESHOREE," continued Preo Nath, "could not bear to see her cousins unhappy. She was especially grieved to think that she should be the innocent cause of their misery. How to restore them to their husbands' affections were her anxiety by day and dreams by night. The consciousness of having contributed to their unhappiness considerably affected her health and spirits. She made rich presents of ornaments to their children in order to ingratiate herself into their good graces. She scrupulously avoided the company of Dwarik and Chunder, and tried every female art to bring out a better understanding between them and their wives. How she succeeded in this, you will hereafter see. Meanwhile there occurred an incident which for a time frustrated all her efforts in cultivating the good will of her cousins."

"Four days after the memorable night scene described above, her second aunt Lukshmi, the mother of Kadumbinee and Radhika, invited her to the kitchen in the Veranda of which the male members had assembled at dinner, and sitting close to her, began to bind her hairs. "Such a splendid mass of hair," said she, "I have never seen—nor such a face either. I wish I had a daughter beautiful as this"—and she applied her hand to Bhooboneshoree's face. Being afraid of the consequences of this remark upon her cousins who were exchanging looks with each other, Bhooboneshoree became extremely pale. "What a curious girl you are," observed her eldest aunt Bindoo. "You are already blushing and feeling as if you are being addressed by a lover on his knees. You must have a good imagination if, in being in your aunt's embrace, you can conceive yourself

to be in the presence of a lover." Bhooboneshoree's cheeks now became crimson with blushes, especially as at that instant her eyes met those of Dwarik intently gazing upon her. She immediately averted her looks, and in order to get herself out of the difficulty in the best way she could, observed to her second aunt, "Dear aunt! I was thinking how you are growing foolishly fond of me. For unless you are so, you could not prefer my tall figure, large feet and lean fingers to your uncommonly beautiful daughters." "Child!" said Lukshmi, "of course mother's eye sees more beauty in her own children than in others. Thank God, not only myself but every one considers two of my daughters very beautiful. If all the members are separately compared, you may not be superior to my Kadumbinee and Radhika. Yet there is something in your face, I don't know what, which makes you far more charming than any girl I have ever met with." Here the speaker was interrupted by her husband Sham, who in allusion to the something which she could not explain, said that it was the nobleness of the mind that shone in Bhooboneshoree's face. That face now became more pale than before, and her aunt wondered more and more what was the matter with the "foolish girl" as she called her.

• "Bhooboneshoree was anxious to witness the effect of the above conversation on Kadumbinee and Kusam. Those ladies were busy in cutting betel-nuts, though their hands trembled so that they could not properly hold the crackers. Their confusion was aggravated by Shukhoda pointing out that instead of cutting nuts, they were cutting nutmegs. "What are you doing?" asked Bindoo. "Really, you are not going to poison your husbands!"—and she laughed, in which she was joined by all except Chunder who started in horror. During the preceding sally Bhooboneshoree's third uncle Dinoo, the father of Kusam, was carefully examining her face, probably comparing it to the dancing girl whom he had lately engaged in exchange for the one whose charms had become stale by a three months' possession. Seeing him

so intent upon her face which excited general attention, she said, "uncle ! I see you are going to pass some compliments upon my lucky face in imitation of my second uncle and aunt." "Yes, child, had I not been a young man" (he was upwards of forty-five) "I would compliment your face with a kiss"—then amidst general laughter he went on—"I don't see any harm, though. If Europeans can kiss their grown-up nêices, cousins and even strangers, why should we unhappy natives be excluded from the privilege. Really child, I already love you so that I can not deny you any thing, and yet I must not touch your face to express my affection." The laughter continued still unabated, probably in remembrance of the speaker's unusual passion for pretty faces. To put him in countenance, Bhooboneshoree observed, "uncle ! you are allowed to kiss us in our infancy, but not in our youth. If you cannot deny me anything, I will ask one favor"—and there she stopped. "What is it," asked her uncle, "let me hear it, and then you will see whether I do not give it to you." Bhooboneshoree had probably intended to ask Dinoo to show more fondness for his wife's face, and to renounce his passion for dancing girls which threatened to ruin his health and his father's estate, but then she thought it indelicate, and, moreover, disrespectful to speak to her uncle on that subject even in jest. Though pressed again and again, she refused to name her request, and referred him to another day. But his inexorable uncle went on questioning her, as if he took her for one of his dancing girls. "Do you want a bracelet set with diamonds ?" She smiled and shook her head. "Do you want a golden wristlet studded with precious stones ?" Again she smiled and shook her head. "Now I have hit upon it, you must have a pair of ear-rings in the new fashion, such as Hemunto has got. It is a magnificent ornament. It is so large that it will come down to your shoulder. It is so heavy that you cannot wear it unless you have an artificial ear made of gold to suspend it from. I shall bring a pair for you tomorrow." "Uncle ! you seem to forget," said Bhooboneshoree.

boneshoree," that I do not wear any of your ornaments,—you know I am a widow." Dinoo heaved a deep sigh, and proceeded, "but you know widows at your early age are often allowed to wear ornaments. You left off adorning your person even when your husband was alive. So do not make widowhood an excuse for declining my present." Still she shook her head, though her smile had now disappeared from her face. Her inexorable uncle however went on. "I see you do not like ear-rings. Very well, let it be a pearl neck-lace which even old widows can wear." Here Kadumbinee trembled like an aspen leaf, fearing that the night's fearful tale had reached her uncle's ear, and he would probably be describing the necklace in her husband's words. Her uncle did no such thing but went on. "My lovely girl, the necklace will set your tall and majestic figure to the best advantage. Your charming figure will literally dazzle, and these young men, Dwarik and Chunder will bow to you in worship and adoration."

"Bhooboneshoree thought she had already got worship and adoration from those young men a little too much. Being fearful that her uncle's further description would awake disagreeable reminiscences in herself and her cousins, she interrupted him. "I pray you, uncle, cease. I do not ask any ornament. It was in jest that I named a favor to you." But though her uncle ceased, he did not take off his eyes from her face. "Uncle," said she laughing, "I am afraid you will leave off eating and sleeping, and now compliment me in the way you threatened." "No, girl, no, you will not allow me to do so, although I am your second father. Your wretched sex is so coy, and liable to impute bad motives where nothing is intended. I was thinking whether you could dance." This was followed by so tremendous a laugh that the roof threatened to come down. Bhooboneshoree could not help joining in the laugh, but seeing her uncle extremely put out of countenance, and trying in vain to offer an explanation of his remark which no one would hear, she took pity and interposed:—"Why, uncle, are you anxious to know whether I can dance or not. You know we dance

in childhood, but not in youth." "But you know," replied he, "Hindoo ladies in older times used to dance; there is no harm in it, not the least. All the European ladies, and even the Boonooa [wild, jungle] women in our country dance publicly. Abstractly there is nothing immoral in it. Because women of bad repute have now made it their profession, it appears to us as something very indelicate. It is simply association, child, which has made it so. As your enlightened husband made you adopt many reformatations, including innovations in dress which few women could be made to do, I thought he must have taught you dancing also. It is a very good exercise, and will promote your health. Besides you are so beautiful that I would really be enchanted to see you dance."

"The speaker's philosophy, though laughed at by the ladies, might have gone down with the male portion of his auditors. But his unhappy wish to see Bhooboneshoree dance upset everything. The whole group roared with laughter. Peal after peal ascended the sky, and the roof wished to come down in order to join in the general merriment. The little boys disgorged the food they had taken, and the old were being choked with theirs. Radhika, who was serving the dishes, declared her inability to carry them from the kitchen. Bhooboneshoree came no longer to her uncle's rescue. Nor did she join in the laugh, but seemed buried in deep thought. Dwarik alone tried to stem the torrent by an attempt at argument, but his words, which were hurrahed by Dinoo were drowned amidst the roar. From that day Dwarik rose highly in the estimation of his uncle-in-law. He was one day heard to say, "I like that boy very much. He is as handsome as clever. I thought the new system of instruction introduced into our Colleges since we left them produced nothing but a set of dunces. But that boy, though brought up under the new system, is deeply learned. Some of his notions are extremely enlightened, and do credit to his head and heart."

"Our national food being extremely simple, the dinner would have been finished by this time had it not

been for the merriment excited by Dinoo's speech. He was rather annoyed at the laugh, and muttered such words as "rude barbarians," "uncivilized," "d——d custom," "superstition," and so forth. After the laugh had subsided, Issur, the youngest uncle was preparing to say something. He was thought to be insensible to female charms, and not to bear much good will towards Bhooboneshoree for the estates which his father had granted to her. His admiration for her had evidently arisen during the preceding dialogue, and he was then thinking whether he could, by interminable law-suits, not only deprive her of the portion so granted, but reduce so lovely a girl to wretchedness and poverty. To what conclusion he came at last, is not certain. But after what the others had said, he thought it proper to pass some compliment upon her from himself. After coughing once or twice by way of preface, he said at last. "Really, girl, you are an universal favourite. I assure you, not only my father doats upon you, but the whole house is almost mad after you. For your goodness, you richly deserve the estate that my father has conferred upon you. I will see that the proper forms are observed to make the grant valid." This shows that he had persuaded himself to believe that the grant could, by a lawsuit, be set aside as invalid. He now thought he had paid the highest compliments to his niece's charms. A compliment from him was so unusual that Bhooboneshoree thanked her uncle again and again, and observed, "Uncle, you need not see to the proper forms being observed to make the grant valid. For I have no intention of availing myself of the grant. I have not, you know, drawn a single pice from the estate, allowing the profits to accumulate in my grand-father's hands. Nor do I intend ever to touch that accumulation. After my grand-father's death, I will make over the whole estate and the accumulated profits to you who are the rightful owners of the same. Had I any intention of depriving you of it, I would have appropriated a portion of the profits after my husband's death when my pecuniary difficulty was great."

"A rumour of admiration ran through the group. They looked at each other as if to ask whether they had rightly heard her. Even her envious cousins were moved. Lukshmi wept, while Bindoo laying her lips upon her cheeks which she suffused with her tears, said, "why, child, should you not take an estate which the fondness of your grand-father has conferred upon you ? It belongs to you by right. You richly deserve it for the services you have performed towards him." "Yes, child," added Sham, "had you done for me the tenth part of what you have done for my father, I would have made you the sole heir of my estates. There can be no wrong in earning an estate as you have done. My father will grow violent if you decline his gift." Even the litigious Issur who had already laid his plans to draw her into a lawsuit as soon as the old man died, exclaimed "who has ever heard of this child ! To throw away a large estate yielding a clear profit of fifty thousand Rupees ! I would wage an interminable war before I gave up the hundredth part of such an extensive estate. There is I believe no flaw whatever in the deed, my father being entitled to will away his self-acquired property. Had he granted to you the whole instead of one-fourth of his landed property, we could not possibly raise a finger against it."

"When the turmoil, subsiding, allowed Bhooboneshoree an opportunity to be heard, she observed :—" My honored aunts and uncles ! nothing can induce me to accept a grant which my grand-father's unjust partiality has conferred upon me. It is *your* birth-right, and I have no claim to it. You, uncle, are pleased to say that I have earned it by my services to my grand-father. You must have taken a very low opinion of me if you thought that in attending to my grand-father's comforts, I had any indirect motive in view. As my grand-father, the father of my mother, he claimed my best affections and regard. The humble services I have performed towards him proceeded solely from my honest love for his self. They have been fully rewarded in the doing or in the pleasure I have derived from them. I claim no other reward. I cannot bear the idea of depriving your children of what

from their birth they have been brought up to think as their own. Besides, they have performed towards my grandfather better services than an occasional visitor like me could have done. It is therefore his unjust partiality towards me, and nothing else, that has led him to make an invidious distinction in my favor." "Invidious distinction and partiality indeed!" cried uncle Dineo in a rage. "Pray, who has told you that any daughter of this house has attended to my father's comforts better than you? I wish to know her name. Better services indeed! I tell you, child, a mother could not have attended to her dear infant's comforts with the same affection, zeal and devotion that you have shewn towards your old grand-father. It would be unnatural in his children to deprive you of a *cowree* of the property which he has bequeathed to you. For my part, I solemnly disclaim mine or my children's right to it, and I believe my brothers will do the same." This speech was cheered by Sham who made the same declaration. Issur contented himself saying "do ye hear." Whether by this Issur intended to imitate the example of his brothers, or to make all present there to be witnesses to his brother's solemn renunciation of their claim in Bhooboneshoree's estate with a view to set up in future his sole right to it, it is not easy to ascertain. Bhooboneshoree of course did not understand him in the latter sense. Nothing could however induce her to change her resolution which she said she had formed in consultation with her husband at the time of the grant. "My dear," observed Sham, "you are yet a child, your estate will always place you in affluence. Your husband had such a large family to support that he could not have left you much. Your father is indeed rich. But as he has married again in his old age, you cannot expect much from him. Whatever you may say to the contrary, it is generally believed that neither your father nor step-mother bear any good-will towards you or your brother. Governed as he is by his young wife, he may expel you from home, angel though you are. I pray you, do not renounce an estate which may be of use to you in your affliction. I wonder how a

father can be so uxorious as to bear ill-will towards so lovely a daughter on whom other people so doat." At this outburst a tear was seen to glide down Dwarik's cheeks, which did not escape Bhooboneshoree's notice. She however fixed her eyes upon Sham's face, and said, "pray uncle, do not abuse my honored father in my face. I owe greater respect and affection to him than I do towards you, beloved though you are. It does not become you to teach me want of duty towards the earthly author of my being. Now about the estate. I am resolved to abide by the wish of my husband, be the consequences what it may. I do not require any fortune whatever during the natural term of my life. I have no wants, dear uncle, I have no husband to love, and no child to provide for. What can a childless widow want except a handful of rice every day, which I can procure by begging if that be my doom?"

"There was scarcely a dry eye among the uncles and aunts. The conversation having led to a result different from the general expectation, it was by mutual consent allowed to drop for the present. The old men refused to partake of anything further, while the young ate their food in silence.

"The occurrences of this day served to estrange the affections of the two envious ladies from Bhooboneshoree more than ever. The good feelings which her magnanimity had excited in their breasts were, like most good feelings, only momentary. But the compliments paid to her beauty, and the comparison instituted by their own parents to their disadvantage, raised in their minds an undying aversion for her person. Her redoubled efforts to please succeeded only in making her more and more hated. Not deterred by anything, she was however indefatigable in her attentions to them, and left no stone unturned in re-establishing herself in their good graces. For a time she appeared, however, to have gained nothing except discomfort, dissatisfaction, loss of health and loss of money.

"But it is high time to watch the course of Chunder's jealousy, and to trace the progress of Dwarik's love.

SONG OF THE DROMEDARY.

OH ! he is a dromedary indeed !
Who but must wonder at that rattling speed !
Frenzy, methinks, or what not in his pate,
Impels him onward with his load of state.
Oh ! he is a dromedary indeed !
Who but must wonder at that rattling speed !

Nor reins nor driver—no, nought doth he reckon,
But on he speeds regardless of all check.
That pond'rous hump the animal hath got,
Why, 'tis a boiling-cauldron,—mischief-pot.
Oh ! he is a dromedary indeed !
Who but must wonder at that rattling speed ?

And there, amazed, auld Nickey ben does find
More mischief brewed than ever he designed.
Much to that hump he owes—yea, Belial * owes,
And hell exultant all with rapture glows.
Oh ! he is a dromedary indeed !
Who but must wonder at that rattling speed !

Oh ! may the driver Hassan brave and strong,
Give it a smart stroke of his pointed prong ;
So may the world in high amazement find,
That hump is but an empty bag of wind !
Oh ! he is a dromedary indeed !
Who but must wonder at that rattling speed !

LUKHUN SHARMA.

* Should it not be Belilies ?—P. D.

NOTICES OF THE SMRITIS.

No. II. VISHNU SAMHITA ;

CHAPTERS I.—VII.

THIS is rather a Dharma Sutra than a Samhita, though it has been classed as such. It is written in prose with occasional verses, which are generally professed quotations ; indeed it happens sometimes that the author begins in verse, and ere the couplet is completed, drops into prose, as if tired with being too long on the wing.

The first chapter is introductory in as much as it relates the time, place, and object, when, where and for what this Smriti was delivered. Written in continuous verse, it is, though not without poetical merit, a manifest interpolation, a circumstance patent from the fact that it attributes the authorship to the God Vishnu. "Vishnu," says Colebrooke in the preface to his translation of the *Vivāda Bhāṅgīrṇava*, "not the Indian divinity, but an ancient philosopher who bore this name, is reputed author of an excellent law treatise in verse." Whether Colebrooke ever came across a treatise of Vishnu's written *wholly* in verse may fairly be questioned. At any rate no such treatise is to be found in the Libraries of the Bengal Asiatic Society and the Calcutta Sanscrit College. If such a treatise be really in existence it would have a preferential claim, in modern phraseology, to the appellation of *Vishnu Smriti* ; but the more probable view is that *verse* is a slip for *verse and prose*.

The second chapter enumerates the four classes, their duties and occupations. Forgiveness, Truth, Abstinence, Purity, Restraint of the passions, Harmlessness, Serving superiors, Pilgrimage, Rectitude and Contentment are duties common to all.

The third chapter treats of the duties of kings which are briefly, protection of subjects and keeping each of them in his proper path. The king should establish himself in a fortified position which is woody and

fertile, where animals, merchants and servants abound. The administration is to be managed by heads of villages, of tens, of hundreds, and of principalities. The king should see that proper persons are appointed in these and other offices. None but those in whom he has the fullest confidence should be employed in superintending mines, customs, ferries, elephants and forests. From his subjects he should take for sacrificial purposes the sixth part of the rice produced in the fields ; of all other grains the two hundredth, as well as of animals, gold and cloths. Of flesh, honey, clarified butter, medicine, perfumery, roots, fruits, juices, wood, leaves, skins, earthenware, stoneware and vessels made from the bamboo cane, he should take a sixth. From Brahmans nothing should be taken, since they pay him in religious merit ; the king shares of the virtues and sins of his subjects to the extent of a sixth part.

In the face of these facts it is impossible to assert that the tenure of the ancient Hindu kings was that of despots. Despotism is so antagonistic to national progress that on *a priori* grounds alone, the very fact of the high state of civilization at which they arrived is a sufficient refutation to the insinuation that they lived under a despotic form of Government. We have it here laid down that taxation should be for the benefit of the taxed. Sacrifices, according to the Hindu theory, are really beneficial to the people. Nourished by sacrifices, says the *Vishnu Purána*, the Gods nourish mankind by discharging rain ; sacrifices are the cause of prosperity. Commenting on another text of the same, a commentator says, "population did not increase from the want of food, caused by the Gods ceasing to send rain in consequence of the non-celebration of sacrifice." With oblations offered to the fire with due rites and ceremonies, says *Manu*, is the sun worshipped ; from him comes rain, and thence population. .

We find too that the king is morally responsible for the peace and order of his kingdom. If any sin is committed in his kingdom, a part of it is written off to his account, proportionate to the taxes levied. In an equitable

spirit he is declared to be also a sharer to the same extent in the religious merit of all virtuous actions performed in his realm. But the responsibility is not merely moral. We all know very well the story in the *Rāmāyana* how the Brahman pair whose child had died untimely, claimed reparation as a matter of right at the hands of Rāma, and we will see further on that if stolen property be not recovered, the owner has a claim against the king. Surely this is anything but irresponsible despotism.

To return from this rather long digression, here is a stay for protectionists :—From merchandize of his own country, the king should take a tenth and from foreign merchandize a twentieth as duties. The commentator Nanda Pandita thus solves it. Goods produced and consumed in his own country should be taxed a tenth. But goods produced, in one country, and sold in another, i. e. which merely pass through the country, are to be taxed a twentieth. Any endeavour to elude these is punished with wholesale confiscation. Once in a month, artizans, laborers and *Sudras* are to work for the king.

Spies are to be extensively employed that he may know every thing about his own kingdom and those of others when another kingdom is conquered, the institutions there prevalent should be kept intact. The dynasty should not be destroyed, but a fit scion of the race installed on the throne. When attacked by another, the king should try to defend his country with all the force at his command. There is nothing more meritorious for a king than laying down his life in battle. For a comparison with the previous passage we would add, *in defence of his country*. He should not be addicted to hunting, gambling, or women, nor to unnecessary severity in speech or punishment.

The mines are royal property, but if hidden treasure be discovered by the king or his officers, one half goes to the Brahmins and the other to the royal treasury. A Brahman if he discovers the same may take it all to himself. A man of the warrior or merchant class, should he discover hidden treasure, gives a quarter each to the king and

the Brahmans, and takes the remainder. When discovered by a man of the servile class it is divided into twelve parts, of which five parts each go to the king and the Brahmans, and the remaining two to the finder. Should the finder, of whatever class, omit to apprise the king of the discovery, he forfeits the whole. Should the original depositor come forward and prove his claim, he gets it on the payment of a twelfth part as royalty. The Brahman of course forms an exception, and gets his own without any deduction. If a person should falsely claim hidden treasure, the penalty is a fine equivalent to the assessed value.

The king should guard the property of minors, those without guardians, and women. Stolen property when recovered should be returned to the original owner of whatever class. But this is not all. There is a further rule, highly equitable, and far in advance of modern police regulations. *If stolen property be not recovered, the owner should be recompensed from the royal treasury.*

Ominous portents, the sage directs to be removed by the performance of various propitiatory rites. Indeed a whole *Brâhmana* of the *Atharva Veda* entitled the *Adbhuta Brâhmana*, is devoted to this subject. The merest tyro with the scraps of scientific knowledge which he has picked up may well afford to laugh at the superstition which dictates propitiatory rites on the appearance of a rainbow or an unusually large ant, fly or bee. But it cannot be denied that in the case of some of these portents, such as comets, earthquakes, draught and inundation even in the most civilized countries, the scientific spirit is making but slow progress against popular superstition.

Let him, proceeds the sage, preside at judicial proceedings, accompanied by learned Brahmans; or should he be unable to discharge the duty personally, depute a learned Brahman to perform the same. Of course only his own part of the work is deputed, that of the councillors remaining unchanged. These latter are to possess, among other qualities, learning and impartiality, and not likely to be influenced in favor of or against either

party by reason of affection, anger or avarice. A Kshatriya or Vaisya, properly qualified, nay even a nominal Brahman may be appointed, says *Manu*, to preside over judicial proceedings, but never a Sudra.

A Brahman learned in the Vedas should not be allowed to starve within his dominions, nor any one engaged in honest labor. Copper-plates recording the gift of villages have not unoften thrown a light on detached points of our ancient History. The King, directs the sage, should give away land to Brahmans. To them should also be given a copper-plate describing the donor and his family, giving a detailed account of the boundary line and depicting in the strongest colors the consequences of resumption. Nor should he resume land given by those who preceded him.

Perfect equanimity is insisted upon as one of the essential qualities of a Judge. On this and many important points the ancient Hindu Codes will bear favorable comparison with the most advanced European and American essays. Our shooting Magistrates on the Frontier are beyond argument; but the presiders at state trials in our long settled Provinces, some of whom are too ready to sacrifice their obligations as judges to preserve their integrity as courtiers, and most of whom are cursed with nerves unfit for the difficult office in times of commotion as in 1857-8, or of panic as those since from Wahabbeism, will do well to listen to the injunction of the *uncivilized* Vishnu on the bearing of one whose privilege as well as duty it is to do justice between man and man. The King, says the sage, should not frown even on the man condemned to death. The Punishment should always be proportional to the offence committed, the second commission being unpardonable. There is no one who neglecting to perform his proper duties may not be punished by the king. Where punishment, such is the curious language, black-bodied, red-eyed, stalks fearlessly through the land, the population prospers should the inflicter do justice. The King, glad when his subjects are happy, and sad when they are miserable, becomes famous in this world and after death is exalted in Heaven.

The fourth chapter is taken up with the laying down the measures by which fines are to be calculated. The particle of dust seen moving in the sun-beams as they fall into the interior of a house from a window is called a *Trasarènu*.

Gold.			
8	Trasarènu	make	1 Likshà.
3	Likshàs	"	" Ràjasarshapas
3	Ràjasarshapas	"	" Gaurasarshapa.
6	Guarasarshapas	"	" Yava.
3	Yavas	"	" Krishnala
5	Krishnalas	"	" Masha.
12	Mashas	"	" Akshardhwa.
16	Mashas	"	" Sùvarna or vista.
4	Sùrvernas	"	" Nishka.
Silver.			
2	Krishnalas	make	1 Masha
16	Mashas	"	" Dharana.
Copper.			
16	Mashas	make	1 Kàrahàpana

For a crime of the first degree a fine of 250 *Karshapanas* is laid down, 500 for one of the second degree and a fine of one thousand *Karshapanas* for a crime of the third degree.

The fifth chapter begins with an enumeration of the different marks which should be made on a Brahmin's forehead as a punishment for the commission of crimes which entail death in others. A Brahman should not be punished in his body, but simply, branded and banished. Poisoners, incendiaries and *dacoits* are to be executed, as well as the forgerers of royal decrees. The same fate awaits those who steal more than ten *Kumbhas* of grain. As we have gone in for tables in this number we may as well give here the table of the measure of capacity, which is supplied by the Commentator.

16 Dronas make 1 Khari.

20 " " " Kumbha.

We gather from Manu that should the grain stolen be ten jars or less, a fine of twelve times the same amount of grain is to be imposed on the thief. Should things which are measured by weight and not by capacity,

he stolen to the amount of more than a hundred *māshas*, the thief is to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. Defamation of learning, country, caste or conduct of character entails a fine of two hundred *ka'rsha'panas*. If a person taunts another on some natural deformity, he incurs a fine of two *ka'rsha'panas*. Fines are also laid down for battery and other violent crimes. If a man should put out the eyes of another, the punishment ordained is either perpetual imprisonment or the "an eye for an eye." Should a crime be committed on a single individual by several, each of them should get double the ordinary punishment. If a man or animal is disabled temporarily or permanently the aggrieved party should have reparation at the hands of the wrong-doer. False weights and measures are to be fined a thousand *Panas*, and the same fine is to be inflicted on him who maliciously insinuates that weights and measures are false, which as a fact are up to the standard.

If the buyer does not take delivery of goods sold, though it is offered to him, the seller is not responsible for any deterioration. If a girl betrothed to one is given away to another, the donor is to be punished as a thief; but not if the first betrothed have faults that is, we believe if she be discovered to have defect or to be open to reproach in character. In the same manner if a faultless betrothed or married wife is forsaken the husband should be punished as a thief.

The *bonafide* purchaser of stolen goods in an open market is blameless, but the real owner gets back his property: but if they be bought secretly and at below the standard price, the buyer and the seller are to be punished as thieves. The whole property of false witnesses and corrupt judicial officers escheats to the king.

The sage recognises a sort of limitation. When land has been enjoyed for three generations uninterruptedly in the ordinary course of affairs, the fourth in descent has a title to it without being compelled to produce documents. Of course forcible possession gives no claims, however long that possession might be.

If an animal is killed in self-defence, the slayer is blameless. Young or old, even the Brahman learned in the Veda; he that is ready with sword, poison or fire, the rebel and the ravisher, can be killed on the spot with impunity. There was a time when European communities believed in and punished witches, and so there is no wonder that Vishnu should direct that a man who tries to take your life by means of incantations, can be killed without any further ceremony.

The sixth chapter treats of loans. The interest, in the case of the four classes in descending order is two, three, four and five per cent., per month, respectively, and we suppose in the case of the mixed classes a mean would be struck proportional to the blood in their veins. The former rates prevail in cases where no interest has been fixed by the parties, and when a certain interest has been agreed to between debtor and creditor, that agreement is to be adhered to. In a usufructuary mortgage there is no interest. When offered payment is refused by the creditor, the loan ceases to bear interest. If the creditor adopts legal means to recover his debt, the king cannot interfere; should the debtor in such predicament, appeal to the king, he should be fined an equal sum. These legal means are enumerated by *Mann* to be, kind language, litigation, artifice, fasting and force. Of course it is equitable that the creditor should have this power only when the loan is admitted.

A loan taken before witnesses, should be made good in their presence. If it was taken on a bond, that should be destroyed. In partial payments, when the bond is not near him, the creditor gives a written receipt. After the natural or civil death of a debtor, his son and grandson should pay the debt, but descendants in a lower degree cannot be compelled. But whether there be a son or not, he that takes the estate should pay the debts, and should there be no estate, he that takes the wife of the debtor. If there be several sureties, the whole sum can be levied, at the option of the creditor from any one of them, in case nothing was specified when they became sureties. Whatever sum, a surety oppressed by creditors, has to make

good, double that amount he is entitled to recover from the debtor.

The seventh chapter treats of bonds*, which are of three kinds. Drawn up by the *káyastha* employed by the king in Courts of Justice, and signed by the presiding officer, it is called *witnessed by the king*. Written anywhere by anybody, and signed by the witnesses, it is said to be *witnessed*. Written and signed with his own hand, it is said to be *unwitnessed*. But if it be entered into under the influence of force or fraud, it is null and void. A bond witnessed or drawn up by those who are biassed or of previous bad character is a nullity.

The mention of *káyastha* is very interesting. It shows that even in the Sutra period this class existed and had a monopoly of posts in which a knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic was required. Nanda Pandita in his commentary passes over this word silently. As we go on with the series we will see that the existence of this class is testified to by several other Smritis, though several of the witnesses are extremely hostile ones.

(To be continued.)

PRA'N NA'TH PANDIT.

ST. PAUL AND HUZRUT BULL.

A COLLOQUY.

"In our issue for September 2, 1872, we offered a few suggestions on the subject of inducing rain by cannonading. We reproduce the concluding remarks, which have a greater force this year than they had last year :—

* * * * *

"The discharge of heavy artillery at contiguous points produces such concussion that the vapour collects and falls generally in unusual quantities the same day or the day following.....

"We will consider ourselves amply repaid if the facts and suggestions which we have taken some pains to advance above, lead to some practical good..... What is the practical significance of the contact of the West with the East, if the superior knowledge of the governing race cannot help the governed, ignorant as these are, in combating with the caprices of Nature, which serve only to mystify and terrify the child of ignorance and superstition, but which the *student of science** delights in *subduing and subordinating to his own purposes*..... Here is a grand opportunity before them. The earth is iron and

* ANNOTATION BY A SCENE IN PANDEMŌNIUM.

1st P. D.—Sure there has been some mistake. St. Paul is the Apostle to the Gentiles, and this 'ere is—is—is—is a—prig.

2nd P. D.—All right, I suppose, after all. St. Paul is the Apostle of the Gentoos or Gentiles, the two words being the same.

1st. P. D.—But the two *men*, I hope, are *not* the same.—The Apostle and the Prig, the hard-headed, experienced, common-sensible writer, and the precocious self-conscious student of science, ready with or without notice to revolutionize the world by means of his new possession, to make a smiling garden of the Earth, and, like our great Chief, a Heaven of Hell, or rather to convert this handy little planet into a huge, hot, smoky steam workshop and stinking and suffocating laboratory.

2nd P. D.—You may well wish so! But you must not run off with the notion that St. Paul is a person of no education like the other Apostles: On the other hand he is a man of letters and philosophy. As to your enquiry, why, is it not fitting that the Destroyer should have his tools to do the needful?

1st P. D.—What! is this kind of thing needful? what is your idea of the superfluous, pray?

2nd P. D.—I suppose the imps must be indulged, sometimes. It is a condition of discipline.

1st P. D.—Discipline, indeed!

2nd P. D.—The *entourage*, uncle Sam, is often too much for the prince. The career of the late Napoleon III. is the latest great example.

the sky is brass, but if by sending up a few volleys of artillery they can bring water to our parched fields and give food to the famishing people, they will prove really the protectors of the country. It may be late but not yet too late to try the experiment.'

"We have little to add to the above. May we venture to express a hope that the Agricultural Department will take some steps in the direction suggested.

"Since writing the above we are glad to learn that Babu Joykissen Mookerjee, the enlightened and practical zemindar of Ootterparah, has addressed the local authorities of Hooghly, offering Rs. 500 for the proposed experiment in one or two places in the district of Hooghly. We hope the Government will accept this *liberal* offer and try the experiment. If it succeeds, it will be the best preventive of famine."—*Hindoo Patriot*, 13th October, 1873.

SAYS Paul, says he to Huzrut Bull :—"Dear friend,

Let earthly thunders to the skies ascend ;
Tap, tap the clouds ; Lo, Famine threatens the plain !
Tap, tap the clouds, and draw the cheering rain !"

Says Bull, says he :—"Dear friend, your hint's in vain,
Not mortal thunders can provoke the rain ;
If 'twere so, Blowhard's loud reports would draw
Whelming floods true to your phonetic law !"

Says Ram, says he :—"Dear Paul, I pray thee, hush !
Or Blowhard quick would to the onset rush ;
To meet the cost, he'd tax and tax again,
And crown his ROAD CESS with a CESS for—RAIN.

RAM SHARMA.

THE LIGHT OF AN OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE ON
THE GOVERNMENT INVITATION TO NATIVES TO
LONDON TO GIVE EVIDENCE BEFORE THE FI-
NANCE COMMITTEE.

TO THE SECRETARY TO THE GOVERNMENT OF BENGAL.

SIR,

With reference to the Notification of the Government of India inviting native witnesses to appear for examination before the Parliamentary Committee on East Indian Finance, I beg to offer my humble services as one.

I have travelled and resided in various parts of India where I made careful enquiries into the condition, feelings, wishes and manners of the people, the character of the administration and of its *personnel*, the system of government and laws, the tenures of land, &c. I have lived among both Hindus and Moslems, the people of Bengal as among that of the Upper Provinces. I have resided and held office at the Courts of native Princes. Lastly I have been a journalist for eighteen years, during which I have conducted English newspapers both in Calcutta and the North Western Provinces, having, among others, been editor of the *Hindoo Patriot* and contributor to it, and being now editor of a literary, political and learned periodical named *Mookerjee's Magazine*. Having been drawn to journalism from taste and inclination and the desire of being useful to my country,—not as an employment for making a livelihood but as the only political career left open to the natives of India—I have made politics and the government and institutions of my country my life-long study; I hope to some purpose.

I can give evidence of some importance on both Imperial and Local Taxation and on many subjects relating to the general government of the country and the national feeling, the Imperial and the Local administration, &c., intimately connected with the question of Finance.

I deem it just to myself to mention that I am a Brahman of the highest class—an unbroken *kulin*—who has not been yet compromised in caste or social position in the least, and who repels with scorn the charge of having been denationalized brought against him and his class by writers like Colonel Lees and Mr. Marshman, preparatory, I suppose, to discredit the testimony of such as may make up their minds to go to Europe for examination. Should I go to England, my return would find me a different man; my social position would be changed a good deal, my reputation

would be tarnished, the opprobrium of impurity would attach to my family, I would be isolated and cut off from all intercourse with, and assistance of, my equals and relatives and friends, I should not be able to marry if I wished or required, nor be able to get partners for my children. Altogether life would be exceedingly miserable for me. It is not without great reluctance, therefore, that I persuade myself to undertake the patriotic duty of visiting Europe to be examined. I would still hold back from the enterprise if men more competent came forward; I deferred writing this till this last moment in the hope of hearing that some such men have come forward.

Not being a rich man I expect the Government to pay my expenses—the expenses of a visit to, and residence in, Europe for eight or ten months (for surely it would be unreasonable to make all the sacrifices just for the sake of the voyage to and from London and a month or so's residence to give evidence,) and back.

I have the honor to be,
Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
(Sd.) SAMBHU CHANDRA MUKHOPADHYAYA.

1, Wellington Square, }
Calcutta, 14th July, 1873. }

No. 1819.

From

C. BERNARD, ESQ.

Offg. Secretary to the Government of Bengal.

To

BABOO SAMBHU CHANDRA MUKHOPADHYAYA.

Calcutta, 16th July 1873.

Sir,

I have laid your letter of the 14th July before the Lieutenant Governor who directs me to say that he has no authority to submit to the Government of India the names of witnesses who are willing to go to England on the terms you propose. His Honor has therefore not been able to include your name in the list of proposed witnesses.

I have the honor to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient Servant—

(Sd.) C. BERNARD.

Offg. Secy. to the Govt. of Bengal.

To

C. BERNARD, ESQ.,

Offg. Secretary to the Government of Bengal.

Sir,

I have the honor to acknowledge receipt yesterday of your letter in the Financial Department No. 1819, dated the 16th instant, informing me that His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, having no authority to submit to the Government of India the names of witnesses who are willing to go to England on the terms proposed by me, has not been able to include my name in the list of proposed witnesses.

Permit me, Sir, to express my disappointment, on public grounds, at the decision of His Honor. The Public are unacquainted with the extent of the authority of the Local Governments in the matter; the Notification of the Government of India inviting witnesses throws no light on it; nor is there any thing in that Notification forbidding such terms as I ventured to propose, such as I deemed just to myself, such as, I am still of opinion, are not extravagant, considering the object announced by Government, nor inconsistent with the terms or spirit of its Notification, though I am free to confess the Government may have peculiar reasons for not accepting them. The Notification simply says—

“The reasonable expences of the visit to England of a limited number of such witnesses will be paid by the Imperial Government, and care will be taken, as far as practicable, to provide for their comfort during their absence from India.”

All that is manifestly vague, and without more detailed information on the views and expectations of Government, native gentlemen may well hesitate to make offers of their services unconditionally, offers which they may find it difficult eventually to make good. Thus there may be a good deal of difference as to what are “reasonable expenses,” or “care, as far as practicable, to provide for the comfort of the witnesses during their absence from India”; the ideas of natives and Europeans notoriously differ as to what are “reasonable” or urgent expenses, or what constitutes “comfort.” Will the Government, for instance, allow the passage and expenses of Hindoo and Mahomedan servants? Does it contemplate the expenses of Hindu and Mahomedan gentlemen living in the voyage and in Europe as Europeans, or, as far as practicable, as they are wont to do in their own country? For how long a period, over and above the time that they may be required to attend the Commons’ Committee for examination, will their “reasonable expenses” be paid? These are points of great importance on which there ought to be a perfect understanding, to prevent disappointment in future. The wide gulf

that separates the Englishman and the Hindu or the Indian Mus-
sulman in most matters—the great difference in their respective
notions, habits, religions and social usages—the difficulty a-
mounting to near impossibility of the one sympathising with the
other—above all the absence of any guarantee by the presence of
a native Indian element in the Government (of Englishmen) of
India that that Government thoroughly appreciates the difference
alluded to above so as to be able to grasp the full conditions on
which the evidence of native witnesses, even of the English-edu-
cated class, (though the terms of the Notification by no means
exclude those important classes which have been but little influ-
enced by European ideas, and members of such classes have gone
to Europe on important business and returned with unsullied
integrity of their religion, manners and personal habits, and, pro-
vided the cost, and sympathy with the ways and beliefs of a dif-
ferent race, and some tact, a few such men may yet be induced to
appear before the Finance Committee,) may be available—make
it highly desirable that these points be cleared up. Information
not having been vouchsafed by Government, all that intending
witnesses may do is to give an idea themselves of the conditions
generally on which they may conveniently visit England for
giving evidence, thus drawing out Government to state its own
views and terms.

It is the uncertainty that prevails on the points alluded to
above and a fear lest the honor of otherwise eligible witnesses
be compromised by rejection, which I have reason to believe
have checked many men from coming forward.

Under these circumstances I hope His Honor the Lieute-
nant Governor will be pleased to forward my letter of the 14th
instant together with the present one to the Government of India
for such consideration as it may deem fit to accord to it.

1, Wellington Square, } I have &c.,
Calcutta, 18th July, 1873. } (Sd.) SAMBHU CHANDRA MUKHOPADYAYA.

No. 1950.

From

R. KNIGHT Esq.,

Assist. Secy. to the Govt. of Bengal in the Financial Department.

All communications to Government
should give the number, date, and sub-
ject of any previous Correspondence, and
be addressed to the Secretary of the De-
partment concerned.

To

BABOO SAMBHU CHANDRA MUKHOPADHAYA.

Dated Calcutta, the 24th July, 1873.

Financial Department.

Sir,

Your letter of the 18th July 1873, has been laid before the Lieutenant Governor, who desires me to request you to be good enough to state distinctly whether you are willing to proceed to England to give evidence before the Parliamentary Committee on the terms offered by the Notification of the Government of India. If so, your application will still be forwarded, though His Honor fears it may be too late, but not otherwise.

I have &c.,

(Sd.) R. KNIGHT,

Assistant Secretary.

To

C. BERNARD, ESQ.,

Secretary to the Government of Bengal.

Sir,

I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of Financial letter No. 1950, dated 24th instant, and in reply to state that, relying on the liberality of Government, I am willing to proceed to England to give evidence before the Parliamentary Committee on the terms offered by the Notification of the Government of India, and I shall feel much obliged to His Honor the Lieutenant Governor for sending on my application of the 14th instant and letter explanatory of the 18th, and giving me notice thereof.

I have &c.,

(Sd.) SAMBHU CHANDRA MUKHOPADHAYA.

28th July, 1873.

To

C. BERNARD, ESQ., C. S.,

Secretary to the Government of Bengal.

Sir,

I see my name in the list of those who have responded to the Government of India's Notification inviting witnesses to proceed to England, supplied to the Press from the Home Office. May I

request the favor of your informing me whether or not my correspondence with your office has in its entirety been sent up to the Government of India?

I have &c.,

(Sd.) SAMBHU CHANDRA MUKHOPADHYAYA.

1. Wellington Square, }
Calcutta, 19th August, 1873. }

No. 2435.

From C. BERNARD Esq.,

Offg. Secretary to the Government of Bengal.

To Baboo SAMBHU CHANDRA MUKHOPADHYAYA.

Dated Calcutta, the 25th August 1873.

FINANCIAL Department.

Sir,

In reply to your letter of the 19th instant I am directed to inform you that your letters have not been sent to the Government of India.

I have, &c.,

(Sd.) C. BERNARD,

Offg. Secy. to the Govt. of Bengal.

THE MESSIAH.

A BUCOLIC OF THE DAY.

"Break forth into singing, ye mountains ! O forest, and every tree therein ! for the Lord hath redeemed Israel."—CHRONICLES, XLIV.

YE jail-birds of the plains ! begin the song :
To you indeed these lofty strains belong.
The Pubna riots, and the Parallel Grades,
The wrongs of Issur, and the barber maids,
Please no more—O Thou to my lips repair,
Who filled great Blowhard's brain with air !

Rapt into present times, the bard begins :
Lo ! Pingal suffers, Pingal for her sins !
From Calem's root behold a branch arise,
Whose baleful flower with poison fills the skies :
All evil spirits on its branches light,
And on its top descends the carrion kite.
Ye heavens ! see, 'tis fed by briny tears, *
Poured in soft silence through the weary years !
The hale and strong the deadly plant doth kill,
From storms no shelter, and a shade of ill.
All crimes arise, and modern frauds oppress,
Insulted Justice hides her blushing face.
Gaunt Terror strikes the land with anxious fear,
And Furies black from nether worlds appear.
Slow move the years, nor dawns Joy's golden morn,
The country gasps, by factions rudely torn.
See Pingal hastes to ruin and decay
Beneath the blight of an all-withering sway* ;

* See low his head stout Blessington declines,
And midst Stamps, foolscap, quills and red-tape pines !

See, Famine high his grisly head advance,
 And Death and his train in the districts dance ;
 Now heavy sighs from stricken hanlets rise,
 And fun'ral smoke envelopes all the skies !
 Hark ! a stern voice ev'n now the CESS demands,
 Out—out with it, and pour into his hands !
 The CESS ! The CESS ! The dying peasants cry.
 Discharge—discharge the CESS before you die.
 Lo, Guilt adores the Lord with bended knees !
 Cease all your idle fears, ye sinners, cease ;
 With heads declined, ye swindlers, homage pay ;
 In praise of him, ye villains, tune your lay.
 The SAVIOUR he ! by W-is-n daily told !
 He will on earth renew the Age of Gold !
 He from dark prisons frees the fettered band,
 And takes the hardened sinner by the hand ;
 'Tis he the sentence just of Law arrests,
 And bids new hope inspire all scoundrels' breasts ;
 The vile rejoice, the bad their fears forego,
 And live triumphant on their brethren's woe.
 No cry, no murmur moves his wilful soul ;
 In vain does her thunders Indignation roll.
 Fixed his resolve offenders to unchain,
 And Kemp and Phear and Mitter judge in vain.

Rise, robed in night, imperious Calm, rise !
 Exalt thy windy head, and lift thy eyes ;
 See, Bellilios to thee his incense brings ;
 See, yonder loud thy peans Neem Chand sings ;
 In crowding ranks transgressors round thee rise,
 To bless their model ruler, kind and wise ;
 See thy loved watch-dogs at thy gates attend,
 And fast devour the lambs they should defend.
 See thy *thannas* thronged with a knavish band,
 And heaped with treasures plundered from the land ;

For thee Serajgunje jute its fibre yields,
To gain thee triumphs in far distant fields !
See prisons wide their darkling portals ope,
And let their inmates out to light and hope.
No more the rising Sun shall gild their chains,
Nor evening Cynthia light them to their dens ;
But lost, dissolved in gratitude to thee,
Escaped or labor, or the gallows-tree,
They pour their melting souls in glowing rhyme,
Still planning schemes of plunder and of crime :—
“ Perish, ye Courts ; rot, Judges, in decay ;
Jails, fall to dust ; and, statutes, melt away ;
But firm his purpose, may his pow’r remain,
BLOWHARD’S REALM EVER LAST, OUR OWN MESSIAH REIGN !”

RAM SHARMA.

"BISHA BRIKSHA*"

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Kindly insert the following lines in your esteemed journal.

I am not a critic nor a disappointed author ; but fain would I play, for the nonce, the critic of the critic, with the laudable object of curing the critical malady in a worthy confrere of mine of the 'gray goose quill.' Counterfiring is no rule with me, but I generally spike the gun that thins my ranks. With anxious care have I watched for a long time the alarming progress of his disease (which, by the bye, is a contagious one also,) and by the application of all the therapeutical knowledge I possess, I hope I may not fail in rooting it out in the long run, and thus do him a friendly turn as well as to his unhappy readers. I am a homœopath and believe in infinitesimal posology. He need not, therefore, fear any nauseating drug from my Pharmacopœia. The dose I shall administer will be a slight one and quite efficacious for his present complaint ; unless his nature (which I mean to assist only.) be a perverted one, in which case I shall have to resume my treatment and prescribe further remedies. This, is, however, the highest dilution that I have. Homœopaths seldom use mother tinctures. My doses are even so slight, that the patient scarcely knows when they have passed his larynx. I won't charge any thing—unlike other doctors my patients are always welcome and advices, too, given gratis at any hour from 10½ A. M. to 4 P. M.

They said (I mean some of the so-called censors of the London Press,) when 'Lothair' was published, that it was a bad novel, full of mistakes, artistical and grammatical ; and one of those *soi-disant* purgers of literary impurities went so far as to affirm, that it was all balderdash and written by some gentleman valet of the ex-premier's—to his dictation. Robert Buchanan under the pseudonyme of Thomas Maitland attempted to prove in a bungling article in the *Contemporary* that Dante Gabriel Rossetti was all flesh and no spirit, as if there was no such thing about his spiritual (?) bones. My self complacent alasher of the *Saturday* would persuade us that Algernon Charles Swinburne could not think logically for five minutes together and that his effusions are so much glittering rant, and a grub-street scribbler, some time ago did his best, in the pages of a minor magazine, to pluck the bays one by one, from the crown of the Laureate and hurl him down to the level of the literary *canaille*.

* A review of Baboo Bankim Chunder Chatterjee's new novel in *My Grandmother's* magazine for September, 1878.

Although the critical iniquity of the Oriental censor is not of so deep a dye, yet it is of a nature calculated to mislead the reader and check the author's growing reputation, which he so justly describes. I don't maintain that any one should praise a thing more than he thinks fit, but that he ought to consider the probable effects of his public utterances.

Such a critical *fiasco* has never been perpetrated in my recollection and deserves to be snubbed in every quarter. While people are slow to receive passionate affirmations as truths, dull and insipid expressions obtain credence by their verisimilitude; and for this reason chiefly—not for any approach to talent it displays—the article demands any notice. It is only a row of finger posts to the slight and solitary errors in the book (the principal ones, it seems, not being lighted upon.) Its air of impartiality; its oracular tone, contrast curiously with its critical imbecility, its ungrammatical and ungraceful verbiage, &c. Its pretension is intolerable—its folly ludicrous. Like a blind foe it strikes (I should rather say bites) where its antagonist is invulnerable; like a petty thief it tries to effect entry into a gentleman's house by displacing a window-bar instead of by battering a massive door. It is, in fine, a big blunder from beginning to end.

The natural optics of our reviewer have I fear ceased to render him service any longer to the extent he requires. Therefore he uses those deluding lenses to examine the texture of the literary fabric, by the assistance of a feeble and flickering *cherag* light, which he tries to keep from going out by poking it every now and again. But alas! it is oil-less too. Even the lenses are none of the warranted kind. He opines with a knowing wink, methinks, that the author has failed to do poetical justice to *Kundu*—a female character in the book. The beauty of this character and her successive situations and the final fate awarded her by the novelist could not touch his moral cuticle. His critical tether had fairly run itself out before he reached the end of the story. The piquancy of this beautiful tragedy chiefly lies (unknown, of course, to our reviewer,) in finally dismissing such a being from such a world. We lament her loss but object not to the art that has brought it about. I wonder how such an artistic manipulation of the story should have failed to impress its originality upon this chronic critic. I do not say that the principle of probability so essential to a domestic story has been strictly observed by the author. Nothing, however, could be more awkward than the unnecessary meddling our critic would fain allow himself with the plot of the story. It is a mercy that his opinion carries little weight, or he may be said to have scared readers, who may happen to wade thro' his proxy critical (so called from courtesy) pages, for *charity's* sake, away from the greatest novelist in our language.

It is in the same journal that we often come across critical platitudes like the present. A sapient contributor to it on one occasion compared Bharat Chandra to Alexander Pope and assigned him the foremost place in the list of Bengali poets, not knowing, I hope, of the existence of such a poet as Babu Hem Chunder Banerjea or the late Michael M. S. Datta. But I beg the gentleman's pardon, I have nothing to do with him now. Adieu, my patient! To-day's dose (tincture) has perhaps been a little excessive. One is so awkward when pouring out a limited number of drops from a phial. But it is Homœopathic Medicine and will do you no harm, and I trust you'll be all the better for swallowing it. Should it fail to restore you to pristine health, I'll look in again. Once more, adieu!

Yours, &c.,

HOOGLY.
21st September, 1873. }

An Amateur Homœopath.

THE IMPENDING FAMINE.

To

HIS EXCELLENCY THE RIGHT HON'BLE T. G. BARING,
BARON NORTHBROOK OF STRATTON, G. M. S. I.,
VICEROY AND GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

MY LORD,

The time has arrived when, perhaps, a few words on the impending famine in Bengal will not be unwelcome to your Lordship from one who, belonging to the people, meets the people face to face, and sees them as they are, and not through the prism-glass of official reports. I do not pretend to a knowledge of the political economy which kills, but this I know that common sense is superior to all science which meddles but to muddle, and rarifies facts into ideas, into mere passive existences in the over-refined brain. I believe it holds the same position with respect to the every-day world that Conscience does with respect to the moral : the dictates of both in their respective spheres are as unerring as the instinct which enjoins self-preservation as the law of animal nature.

It is an old saying, my Lord, that "forewarned is forearmed." But how oft are forewarnings deliberately neglected ! From the most momentous to the most ordinary concerns of life, we manifest an apathy which would be astounding if it were not so common. We take no note of the deaths which we witness,—no note of the evils which intemperance, for instance, engenders. How few are fore-armed ! The Doctor's pills will bring us round when we throw our systems out of order; the Minister's last prayer will save when the iron tongue of Time summons us away ! And so we are at rest. We leave suffering nations to their fate relying on Doctor Free-Trade and Parson Supply-and-Demand to give them their needed quietus.

This was preeminently the case, my Lord, in 1865. A band of counter-casters, then, revelled in the land,

who cast up their sums in Rupees, annas, and pies—O God !—against the sum of human misery, and the Rupees over-balanced precious human lives. Was the warning heeded then ? We had a pious Viceroy and a clever Lieutenant, and these deemed it to be their duty to look on with folded hands from the summits of Pelion and Ossa. Nay, one went a-durbarring amidst the shrieks of a dying people, and the other danced his dance amidst the dance of death. And the gratitude of the ruling nation bestowed on one a Coronet, and on the other a Star ! Your prompt appearance, my Lord, in the scene of impending distress is most reassuring. We feel that we have now a conscientious, human-hearted ruler,—not one who merely waits upon Providence muffled in the garb of sanctity. Durbarring is not the be-all and end-all of statesmanship.

I am glad to observe that your Lordship's Lieutenant has not proved wanting in this crisis. He has breasted the wave manfully. But the people have no faith in him. Both the gigantic evils which threaten to devastate Bengal, the epidemic which is even now in the midst of us and the famine which looms in the horizon,—though he is not responsible for either, are nevertheless associated with his name by a superstitious populace who believe in the influence of stars and of rulers on human destiny. Moreover, as the author of many perceptive and inceptive Cesses,—as the author of many weekly Resolutions which still harp on their theoretic 'advantages even at a time when men's cheeks are blanched with fear, and despair is curdling the very life-blood in their veins, the country unhappily regards him with distrust. As an experienced Indian officer, and as president of a commission which investigated as it were the other day the causes of the last Orissa and Bengal Famine, he must have been well aware of the unhappy liability of the country, from the absence of irrigational works, to the disastrous effects of periodical droughts, and ought to have appreciated the paramount duty of his Government to devise measures for their prevention, as far as the same was humanly possible. Were the operations on the Soane Canal pushed on in anticipation of a crisis ? Are

there any irrigational works to bear testimony in favor of the local Government? Any canals—any system of tanks as in the days of Mahomedan administration—to quash an impeachment for dereliction of duty? No:—instead of these we have had unnecessary, if not mischievous administrative changes, and schemes of local taxation of an exceedingly irritating and alarming character, conceived and matured under that peculiar mental idiosyncrasy which passionately embraces a single idea to the exclusion of everything else.*

* It is worthy of remark, as indicating the real sentiments of the local Government towards the Natives, that even in its appeal to the public for the dispensation of relief to all such as may need help at their hands, it makes a distinction between the Europeans and the Natives, for which the latter must be infinitely obliged to it. Hear what the Lieutenant Governor says in the concluding para. of his Resolution on the impending Famine :—

“The Lieutenant-Governor *feels sure* that he may trust to the zeal and energy of the local officers to give effect to these orders, and that, whatever need may arise, they will not be found wanting. He *feels that he can count on the thorough assistance of the European settlers*. He would also *express the earnest hope* that the officers of Government will have the aid and cooperation of the Native land-holders, and generally of those classes of Natives whose wealth, influence, and position, may enable them to contribute to the duty of assisting their poorer fellow-countrymen.”

What a marked contrast does the above present to the well-weighed, effective words of the Viceroy. His Excellency says, “the Governor-General *is sure that the private benevolence, which has always been conspicuous in India,* will be evoked on this occasion, according as the need for its exercise shall become apparent;” and again, “The Governor-General *is confident* also that many land-holders, recognizing the duty towards their tenants, their dependants, and their destitute neighbours, which is morally imposed upon them by the possession of property, will of their own accord, and from their own resources, dispense relief in the manner which they may deem to be most effectual.”

Your Lordship's presence in our midst inspires the hope that the appalling scenes of 1866 will not be witnessed in 1874, if human foresight and thoughtful care can prevent them. But I must earnestly warn you against the representations of those who talk of the existence of a sufficient stock of old stores to supplement the deficiencies of the present harvest. This cry deluded the Government into most reprehensible inaction on the occasion of the Orissa famine. *After a careful inquiry in quarters where the most authentic information on the point could be obtained, I am in a position to state that the remnant of the crops of previous years is exceedingly small. The country is barred from all hope in that direction.*

Your promptitude, my Lord, is in marked contrast to the apathy of former days. It bespeaks the truest statesmanship which has its foundation both in the head and the heart. I have witnessed the career of several successive Governors-General and Viceroy's; I have seen obscurity blaze into temporary glory, and the so-called saviours of India sink into parish Bumbles, if not into perfect imbeciles; I have seen virtue triumph after years of unmerited obloquy, and those brows crowned with laurels which in life were crowned with thorns;—and this I may unhesitatingly declare, that your Lordship's Resolution on the Bengal Municipal Bill and this one on the impending scarcity will be the corner-stones of a fame which will endure as long as the Bengallees—reviled and libelled as they are by a pack of lying scribes—will continue to be—what they preeminently are, in spite of centuries of foreign tyranny,—a people beyond all other sensible of kindness and grateful to the core.

But, my Lord, I would entreat you again not to listen to the representations of those who speak to the existence of old stocks. Verily, these people know not what they say! They croaked as now in 1866, and behold! poor Orissa was all but killed. The accumulations of previous years exist only in their imagination. I have made careful inquiries, my Lord, in quarters where and where only authentic information on the point could be obtained, and I

repeat with fear in my heart as to the calamitous prospect before us, but without any as to the correctness of my statement—that the remnant of old crops is hardly sufficient to meet the consumption of a single month. Measures to avert the scarcity must be adopted as if scarcity were certain—nay, inevitable. No paltering with chance—no waiting to see what the chapter of events turns up! Some-how or other,—with the new crop, or rather the sad wreck of it, about to be harvested, the people may manage to maintain a lingering existence, on short allowance, till the end of March next. Then the hard, deadly struggle for bare life would commence in all its intensity unless the evil were averted in the mean-while. But can it be averted? I hope it can, my Lord. A period of five months is yet before your Lordship before the worst might happen. Let the most be made of it.

You have been pleased, my Lord, to order the partial suspension of the Road-Cess. This is a most benevolent direction, but it ought to be thorough. Where one part in a system suffers, the whole system must suffer too; where famine threatens so many districts, the country at large is sure to suffer. There will be more or less distress everywhere. Why then make a distinction? Why mar such high-souled liberality with an ungenerous restriction? It is hardly necessary to point out, that even in those localities blest with an abundant crop, the pressure would not be appreciably less; for the drain from their granaries to meet the deficiencies in other parts of the country would, under a smart commercial activity, surely send up prices to an extent prohibitory to the laboring population. The sad experience of former famines shews this to be inevitable. The law of demand and supply, where it is powerless to raise supplies equal to the demand, has invariably the tendency to raise prices every where to a high level. With this contingency staring the people in the face, I submit that the operations connected with the Road Cess ought to be wholly suspended, and that its imposition at a time like the present in any crook and corner of Bengal would be opposed to that spirit

of benevolence which characterizes your Lordship's manifesto. A reference, which I earnestly solicit, to the weighty observations of the able and experienced Commissioner of Burdwan on the obnoxious character of this impost which, strange to say, have not yet made appearance in the *Bengal Gazette*, although every commendatory notice of the Cess operations never fails to appear therein, would convince your Lordship, more than any thing I could urge, of the utter impropriety of the imposition. Seeing as I have seen you, my Lord,—knowing as I have known you,—by your public utterances and your public measures—to be so thoroughly alive to that “touch of nature which makes the whole world kin,” I feel assured that, in your heart of hearts, the retention of the cess in a single district in Bengal,—with all the horrors of an awful visitation looming in the horizon—can hardly be agreeable to your Lordship. In the name of my ill-fated country—in the name of that Mercy whose tears are more welcome in the Kingdom which knoweth no end than all the ostentatious works of Ambition, I appeal to you, my Lord, to spare the country at large this infliction in a calamitous crisis like the present.

But this is not all. In the presence of an assured fact, it is necessary to impose temporary but absolute restriction on the exportation of food-grains. A grain of rice should not be allowed to be withdrawn from Bengal. A grain of rice exported in this season of scarcity would represent a Himalaya of iniquity on the part of the exporters. Mere work will not *create* food supplies. What stock exists must be most carefully conserved and utilized, and appropriated wholly and solely to local needs. The matter must not be left to the ordinary course of trade. All men are not conscientious. Doctrinaires of the Free-trade school will doubtless shriek, but a province has to be sustained—a nation saved. Much of the irritation, I hope, will be allayed if all the leading merchants here were invited to a conference and the imperative duty of the state in this emergency explained to them. Your Lordship's well-known urbanity, I am sure, will effect more than

sternest logic of facts. There is no help for it—an embargo must be placed on exportation.—Violent diseases require very strong remedies. This measure should be supplemented by immediate purchases in Madras and Burmah and Orissa, but then the purchases should be so conducted as to secure cheap supplies without deranging the local markets. Adulteration should be particularly guarded against,—especially—as was the case with Government purchases for Orissa in 1866—admixture of bricks and heavy stones. Let not Bengal's necessity be so many scoundrels' opportunity.

I have one more remark to offer on this point. There are some sensible men who, while fully recognizing the fact that a scarcity is inevitable, are nevertheless of opinion, in the interests of what they call economic principles, that in as much as the amount of our annual export of rice does not exceed eleven day's consumption, interference with such export would be unnecessary, if not mischievous. This opinion involves a palpable fallacy. Are economic principles everything, and human lives nothing? Is political economy the mistress, and not the hand maid of humanity? Will not eleven day's supply keep starvation by eleven days further from our doors. The consideration would of course be immaterial in the midst of abundance, but it is an all-important one with famine staring us in the face. Just think how many mouths that quantity would feed—what amount of certain distress it would avert! Then, what substitute you are *sure* of being able to provide in lieu of the quantity robbed from the famishing land? What prudent man ever gives up a present possession relying on Chance to deal with the necessities of the future? When the country is about to be shaken to its very centre, is it a time for the exercise of prudery, for half-hearted measures, for a fast-and-loose policy that would conserve and yet at the same time destroy—that would resort to imports without stopping exports? Verily, this would be covering with kisses to strangle, Othello-like, in the end—it would be replenishing the sieve while the waters are fast disappearing through the bottom!

But the measure on which I would lay the greatest stress is, the energetic promotion of the cold-weather sowings. Let the machinery of the state,—its entire resources and its concentrated energies,—be devoted to the encouragement, direction, and supervision of agricultural operations in this critical juncture. If not too late, let the widest cultivation of wheat and *boro* rice be encouraged and every help in the shape of irrigational supplies afforded to the cultivators. Now is the time for the Department of Agriculture to prove its usefulness. Wells and tanks, more than roads, are necessary, and they should now spring up every where as beneath a magician's wand. For, my Lord, there is a plethora of labor in the country which might be advantageously employed in the construction of such works of eminent utility. They would be effectually preventive, not merely mitigative. Above all, let the intentions of Government and the measures adopted by it to avert the crisis be fully and clearly made known to the people in a proclamation, and copies of it distributed in all the suffering districts. This would quiet the alarm which the present inquiries of local officers have caused in the minds of the agricultural classes, and, what is more, serve to keep down prices which, under a vague panic, are going up daily higher and higher.

It reflects, my Lord, little credit on the fair name of England that, with all her vast resources and multiplied appliances, her unrivalled skill and science, her wonderful invention and superhuman energy, nothing should have been done, no earnest efforts should have been made in the past to prevent the calamitous visitations to which the country is periodically liable. All her lavish professions of good-will to the people serve like morning exhalations only to obscure her vision; duty is satisfied with the mere expression of its obligations; and self-complacency goes to sleep with an easy conscience. She is only awakened from her slumber of security when some disaster of gigantic proportions convulses the very framework of society. Then she rouses herself to action, puts forth her energies, confesses her neglect, puts on

sackcloth and ashes in humiliation for dereliction of duty, and—as the occasion passes away, again goes to sleep! Mitigation of evils when they have come, and not their prevention beforehand by persistent and systematic efforts, seems to have been her cherished policy. The duty of a state does not merely consist in the initiation and execution of measures for the protection of the country from external dangers: it embraces, also, in a great measure, the sacred duty of effectually providing for internal exigencies like the present.

But what has England done in this direction during a century of occupation? We see palatial barracks erected on every side for the comfort of her soldiers; we see *material* conveniences multiplied over the length and breadth of the land to facilitate the transport of her troops, to promote her own commerce, to strengthen her iron hold on the Empire. But with the exception of a spasmodic effort here and there, has she systematically pursued a policy of prevention instead of mitigation? Bengal—poor, unfortunate Bengal, at any rate, has a heavy Bill of Indictment against her imperial sister. With a soil whose fertility is a marvel to the world—a people peaceful beyond example and loyal to the core—a revenue which has always yielded a surplus,—rich in natural products and alive with a thousand industries, the apathy of her rulers has nevertheless left her in that primitive condition in which the failure of a single shower of rain means the destruction of a province—the ruin of a people. How many bridges span her noble rivers? What works of irrigation—what canals and tanks and other reservoirs of water in localities where the natural supply of that precious element is scanty, display the provident care and beneficence of her paternal Government? Let withered fields and dried-up tracts of land answer the question. Alas! She has been sadly—very sadly neglected. A dreadful pestilence has for some years raged in some of her most thriving districts, and converted blooming gardens into howling wildernesses, but what earnest, serious efforts have been made to combat its ravages? *The grand remedy which the genius of her philanthropic

rulers presents to her suffering sons is **EMIGRATION**, as if Bengal were a land of dismal bogs and pestiferous swamps ! The prescription is as creditable to the head as to the heart of the physician. It is a confession of weakness which may well stagger the world. How would the evil have been met if it had broken out in England. By a simple offer of Emigration on the part of her administration ? No ! The skill and resources of this globe would have been brought to bear on it until it was thoroughly, completely crushed. Amidst the desponding gloom in which the epidemic, on the one hand, and the impending scarcity, on the other, have enfolded the national mind, there is one gleam of light, my Lord, which cheers the people in this terrible crisis, and that is the light of hope irradiating from your Lordship's appreciation of your duty and responsibility in the moment of threatening danger.

The grand blind old bard of England has said,—
 “Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.”
 Be such victories yours, my Lord, for ever and ever,— a thousand-fold more acceptable to the Throne of Mercy than all the bloody triumphs of all the kings and conquerors that ever were. India cherishes with grateful remembrance the blessed name of **CLEMENCY CANNING** ; may her sons to the remotest generation have reason to cherish— along with his name,—in equally grateful recollection— that of **NORTHBROOK the Good** !

I remain, my Lord,
 Your Lordship's most obedient and humble servant,
 A BENGALER.



MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1873.

A VOICE FOR THE COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES OF INDIA.

SECTION 2.

The *Past* of the Commerce and Manufactures of India.

PART II. MANUFACTURES.

"The Emperor expressed himself as highly delighted with the triumphs of British industry noticeable in the Exhibition, and was especially struck with the beauty and novelty of the Indian show, which the Archduke Charles Louis declared, in conversation with the Royal Commissioner, to be the best in the whole building."—*Opening of the Vienna Exhibition.*

I PROPOSE, in this chapter, to review the past of the
Opening remarks. Manufactures of India, and vindicate
my nation as a manufacturing people.
The study of Hindoo history, leading to an intimate knowledge of the Hindoo society and character, to prove useful to the legislator and statesman, must always be incomplete without an enquiry into the subject of Hindoo arts. The progress made by our ancestors in this department, and their great services rendered to mankind, teach a lesson of considerable importance and practical utility, but which has received little or no attention at the hands of those who have written volumes about India. I cannot well bring home the truth of my remarks to, and fasten new convictions on, the minds of my countrymen, without submitting an account of the state of our arts and industries in the pre-English period, and laying before

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them proofs of our nation's great, practical, and most conspicuous achievements in those branches. To enunciate it in the words of Professor Max Müller:—"what I want to see in India is the rising of a national spirit, and an honest pride in our past history—with a determinate effort to make our future better and brighter than even our past."* It is not that the world withholds from us the due meed of praise to which we are entitled: that praise is ringing in our ears at this very moment, and it is accorded to us without stint or measure. But that, under foreign sway and subjection, the recognition of our participation in the civilizing and ameliorating the condition of the human race, is growing fainter and fainter every day, and the subject of it is becoming involved in doubt and dispute. Moreover, the false notions of political economy, inculcated with all the weight a conqueror can lend to them, have operated on the credulity of the native public to produce an opinion, from the consequences of which many of our important and valuable branches of industry are suffering without the least prospect of relief. It is the opinion that in the economy of Nature India is appointed to discharge the functions of an agricultural, and not a manufacturing, country—that the minute sub-division and distribution of our landed property into innumerable small holdings, our village communes, our system of land-law, and our rent formerly paid in kind, all proclaim our nation to form an exclusively agricultural society. I admit the truth, with which every body is familiar, that Providence has assigned different productions to different soils and climates—that it is the business of one nation to turn deserts into corn-fields, and the business of another to turn, by ingenious processes, the products of nature into works providing for the exigencies of life. I acknowledge this mutual dependence and natural relationship between one nation and another, upon which is based that international law which exists in Europe, but which ought to be extended to Asia and other parts of the world. Nevertheless, it is an undeniable truth of

* Letter written to Babu Ramdas Sen of Berhampur, by Professor Max Müller in acknowledgment of a Bengali sonnet addressed to him by the Babu.

economical science, that the country which produces the raw-material, is, at the same time, normally fitted to turn out the cheapest manufacture. Without doubt, the cottons that are transported from the tropics to near the poles, and then shipped back, charged with double freight, double insurance, double brokerage, and double commission, must be dearer than the cottons that are grown, and might be manufactured, and sold at the spot. I utterly repudiate and scout the idea that India is destined to apply her industry solely to the cultivation of the earth. Our latitudes are no more favorable for the growth of cotton and jute, than our nation is qualified to spin and weave. From her geographical position and physical conditions, England is a non-producing and non-exporting country. She has no soil for cotton or silk. She is hardly able to grow food sufficient for her population. Under this disadvantage she thinks herself entitled to take rank as a manufacturing country in the economy of nature, and justifies her claim to it by pointing to the fact of her having "overstepped all others in all that constitutes wealth, manufactures, shipping, railway communication, and commerce, by virtue of her superior capacity for organization, as much as by her enterprise. It is this capacity which has made England the workshop of the world. Foreign nations tacitly admit it when they send for English contractors to make their railways, and to English dockyards to build their ships."* Unquestionably England has of late wrought miracles of skill and ingenuity. Her manufacturing power is unrivalled at the present day. Intelligent, wealthy, and great as she is, let her discharge the function of a manufacturing nation to the benefit of those who stand in need of her civilizing influences. Let her clothe such naked races as the Laplander, the Esquimaux, the Caffrarian, the Australian, and the Maori, who neither grow any cotton, nor know how to weave. These are the most natural consumers of her piece-goods; and to supply them would be to strictly fulfill the laws of political economy.

* *The Englishman*, 26th August, 1873.

But to put forth her claim to clothe India, which has during all times clothed the nations of the world, is to cherish a pretension that is opposed to the acknowledged truths of political science. It is highly preposterous, tending as it does to disturb and invert the natural order of things by putting down the manufacturer who lives amidst cotton-fields, and encouraging the manufacturer who has to send thousands of miles off for the raw-material, and then send back the wrought material over again those thousands of miles. To lay stress upon that claim, is nothing more or less than to tone down the language of greed, and make the utmost use of the rights of conquest under the color of fair words. However great the manufacturing power of England just now is, no body can be blind to the fact of that power being maintained under the most abnormal conditions. It rests not upon a solid foundation, when she has to depend upon foreign countries for the supply of raw material, and is liable to collapse in the event of a political contingency. It is chiefly maintained by her connection with India, and her command of its great resources. The fact is, it is not so much her intelligence or enterprise, as her advantage in the possession of a dependency like this country, and a vast subject-population to force upon her manufactures, that has given her immense facilities for the acquisition of that power. India is the great market that takes off her manufactures—the field that gives opportunity to exercise her industrial skill. Without this advantage, she would cease to be the workshop of the world—"the general and governor of human industry." The claim of a manufacturing power was never put forth by English statesmen and economists previous to the conquest of India. England was never dominant as a manufacturing country till a recent date. Not to go beyond the reign of Elizabeth—"the state of the English manufactures then was so very low, that foreign wares of almost all kinds had the preference." The use even of coaches was not known till the year 1580. In the reign of James I., "a catalogue of the manufactures, for which the English were then eminent, would appear

very contemptible, in comparison of those which flourish among them at present. Almost all the more elaborate and curious arts were cultivated abroad, particularly in Italy, Holland, and the Netherlands. In so little credit was the fine English cloth even at home, that the king was obliged to seek expedients by which he might engage the people of fashion to wear it. The manufacture of fine linen was totally unknown in the kingdom. Most of the cloth was exported raw, and was dyed and dressed by the Dutch. The silk manufacture had no footing in England.* The English have been little remarkable for artistic genius and originality of invention. They are very good as copyists and improvers. It was the persecuted French and Flemish refugees who first introduced many of the arts into England, and improved her commerce. One detachment of emigrants first brought the art of silk-weaving. Another taught how "to make the stuffs and hats of which France had hitherto enjoyed a monopoly." A third introduced the art of dyeing and dressing woolen cloth. "It was not till the reign of George the First that the English surgeons ceased to import from France those exquisitely fine blades which are required for operations on the human frame.†" The art of printing cloth, and making brocades and shawls and carpets has been learnt from India. In fact, it is on the ruins of Indian arts and industries that England has risen to be that manufacturer to which she now boastfully lays her claim. Give fair play to India—leave her to be guided by her own instincts, and governed with a regard to her own independent pecuniary interests, and she will take a high rank as a manufacturing country. The authority of a ruling power may choose to dictate any thing it likes, but all true economists can never cease to regard India as destined to be at once the grower of raw-produce and the manufacturer of that produce—to be as well the purveyor as the clothier of mankind. In this double capacity, she

* Hume's *History of England*.

† Macaulay's *History of England*.

has acted and been distinguished through all times. Nations, three thousand years ago, attested to her inventive genius, and industrial triumphs,—and nations, in the present day, still attest to the same genius and triumphs. In India, the industry of men has always been as much directed to developing the powers of the soil, as that a large part of her population has always been employed in manufactures. With a view to combat the erroneous impression that is abroad, let me interpret the past to the present generation, that a new current of ideas may set in to turn their thoughts, suiting the new life they have so auspiciously begun. Such an attempt is not merely desirable in the interests of history, but also for the sustainment of our national prestige, and the promotion of our national welfare.

I have remarked, in a preceding page, that India is the cradle of all the principal arts which minister to the well-being of mankind. This is no mis-representation, or exaggeration. The fact is clearly evident from the records of our nation, some of which are the oldest in the world, that India is the country in which man first interpreted many of the important secrets of Nature, spread the dominion of mind over matter, and made the greatest progress in material things. The advantages of India in the possession of a variety of soil and climate gave her this precedence over other countries. The world is not more indebted to Europe for the invention of the art of printing, or to France for the engineering skill which has opened the Suez Canal, or to England for the construction of Railways and the abolition of slavery, than to India for the origination of many of those useful arts and industries which have civilized mankind, and promoted its comforts. While other nations still roamed in the pastoral state, India turned her attention to agriculture, and inaugurated the art of producing “corn after corn” in the same fields, and growing several hundred sorts of food-grains which have made her the world’s granary. While other nations still clad themselves in skins, or barks of trees or scanty woolen fabrics, India grew cotton and intro-

duced the cheapest and most abundant clothing for mankind. Decidedly, India first originated and carried to perfection that most important and valuable of all trades in the world—the cotton trade, which has so immensely benefited mankind, and is now the most prolific source of wealth to England. It is India which also first utilized the cane, and taught the art of producing that sugar which offers such a high gratification to the human palate, and has now become so universal a luxury. To India, does the world owe the knowledge of making those dyes which are held in the highest esteem. In short, many of the useful arts that are subservient to the animal wants, or enjoyments of life, were first called forth into existence by the efforts of Hindoo genius, and had already reached a stage of high refinement before they became known to the rest of mankind.

There is nothing, to this day, like an exhaustive or satisfactory literature of industrial art. No nation yet possesses an account sufficiently illustrative of its gradual progress in the useful or ornamental arts. Without such an account, all history must be pronounced to be imperfect. The ancient Hindoos have left no such record for the instruction or entertainment of posterity. Composed from scanty materials, the sketch presented here must necessarily be very defective. Yet it may help to throw some light on the past of the arts and manufactures of India, and enable us to form a fair judgment of their status. The art progress of our nation may likewise be traced from the far-off times of the Rig-Veda, which presents a good picture of the earliest Hindoo society, just as the poems of Homer present one of the earliest Greek society. From their constant and earnest invocations for rain, warmth, and abundant harvests, we may safely conclude the Aryans to have been advanced agriculturists. In their pastoral state, they had learnt to make clarified butter or *ghee*, which was presented to Agni in ladles. They knew to brew a sort of ale from the Soma plant, of which they offered libations to the

The arts and manufactures in the Vedic period.

gods. They were acquainted with the "art of forging, and the manufacture of weapons and coats of mail." They drove in "chariots drawn by champing and foaming steeds." They knew to build sea-going vessels. They fashioned "jewelled ornaments to enhance the charms of female beauty." The Rig-Veda speaks of "the needle and sowing," from which we may infer the pre-existence of the art of weaving and the products of the loom. Thus, in the Vedic period, there were smiths, carpenters, tailors, goldsmiths, jewellers, and other craftsmen, who covered the land with the marks of their industry when "Greece and Italy, those cradles of European civilization, nursed only the tenants of the wilderness." The following extract gives a short but substantive account of the state of Hindoo primeval society, and of the various arts of life which flourished in that age. "During the time of the Vedas, the Indian Aryans still were chiefly a pastoral people, though to a certain extent also agricultural, as shown by the frequent mention of their herds of cattle, buffaloes, horses, camels, &c. Their wars with the neighbouring tribes show that their military arrangements also must have been attended to. All those occupations were connected with a certain degree of industry, and in works of art they were by no means ignorant. They knew the art of weaving and spinning, the use of iron, copper, brass, &c., of which they possessed various instruments for agricultural and domestic purposes, as well as weapons for defence in time of war. The precious metals were worked to a large extent, and used as a kind of payment in exchanges, or as ornaments; the polishing and cutting of precious stones was equally well known. In war they had, like the Egyptians, chariots drawn by horses, of which they seem to have taken great care. Poisonous extracts of plants, and the intoxicating properties of other vegetables were then already in use, though probably now tolerated than encouraged. Their commercial connections were also extensive, they must have had intercourse with the East as well as with the hilly country of the North, for the *pashm* was known to them. In sup-

port of all these and many other occupations of the people, there might be read a very long list of names of artizans mentioned in the Yayur-Veda ; among those names were such as ivory-worker, dealer in nectar, compounder of perfumes, confectioner, painter, actor, worker in coral, brass-founder, stone-cutter, destroyer of poison, cotton-dealer, &c., which undoubtedly show a high state of civilization.”*

From the Vedic age, we come to that of Manu.

The arts and manufactures in the age of Manu. “The number,” says Elphinstone, “of kinds of grain, spices, perfumes, and other productions, are proofs of a highly cultivated country ; and the code in general presents the picture of a peaceful and flourishing community.” Mention is made of embankments, of ponds, of public cisterns of water, of planting trees and orchards, of gardens and bowers, of terraces, of highways, and of squares where four ways meet—all of which testify to the further progress of our nation, as well in agriculture and horticulture, as in sanitation and the means of locomotion, than in the preceding age. Public temples—which did not exist in the Vedic period, palaces, courts “held in halls decently splendid,” and fortresses with ditches and bastions, speak of a higher skill in architecture and engineering. The working of mines is alluded to—the king being “entitled to half of all precious minerals in the earth.” Elephants, horses, and chariots were familiar as conveyances for men, as were cattle, camels, and waggons for goods. The Hindoo legislator classified the Barna San-kars, or the mixed castes, into thirty-six divisions. This is one of the most undoubted proofs of a society considerably advanced in arts and refinement, and such a separation of professions marks an important era in the history of Hindu trades and industries. “The professions mentioned,” observes Elphinstone, “show all that is necessary to civilized life, but not all required for high refinement. The arts of life, though still in a simple state, were far from being in a rude one.” There were

* Proceedings of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, for April, 1869.

petty traders and shopkeepers, on whom was levied "a small annual imposition." There were handicraftsmen, from whom was exacted "a forced service of a day in each month." There were taverns and victualling shops, workers in cane and leather, dyers, and lapidaries, in that remote age. Women had then already become accustomed to set off their eyes with black powder. "Gold and gems, silks and ornaments, are spoken of as being in all families," in the age of the Code. There was tax on merchandise, and tax on manufactures, for sources of revenue to the State. Such was the state of civilization in India, at least 1,000 years B. C.,—a state under which she exhibited the appearance of a country, where not only all the useful arts, but many of those conducive to luxury, had been long known and successfully practiced.

The next period for consideration is the age of the Mahábhárat, in which we notice a still further development and culture of the arts. Nothing so well indicates the progress made at that period, and faithfully reflects the taste of the time, as the variety of elegant and costly articles which were brought, either for present or tribute, to Yudhisthira, on the occasion of his Rájsuya. They were "furs, brocades, silks, weapons, articles made of iron and ivory, jewels, and horses."* The Princes, who came on that occasion, were accommodated in "lofty pavilions, with windows made of golden net-work. The rooms were laid with rich carpets, and decorated with furniture, and perfumed with sandal-wood and incense."† It is possible that the poet's pictures of royal magnificence and splendour may be too highly colored—that his imagination may have overstepped reality in his descriptions of objects. But there is reason to believe that the author drew his scenes from the life—from real models and patterns before him. In many important points, the truth of his descriptions is confirmed by foreign testimony—by the accounts of Greek and Roman writers. From these accounts we find that the same

* Life of Yudisthira by the Rev. K. M. Banerjee.

† Wheeler's "Mahabharata."

kinds of grain, that we now reap at each of our two harvests, were reaped in the age of Alexander's invasion of India—that sugar, cotton, spices, and perfumes, were produced then as at present. Our ancestors had then chariots drawn by horses as well as by elephants. Strabo, writing about the beginning of the Christian era, dwells on “the brilliancy of their dyes,” and their “skill in manufactures and imitation of foreign objects.” In expatiating on the magnificence of the Indian festivals, he speaks of “elephants adorned with gold and silver; of “chariots with four horses;” of “gilded vases;” of “basins of great size;” and of “tables, thrones, goblets, lavers, all set with diamonds, beryls, carbuncles, and other precious stones.” He alludes also to “garments of various colors, and embroidered with gold.” The ordinary dress of the people, as described by Arrian, was then, as at the present day, composed of two sheets of cotton cloth. Royal personages wore the robe. Frocks and socks seem to have been in use, as they are apparent from the frescoes in the Adjunta caves, and from the rock-sculptures at various other places. “The clothes were generally white cotton, though often of a variety of bright colors and flowered patterns (chintz).” Ear-ring, and ornamented slippers were in fashion then, as now. The people used gold and jewels, and were very expensive in their dresses. “Pearls and precious stones were in common use among them. The great had umbrellas carried over them.”* The Periplus, written in the second century, bears the most indisputable testimony to the manufactures of cotton-cloth and muslins, of chintz, of silk-cloth and thread, of indigo and other dyes, of sugar, and of steel. “The numerous commercial cities and ports for foreign trade mentioned therein, attest,” says Elphinstone, “the progress of the Indians in a department which more than any other shows the advanced condition of a nation.” With the progress in cultivation, there was progress in industry. Manufacturing towns had arisen then in many parts of the country, of which the names

have unhappily perished. The chief seats, however, of cotton manufactures, have escaped this fate by being mentioned in our early history, and their names will be enumerated in a future page. The great development of the irontrade of the country, may be guessed from the exports of finely-tempered steel and armour to foreign markets, which continued till the discovery of gunpowder introduced a wholesale change in the instruments for warfare. The variety of precious stones, in use in the country, and exported for foreign trade, is a proof that our mines were properly worked. In short, our ancestors had, by the beginning of the Christian era, so matured themselves into an agricultural, as well as commercial and manufacturing people, as to stand at the head of all nations, and make their country eagerly sought for by them all for its rich natural productions, and the curious products of its industry.

The state of India, towards the tenth century, cannot concisely be described so well as in the words of Col. Tod, who remarks, that "if the traveller had journeyed through the Courts of Europe, and taken the route by Byzantium, through Ghizni, to Delhi, Kanauj, and Anhulwara, how superior in all that constitutes civilization would the Rajpoot princes have appeared to him!—in arts immeasurably so; in arms by no means inferior." Under the Mahomedans, particularly during the Mogul period, most of the arts of life were so elaborated as to have attained the highest point of excellence. It was an era of material prosperity which was unparalleled in the previous annals of the country, and traces of which are discernible at this distant day.

From such a general sketch, let me try to notice

The art of glass-making
in ancient India.

some of the branches of industry with more copious details. One of the useful as well as ornamental arts that has been devised by man, is that of glass-making. Mr. Mill observes, that "though the Hindoos knew the art of making a species of rude glass, which was manufactured into trinkets and ornaments for the women, they had never possessed sufficient ingenuity to apply it to the many

useful purposes to which it is so admirably adapted." But it is related in the *Mahábhárat*, that "when the sacrifice at the *Rajasuya* of *Yudisthira* had been fully accomplished, *Duryodhana* entered the palace where it had been performed, and saw very many beautiful things that he had never beheld in his own *Ráj* at *Hastiná-pura*. Amongst other wonders, was a square made of crystal, which appeared to the eye of *Duryodhana* to be clear water; and as he stood on the margin he began to draw up his garments lest they should be wetted, and then throwing them off plunged in to bathe, and was struck violently on the head against the crystal."† This account is a sufficient rebutter to the preceding observation. But it is treated by Mr. Wheeler as a pure fiction, borrowed from the legend preserved in the *Korán*, "that when the Queen of *Sheba* paid a visit to *Solomon*, she was conducted by the Hebrew King into a room floored with glass, upon which she thought that the glass was water, and lifted up her robe. That the early colonists at *Indraprastha* should have arrived at such a high pitch of art as the story would seem to imply appears wholly incredible." Now, to make the *Mahabharat* borrow from the *Korán*, is to give priority to the latter. But all writers agree in the opinion, that the Hindu Epic, in its present form, has been written many centuries before the sacred Book of the Mussulmans. Besides, it betrays the prejudice of an European mind to think that the art of glass-making was never carried to such a perfection, as in the age of the Crystal Palace. But there is "incontrovertible evidence, in the shape of hieroglyphics and monumental records that glass-working was practised in Egypt before the exodus of the children of Israel, 3,500 years ago. The Egyptians were high proficient in the art,—the glass-houses of Alexandria being celebrated for the skill and ingenuity of their workmen; they counterfeited precious stones, made figures of their deities, and even made coffins in glass."* The Chinese were also early acquainted

† Wheeler's "*Mahabharat*."

* *The British Trade Journal*, for January, 1871.

with the manufacture. But let us concede to the Egyptians the honor of having originated the art—it was from Egypt then that its knowledge spread to other countries. The Jews no doubt carried some knowledge of it to their land. The Greeks and Romans did the same. It was practised in Nineveh, from among the ruins of which Layard has excavated a perfect and beautiful goblet, that is placed in the British Museum. Archimedes is said to have burnt the Roman fleet off Syracuse by means of burning glasses. Could not the Hindoos, who, for several centuries, were engaged in an active commercial intercourse with Egypt, similarly carry from it the knowledge of the art to their own country? There existed ample materials at home for them to put that knowledge into practice. It may be pointed out on the authority of the *Periplus*, that glass was one of the articles of import into ancient India. But it is not to be inferred therefrom, that the art of glass-making was wholly unknown to our nation. Neither is the present rudeness of the manufacture at all an argument in favour of the opinion, that only the most rudimentary principles of the art have ever been known to the Hindoos. Many an art, to be enumerated hereafter, that flourished in ancient times, and had attained great excellence, has declined and disappeared from our land. They are not, therefore, to be supposed to have been unknown to the people of this country. The ancient proficiency in the art of glass-making has been as much lost by the Hindoos, as by the Egyptians. It has perished among them, just as the standard of Phidian excellence in sculptures, or of Parthenonic beauty in architecture, has perished among the present Greeks. Of course, in those early days, glass was a rare and costly luxury. It was used more for purposes of ornament than utility. The manufacture may not have become so cheapened as in modern days. It may not have been in every household, as now, in the shape of mirrors, chandeliers, candelabras, wall-shades, lamps, and other glass wares. It may not have been available except to princes and nobles for the ornament of palaces, and the decoration of altars. But still we

cannot reject the evidence furnished by the Mahábhárat as altogether fanciful, or refrain to adduce it for the confutation of all inimical arguments and reflections. Herodotus confirms the fact, by his allusion to works for the fabrication of glass, as well in Egypt and Phœnicia, as in India, "where rock-crystal was employed in its composition." All contemporary nations knew the art—it cannot be that the Hindoos alone remained ignorant. The *Durpun*, or looking-glass, has always been an indispensable bridal present for the Hindoo female toilette, from time immemorial. In this shape at least, if not in any other, the article must have been in universal demand throughout our vast country, which gave no slight encouragement to the trade. Glass is not likely to be so far utilized and used in a tropical country, as in a cold region. In India, we want currents of air to pass through the room to cool down its heat at night. During day, we want to keep out the glare of a fierce sunshine. Hence glass-frames in our windows have not been in fashion. In England, where, as the French saying goes, "in the gloomy month of November, Englishmen hang or drown themselves," they want to keep out the wind, and admit light into the room. This is best done by glass, and it is, therefore, in such extensive use there. The Mogul Emperors had a great taste for glass. They made *Sisha Mahals*, or glass-rooms, in their Zenanas, to reflect the beauty of its inmates. The *Sisha Mahal* of Akbar yet exists, in a dilapidated state, in the Fort of Agra. The Táj also was adorned with many glass-works. "Chandeliers of crystal, set with precious stones, hung from the ceiling of the dome. There was also one chandelier of agate, and another of silver; these were carried off by the Jaut Suraji Mull, of Bhurtpore." "Gilded glass," says Abul Fazil, "is manufactured in Behar."

Pottery is one of those arts which is earliest cultivated by mankind, and is cognate to that of glass-manufactures. It may be traced from the time of the Vedas, in which God, as the material cause of the universe, is compared

The art of pottery in ancient India.

to "the potter by whom the fictile vase is formed—the clay out of which it is fabricated." Idols are mentioned by Manu, who in one place desires them to be respected, though the adoration of them is never spoken of by him but with disapprobation. But from a combination of causes, the potters' branch of industry has prospered little in India, and pottery-proper has been prevented from attaining the excellence which it has done in other countries. In the first place, the Hindoo laws of purification have been a great obstacle to its improvement. They enjoin the casting off of the domestic and kitchen pots, on the occasion of a birth, a death, an eclipse, a poojah, and the harvesting of the crops, which acts injuriously upon the development of the art. The custom puts a family to constantly recurring expense, and makes people averse to indulge in costly wares. Secondly, the Hindoos have always been remarkable as a frugal nation. They prefer what is substantial and durable to all that is liable to perish soon. They prefer stone-wares to earthen wares. They prefer metallic vessels to shining but brittle glass vessels. They like to buy a piece of shawl that would last for three generations. They prefer silver and gold articles to cabinet and wooden furniture. They prefer jewels and precious stones to buggies and horses. They prefer ornaments to paper-money. Hence brass and copper vessels have got into fashion in India. They have come into use from a remote antiquity. The common use of copper vessels by the Indians is spoken of by Strabo. The result of this national peculiarity has been the improvement of metallic pottery to the neglect of earthen pottery,—to check all advance in the latter beyond a certain stage of development. Whatever artistic skill would otherwise have been employed upon the execution of earthen wares, has found vent in the elaboration of jugs, jars, basins, tumblers, cups, and dishes, either in gold, silver, copper, or brass. Instead of a tray or flower-pot in porcelain, we have it in silver, or gold filigree. The brazier has flourished more in the place of the potter. But because earthen pottery has been neglected, it would not be right from thence to condemn all the products of that branch

of industry as extremely rude. The fictile fabrics of the Hindoos may not rank with the elegant works of Grecian or Etruscan artists. They may not be admired like the porcelain wares of China. But still in their simple and primitive state, they fail not to show considerable excellence and gracefulness. Many relics of former times have turned out at different places, which exhibit a decided progress in the manufacture of potter's wares of all kinds. In excavating the Ganges Canal, then Lieutenant, but now Sir Arthur Cautley came upon an ancient town-site, some seventeen feet beneath the surface. He found this stratum to be "full of bones and pots of different descriptions; bricks also, of a large size, and unusual shape, as if made to suit the circular form of wells; also pieces of the slag of iron from smelting furnaces, (an iron furnace, in the present day, is a thing unheard of in this neighbourhood); arrow-heads, rings, ornaments, and beads of different descriptions." This Indian Herculaneum is supposed to be the ancient town of Hastinápúr, which Mr. Wheeler so erroneously describes to have been "an assemblage of huts or houses, constructed of mats, bamboos, and mud," when "the largest bricks known have been met with in the ruins of that city,"—bricks measuring "20 inches long, 10 broad, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ thick." Many curious articles have been exhumed at Sarnath, near Benares, and among them are "fine specimens of carved bricks" and "relics of Hindoo pottery in use in the 10th and 11th centuries." They are deposited in the museum of the Benares College, and make interesting objects for notice by the traveller. In the list of relics, found by Babu Rájendralála Mitra, among the Buddhist remains of Sultánanj, are mentioned "fragments of encaustic tiles; fragments of enameled earthen-ware—black and variegated patterns; a miniature tea-pot—vessel about an inch and a quarter, with a spout; and *terra-cotta* figures, ornaments, frying pans, and lamps." Remains of ancient Hindoo pottery have been found at many places in the Punjab. There is an interesting collection in the Bombay Museum, which was obtained from somewhere near Peshawar. The wares in

this collection are of great elegance and beauty. One pot, of deep blue color, and finely glazed, quite resembles a finger-cup of the present day. Sufficient researches yet remain to be made to ascertain the extent to which the Indian artists of old carried their plastic skill. If all Hindoo arts and industries are to be considered as remaining unchanged to this day, then that skill must have reached a high standard, when it fails not to be rated at a high figure in all the modern displays of the handiwork of different nations. In the recent Industrial Exhibition at Vienna, the specimens of indigenous Hindoo pottery proved to be attractive in no small degree. They were sent from the various Indian Provinces, but those from Sind particularly constituted an interesting display. They have been remarked to be "extremely graceful in their form"—though "it is a singular circumstance that in this artistic industry the natives are losing the secret of the beautiful turquoise color which formerly helped to make this ware famous."* Not a little artistic taste and expression are exhibited by Indian workmen in their clay-models of figures and fruits. Madras contributed a variety of articles to the Vienna Exhibition. But, according to the *Madras Standard*, "one of the best contributions from Madras is the model of a village in Southern India, with its police station, weavers' huts, its narrow lanes, its surrounding batch of cocoanut trees, dancing girls' houses, and a conspicuous group of primitive rustic vehicles and village cattle." One may notice little improvement in the ordinary domestic pottery of Bengal—in the earthen-wares and toys exposed for sale at the Ruth-Jatra or Rás-Jatra *melas*, at Mahesh or Khurdah, but he cannot fail to admire the design and taste displayed in the models of figures executed by the Koomartollee potters of Calcutta.

The metallic wares
and manufactures of India.

The attention and skill, which, in ancient Egypt, Etruria, and China, were devoted to bring to perfection works in glass, porcelain, and other kindred materials,

* *Home News.*

have in India been diverted to and employed upon attaining excellence in fabrics wrought in metals, stone, ivory, horn, and wood. In these she maintains a high rank and manufacturing reputation before the world. All that the inventive powers, the fancy, and the handicraft of man can do in point of design, construction, and ornament, has been achieved in this department. Arts of this description have been practised in India from a remote period. The manufacture of jewellery is of so very ancient origin, as to date from the Vedic period. To quote Dr. Robertson, "Strabo and other ancient writers mention with praise the ingenuity of the Indians in other kinds of workmanship, particularly in metals and ivory." Vessels of great artistic merit in brass, iron, bell-metal, and copper, that are yet produced by Indian workmen, speak of the skill which, in times gone by, distinguished their predecessors from other nations. Under the head of silver-work, there have been the most beautiful vases, goblets, jugs, salvers, cups, pawndans, and other articles, which have in all ages heightened the splendour of Indian Courts and Durbars, and lent magnificence to Indian festivals and processions. The silver scent-bottles seem to have come into fashion under the Mogul Emperors, after the invention of the *iltur* of roses by Noor Jehan. The exquisite gold filigree of Jeypore, or the silver filigree of Cuttack and Dacca, which now excite so much admiration, are manufactures of an ancient date, known as well to India as to China. The *Koofiyari* (Damascene) works of Punjaub, or gold inlaid on steel and iron, and the *Bedree* works of Hyderabad in the Deccan, or silver inlaid on other metal, are unique arts of India which belong to the Mahomedan epoch.

The art of engraving on gems is supposed to be an Indian invention. The natives of India have also long been skilled in the art of enameling on metals, and for jewellery. They have applied it to the surface of domestic utensils, as flagons and cups, and to necklaces, bangles, and other articles for personal adornment. The art has been carried even to enameling bricks and tiles. In ancient Gour, many

The art of engraving
and enameling.

an edifice was built of enameled bricks. There was a regular trade in these bricks for building formerly at Moorshedabad. The traveller, who now visits Dehli, may yet see in the dome of the *Leela Boorj*, near Humayoon's tomb, the only surviving instance of the art applied to architecture. The Indian enamels are said to be coarse, but they are acknowledged to "possess much merit in design and harmonious arrangement of colour."

The art of *inlaying, or mosaics*, dates from an ancient period. It is difficult to ascertain the nation by which it was originated. The art of inlaying- Most of the ancients cultivated this art. In India it has been practised with great success. How far it was carried to perfection in the Hindoo period cannot now be satisfactorily known,—none of the bonâ fide specimens of that age having come down to us from which to form an opinion. But there exists the testimony of very creditable authorities as to the art having reached a high point of cultivation under the Hindoos. The evidence of Strabo has already been cited. Hwen Thsang describes a tower, in ancient Sarnath, which was "no less than 300 feet in height. The lofty monument sparkled with the rarest and most precious jewels." He also saw a tooth of Buddha, at Kanouge, which was "preserved in a casket adorned with precious stones." Mahomedan historians describe the ancient temple of Sonmath to have had a "lofty roof which was supported by fifty-six pillars curiously carved and richly ornamented with precious stones." It is not till we come to the Mahomedan period, that we have the most decisive and satisfactory proofs of the excellence of Indian mosaics, in the many and most costly monuments of that epoch. The works in the Taj are masterpieces of the kind, and speak in silent eloquence of the pre-eminence attained in this class of art. To single out an instance, "there is inlaid on the slab over the Empress a flower of 100 different stones." There are sceptics who would attribute the mosaics in the Taj to Italian artists. But all such works from the time of Akbar, in the *Etmad-ul-Dowla*, and in many other mosques and masoleums, give the lie to their opinion.

The *Peacock Throne*, executed on the model of the Hindoo Kártickeya, and representing a thorough Oriental idea, ought for ever to dispel their doubts. In an account of the Taj, recently published in the Calcutta Review,* and translated from a Persian original, is given a list of the different artisans employed in its building; and in that list is expressly mentioned the name of a Hindoo, Mohan Lall, who was the "mosaic-worker," and employed on Rs. 500 a month.

The natives of India have, from a long period, been remarkable also for inlaid works in *pietra dura*. These "show a degree of skill and taste that puts to shame all that is done in Europe, and show how much yet remains to be learnt from a country which has so long been the seat of a certain kind of civilization."† They are also very skilful carvers in stone and marble. Indore and Neermul in Sircar Berar, were formerly famous "for very neat stone vessels." The *arabesques* form a kindred art to those immediately under consideration. The beautiful arabesques, carved on the marble of the famous Somnath Gates, show the high skill, acquired by the ancient Hindoos. Hundreds of richly carved pillars in ancient Rai Pithora, "still remain to attest both the taste and the wealth of the last Hindoo rulers of Delhi." The flowered tracery, still existing over the arches of Musjeed-i-Kootub-ul-Islam, is a pattern of early Patan arabesque. The highest effort of Mogul arabesque is seen in the flowers carved on the ceiling of the Dewani-aum, at Delhi. Next in order come the *works in ivory*, which are as old as the days of Yudisthira and Strabo, and have been diligently cultivated by our nation. The Indians are also very skilful experts in carved *works in wood*, such as ebony, sandal-wood, and rose-wood. Their *workmanship in horn and lac* are not the less delicate and tasteful. They can paint very elegantly on ivory and talc. In the time of Akber, the people of

* The number for October. 1873.

† Reports by the Jurors, Exhibition, 1851.

Guzerat were especially noticed by Abul Fazl to have been famous as "painters, carvers, and other handicraftsmen. They cut out letters in shells, and inlaid with them very curiously. They also made beautiful inkstands, and small boxes." The period from which these various arts have flourished, is not known. If not earlier, they may be dated from at least the time of the Mahomedans. This is undoubtedly the case so far as *illuminated writing* goes. It is stated in the "Ayeen Akberi," that "Persian books in prose and verse were finely illuminated with paintings. The Kissah Humzah, in twelve volumes, was ornamented with one thousand and four hundred paintings. Ingenious artists were employed in embellishing the margins of books : and great pains were also bestowed upon the bindings."

Paper is an invention of the East, and was first made of cotton. The manufacture of paper. The manufacture has been known in India from a remote period. There are several manuscripts at Benares and at Pooree, which are from 300 to 500 years old. The Pali manuscripts, in some of the Jain libraries, are still older by many centuries. Jute-paper, about which there is now so much noise, has been known to the Indians from a date much prior to that of its manufacture at Dundee. The Commissioner of Dacca, in his Administration Report of the Dacca Division, states that "jute is used in the manufacture of paper in the Attesk subdivision, in Zillah Mymensing."* From paper having been first made out of cotton, the invention is most likely to have been originated in India, and not in China. The trade could not have attained large dimensions when there was no printing, and learning was confined to the few. In Akber's time, "good paper was manufactured in Sircar Behar."

Perfumes and scents have been known from the earliest times of which there is any record. They were employed by the Egyptians for the embalmment of the mummy, and for

* *Calcutta Gazette*, for September, 1873.

incense before their deities. Moses was directed by the Lord "to prepare two perfumes." The spouse in the Canticles "is enraptured with the spikenard, the cinnamon, the aloes, and the myrrh." Ezekiel accuses the Jews of "diverting the use of the perfumes from the Holy things to their persons." Jesus sat at meat in the house of Simon the Leper, and there "came a woman having an alabaster box of ointments of spikenard, very precious, and she broke the box and poured it on his head." Pliny "gives much information respecting perfume drugs, the method of collecting them, and the prices at which they sold." "The Romans," says Seneca, "anoint and scent themselves three times a day. They carry precious perfumes with them to the baths, in costly and elegant boxes, called *Narthecia*." From the nature of many of the perfumes that were in use among the ancients, India,—the land of the rose, and aromatic drugs, and spices, seems to have been the country which first originated the art, and to have driven a thriving trade in it. "The trade from the East in perfume drugs caused many a vessel to spread its sails to the Red Sea, and many a camel to plod over that track which gave to Greece and Syria their importance as markets, and vitality to the Rock-city of Petra. And Southern Italy was not long ere it occupied itself in ministering to the luxury of the wealthy by manufacturing unguents or perfumes. So numerous were the *unguentarii*, that they are said to have filled the great street of Capua, called the *Seplasia*."† The *Abhisekh* of the ancient Hindoo Rajahs, or solemn anointment for installation into the Royal office, proves the knowledge of perfumes by the Indians from the Vedic antiquity. "They watered the streets of Ayodhya with fragrant waters on the installation of Rama, and strewed the roads with flowers,"‡ Gandhari fell down in a swoon, when Krishna visited her after the slaughter of her sons at Kurukshetra—"and Krishna's heart burnt within him,

and he burst into tears, fearing that Gandhari was really dead, and he called for some sweet odours and sprinkled them upon her face.”* Fa Hian, the Chinese traveller, speaks of the “offering of all sorts of perfumes in the ancient Buddhist temples at Muttra”—and Hwen Thsang of “processions carrying flying streamers and stately parasols, while the mist of perfumes and the showers of flowers darkened the sun and moon.” The celebrated spikenard of the ancients was a manufacture of India, which has now been forgotten. In giving an account of the Perfume Office of Akber, Abul Fazil speaks of twenty different kinds of perfumes, scents, and essences, then known in the country. He gives a table of their prices. The rate for a bottle of rose-water was eight annas to a rupee. The rose-water is a cooling scent particularly adapted for this country. The *ittur* of roses, which stands at the head of all perfumes, is an Indian invention.

So great an authority as Lord Bacon thinks —“for certain it is, that ordnance was known in the city of the Oxydraces, in India; and was that which the Macedonians called thunder, lightning, and magic; and it is well known that the use of ordnance hath been in China above two thousand years.”† Nevertheless, I can hardly be inclined to believe that the manufacture of *Saltpetre* was largely cultivated in India, till after the battle of Sikri, in 1526, when Baber first made use of guns in Indian warfare. There were, in the sixteenth century, “saltpetre-works in the Soubah of Berar, near Beejapore, which yielded a considerable revenue to the state, from the duties collected upon them.” The price of saltpetre, quoted in the Ayeen Akberi, is “from thirty seers to four maunds for the rupee. The manufacture of Salt, however, must have come into operation at an early age. To the Vedic Aryans, settled in the Sapta-Sindhu, on the other side of the Saraswati, no other than the rock-salt

* Wheeler's *Mahabharat*.

† Essay on the *Vicissitudes of Things*.

of the Punjab seems to have been familiar; and it is the salt, which having been used by the forefathers of the nation, is yet held in much sacred estimation. By the age of Manu, the Hindoo empire had spread "from sea to sea, East and West"—and the people must have betaken themselves to making salt either by the process of evaporation, or boiling. To quote from the *Ayeen Akberi*;—"Rock salt is found in the neighbourhood of Nagarkote. There is a mountain 20 coss in length out of which they dig this salt. Of the quantity excavated three fourths belong to the diggers, and one fourth is allowed to those who carry it out of the mine. The merchants pay for it from half a dam to two dams per maund, and they transport it to great distances.* The Zemindar takes from the merchant a duty of ten dams upon every man's load, and he also pays to the state *a rupee for every 18 maunds* of salt that he transports. Of this salt they sometimes make dishes, plates, and covers, and stands for lamps." Salt was then largely made in the Runn. There were numerous, salt-pits near Tatta. In nature, the provision of salt forming as it does a component of animal blood, has been purposely made so exuberant, that no nation has ever had any need to depend upon another for its supply—until such a melancholy instance, for the first time in history, is afforded by the inhabitants of this country, who, almost surrounded as they are by the sea, have, under the English regime, been made to consume salt prepared in a zone twelve thousand miles distant from their shores.

Lime also is an ancient and indigenous manufacture of India. It has been carried with so great a success, that the lime of no other country has equalled the Indian lime. Inside the galleries of either the Secundra, or the Taj, the chunam plastering is so substantial, and the gloss of it is so excellent, as to vie with the durability and polish of the marble. The Indians also know to prepare the

* *Dam* was a Copper coin, in value the 40th part, of a Shere Sahi rupee.

best architectural cement. So strong were some of the ancient buildings at Rajmahal, that the Railway people had to blast them with gunpowder. European engineering has not yet arrived at the knowledge of such cements. But the secret for their preparation has perished with the downfall of Indian manufactures. The stucco-work is oriental. Three kinds of lime are mentioned in the Ayeen Akberi—the Chunah made from Kankur used to sell at 2 dams per maund.

The kingdom of nature abounds with sweets. But for many ages mankind did not know how to get them extracted except through the proboscis of the bee. The pre-Aryans, and early Aryans were acquainted only with honey. They knew not any artificial sweet preparation. The art of making sugar was first originated by India, and it has been taught by her to other nations. The cane anciently grew nowhere else in the old hemisphere. The word *sukkar*, of which sugar is but a corruption, is of Sanscrit origin. To the early Vedists, in no other shape does any sweet substance seem to have been known than honey. In their hymns and mantras, no mention is made of *sukkar*. The word occurs in the later writings. It is found in the Code of Manu, touching the injunctions about funeral cakes. The earliest existence of the cane is found in Jeremiah, wherein it is stated, "to what purpose cometh there to me the sweet cane from a far country." The priority of the cane over the date is established by the Hindoo myth, which states that the former belongs to the creation of Brahma, and the latter to the creation of Biswamitra. It is proved also by the esteem in which the one is held over the other. Cane sugar is pure and offerable to the gods—not so the product of the date, which is spurious. The Periplus speaks of sugar as having been an export from ancient India to foreign countries. The article has always been extensively used in India. In the shape of sweet-meats, it is a favourite luxury in every Native family. The manufacture has been carried to a high standard of perfection. Fine white Indian sugar long held the first place in the market.

This commodity did not anciently go for tea or coffee, as in the present day, but for confectionery and conserves. To this day, the practice of preserving fruits in syrup is widely prevalent in Asia. Very good sugar was formerly procured at Calpee. "The town of Biana, in the Soubah of Agra, was famous for very white sugar. Here was a well, with the water of which they kneaded the sugar into a paste like flour, and formed it into cakes, which they called *Gandareh*, and it was carried to great distances as a rarity. It could not be made with any other water."† Bengal also then abounded with sugar, "with which," says Bernier, "it supplies the kingdom of Golconda and the Carnatic, where very little is grown, Arabia and Mesopotamia, through the towns of Mocha and Bassora, and even Persia, by way of Bundar Abbas." The following is Abul Fazil's price-current :—

Refined Sugar	6	Dams per seer.
White Sugar Candy	5½	" "
White Sugar	128	" maund.
Brown Sugar	56	" "

India, from the earliest period, has been remarkable

The manufacture of dyes for the number and excellence of its dyeing substances. It is the country of the Lac and Cochineal, derived from the animal kingdom, and of the Indigo, Saffron, Turmeric, Madder, and Safflower, derived from the vegetable kingdom. The beauty, brilliancy, and durability of the colors they produced, have made the Hindoos not a little celebrated for the art of dyeing and printing their cloths. The Imperial Purple of Rome and Constantinople was imported from India. The *Indicum* of the Romans was no other than the Indigo of modern days. In ancient Germany it was called "the Devil's dye," and the use of it was prohibited. The people there, where the finest qualities now find the best market, were so long and so grossly ignorant of the nature of indigo, that, as late as the sixteenth century, the Elector of Saxony described it as a "corrosive substance, not fit food for man or devil." The Gum-Lac,

† The Ayeen Akbari.

used in dyeing a bright red color, has been described by Ctesias, who lived for many years in the ancient Persian Court. The article appears to have been known from a remote period. The Mahábhárat speaks of a Lac-house in which it was attempted to burn the Pandoos. *Indian Dyers* was the name anciently given to those who, in Rome, dyed either the fine blue or the fine red. This unmistakably points to the country from which the materials went. "From their dyeing cotton stuffs with different colors," says Dr. Robertson, "it is evident that the ancient Indians must have made some considerable proficiency in chemical knowledge." "The brilliancy and permanency of many of their dyes," remarks Elphinstone, "has not yet been equalled in Europe." Many were the countries, besides Rome, with which India carried on her dye-trade in ancient times. The staples sold in ancient Syria, as it appears from "the stuffs dyed sky-blue, purple, double scarlet, orange, and violet, spoken of by Moses." They were consumed in Persia, where Alexander found, among the treasures of its kings, "a prodigious quantity of purple stuffs, which, for one hundred and eighty years which they had been kept, preserved all their lustre, and all their primitive freshness."* Herodotus speaks of "a certain people, on the borders of the Caspian Sea, who imprinted on their cloths designs, either of animals or flowers, whose colors never changed, and lasted as long even as the wool of which their cloths were made." The same author mentions that the Indian dyes were used by the Colchians, whose linen was in high repute, and exported to various parts. They were carried to China, the people of which are said to "dye scarlet more exquisitely than any other nation." The price, at which Indigo or Lac-dye sold in the ancient Roman times, is not known. The price at which indigo sold in the Mogul times, is given in the Ayeen Akberi. It is stated therein, that very fine Indigo was then grown in Guzerat, near Ahmedabad, which was "exported to Rome

* Plutarch.

(Turkey), and other distant places." The quality of indigo produced in Biana, near Agra, was also very fine, and sold from ten to sixteen rupees per maund. These cheap rates made it impossible for other countries to cope with India:—the high rates of the present century have called forth a competition, in many parts of the world, which bodes the ultimate decay of one of our most valuable trades.

Let me now attempt to trace the histories of those trades and manufactures, which are of importance in proportion to their general usefulness and lucrativeness, and which exercise a considerable influence on the prosperity of a nation. The iron-trade of a country makes one of such useful and important branches of industry. India has always maintained a high pre-eminence in the blacksmith's profession. Her steel was far-famed in the ancient world, and was in great request with its people. "It is celebrated in the oldest Persian poem, and is still the material of the scimitars of Khorasan and Damascus."* The Indian steel was very finely tempered, and its superior quality made it highly prized for weapons of offence and defence in the era of the sword and lance. The art of forging has been practised in India from the Vedic period. Passages occur in the Rig-veda, in which it is clearly expressed that the Aryans manufactured weapons and coats of mail. The manufacture of arms and armour is traditional in India—and "the Hindoos have been particularly celebrated for the quality of their weapons." It is to be questioned whether Achilles' famous shield was not of Indian manufacture. Armour is mentioned to have gone from this country in the age of Solomon. The trade in weapons and armour is seen to have continued down to the time of the Arabs. Steel also went separately, as we find it stated in the Periplus.

No other metal has received so much attention from the Indians as iron. Many an art had been developed by them for which they required to make tools and

* Elphinstone's India.

implements from that metal. They had to fabricate instruments for the husbandmen, carpenters, braziers, weavers, stone-cutters, ivory-carvers, and jewellers. The blacksmith was an indispensable member of an ancient Hindu village. How far he practised his profession with success in ancient times, can now be gathered only from a few scattered remnants of those times. It may be known also from many works of the present day, which have been pronounced to "deserve notice, and to be often of the highest order of manual dexterity."* India has always had her own characteristic industrial pursuits, and her cutlery, hardware, and ironmongery have taken their stamp from those pursuits. To illustrate by an example or two : India has the *Dao* to cut cocoanut, and the *Khara* or sacrificial knife, but not the fork or spoon, because her children eat with their fingers. She has no occasion for stoves and grates in a warm climate, but she requires the *Jhajra*, or perforated ladle to fry and prepare many of her cakes, &c. Surgery made but a little advance in ancient India, and she did not produce those exquisitely fine blades with which surgical operations are conducted in Europe. Fairly to judge of the iron manufactures of our country, is to judge of them by a reference to the social habits and exigencies of our nation, and not by the standard of modern European perfection. The growth of this manufacture is from so long since as the Vedic period, and our country has had a long established trade in iron goods of various descriptions, forged and fabricated as much for the demand at home, as for the supply of foreign markets.

Country principally of the coal and iron as England is, it has had abundant facilities to make a rapid progress in the art of forging, and attain a high pre-eminence in the manufacture of iron wares and goods. Her cutlery has now a wide-spread reputation, and sells in almost all the markets of Asia. No place now turns out such immense quantities of hardware, as Birmingham. One of the striking sights, lately shown to the Shah of Persia,

* Jurors' Reports, Exhibition, 1851.

in England, was the triumph of English skill in torturing, twisting, moulding, and managing huge fabrics in iron, at Woolwich—the great iron workshop and depot of the country. He “saw a bar of iron of about 170 feet long taken out of one of the huge furnaces. This was intended for the trunnion of a gun, and by means of a revolving mandrel it was spun round in a succession of coils while at a white heat. Having passed rapidly through the model rooms, the Shah was taken to the rolling mills, where he saw a huge mass of metal rolled out into bars after it had been licked into an immense block by the operation of a steam hammer. In the forge he saw a cylindrical body of iron composed of coils removed from a furnace by tongs thirty feet in length and weighing sixteen tons. The metal, which was some 8 feet by 4 feet, was put at welding heat under a mammoth steam hammer, which welded all the coils together, so that the whole became one piece to form the trunnion of a 25 ton gun.” The sight of this gigantic operation struck the Persian monarch in a high degree, and produced upon his mind a deep impression of the triumph of European science and skill. But however ridiculous the attempt may appear, I cannot close this retrospect of the iron-manufacture of our country without instituting a comparison between the art of smelting iron in ancient India, and the art of smelting iron in modern Europe. Let me cite the instance of the Hindoo Iron Pillar at Delhi. This pillar is now some fifteen hundred years old. It is a solid shaft of mixed metal, upwards of 16 inches in diameter, and about 60 feet in length. It contains 80 cubic feet of metal, and weighs upwards of 17 tons. “Many large works in metal,” says General Cunningham, “were no doubt made in ancient times, such, for instance, as the celebrated Colossus of Rhodes, and the gigantic statues of the Buddhists, which are described by Hwen Thsang. But all of them were of brass or copper, all of them were hollow, and they were all built of pieces rivetted together, whereas this pillar is one solid shaft. It is true there are flaws in many parts, which show the casting is imperfect; but when we con-

sider the extreme difficulty of manufacturing a pillar of such dimensions, our wonder will not be diminished by knowing that the casting is defective." Indeed, the execution of this enormous pillar attests to the high skill of the ancient Hindoos. It speaks eloquently of furnaces, foundries, and forges, similar to those of modern Birmingham and Woolwich; and of a knowledge of metalurgy scarcely inferior to that prevailing in the present age. The metal has been so fused and amalgamated as to defy all oxidation, of which not a trace is seen upon it in the lapse of so many hundred years. Not, again, without a knowledge of high mechanical powers could they have lifted and put up this enormous mass of metal. The late Monster-Gun at Agra, was another proof of the great forging skill of the ancient Indians.* The third instance is furnished by the vast gun of Beejapore, called Malik-i-Maidan, or the King of the Plain. It is a brass ordnance the like of which has not yet been turned out from the foundry of even the famous Krupp and Co., of Germany. "The muzzle is four feet and eight inches in diameter, the calibre two feet four inches, the length nearly fifteen feet, and the weight 40 tons." The biggest *Woolwich Infant* is not more than a 35-ton gun. Iron works found great encouragement in the reign of Akber. European travelers, then visiting India, speak of that Emperor as "skilful in mechanical arts, in making guns, and casting ordnance." The *Ayeen Akberi* contains many details relating to the Ordnance Department, and the manufacture of artillery. "These are the locks and keys of empire; and, excepting Room, no kingdom can compare with India in the number and variety of its ordnance. Some pieces of cannon are so large as to carry a ball of 12 maunds; and others require each several elephants, and a thousand bullocks for their transportation." Many iron-mines were then worked in the country, such as at Kehrow in Cashmere, in Kemayun, at Kallinger, Gwalior, Indore, Neermul, Tattah, Mongyr,

* For a detailed account, see the "Travels of a Hindoo."

and in Beerbhoom, but the greatest workshop was the royal foundry of Akbar, at Agra. Here were turned out heavy artillery, cannon for boats, Gujnals, Nurnals, match-locks, war-rockets, weapons, cuirasses, and other armour, in proportion to the demands of those warlike and turbulent times. Considering the wants of a teeming population, for various purposes, the iron-trade of India has always been, and shall always be, one of its most valuable trades. It is a pity that nothing about its past can be stated in figures—the quantity melted and the value to which it amounted can only be conjectured. Let the reader know that the arms and armour then manufactured in India, number 77 kinds in the table given of them by Abul Fazil, and then form an idea of the quantities necessary to equip the vast and constantly moving armies of those times. Let him imagine the number of plough-shares, spades, hoes, padlocks, and knives, required to meet the wants of a population never less than 200 millions. The price of a sword then was $\frac{1}{2}$ rupee to 5 Mohurs, and that of a chakoo, or clasp-knife, was 2 Dams to $\frac{1}{2}$ rupee.

The important manufacture, that I shall next notice, is that of *silk*, in which, for ages, our country held the first position in the world, and carried on another most valuable trade. It was a most inaccurate piece of information that Mr. Beverley gave to his audience, at the Canning Institute, when he stated that silk came to Rome not from India, but from China, right through Central Asia." Long did the opinion prevail that China was the great and original country for silk. But the researches of botanists and mercantile men, in the present age, have thrown a light upon the subject, which has tended to explode and expose the error of that opinion. It has now been found out that silk is as much indigenous to China, as to India and Burmah. More than this, India produces a greater variety of silk than China. Doubtless the *larvæ* that secrete silk, and the *larvæ* that secrete tussur, may be classified under one homogeneity. The species of moth that gives cocoons for

The past of the silk manufacture and trade of India.

tussur, is unknown in China. In Bengal and the adjoining provinces, however, such cocoons have, "from time immemorial, afforded an inexhaustible supply of a very durable, coarse, and dark-colored silk, called Tussur." There is also the *Arrindy* silkworm, which is peculiar to Rungpore and Dinajpore. The Chinese are said to have kept the growth of silk a great secret, and to have watched its cultivation with such jealous care, that cocoons had to be surreptitiously carried to Europe in the hollow of a cane out of their kingdom. If India did not grow her silk originally, then it is not very easy to assign the reason why that care should have been relaxed in her favor. Like silk, the tea-plant also was thought to be an especial vegetation of China, until it was found to grow wild in Assam. The great silk-region in the kingdom of nature, has been indicated above to extend from China to India, in a south-west direction,—and the fact is, that these two countries have for centuries been the contemporaneous cradles and seats of silk and silk manufactures, developed separately by the independent genius of the two nations.

Both Colebrooke and Elphinstone state that "silk manufactures, as well as the art of obtaining the material, were known to the Indians at a very early period." They must have been unknown in the Vedic era, the Aryans not having then pushed their conquests so far down in the Valley, as any of the silk-growing districts in Bengal. But cocoons appear to have been studied and understood, and the art of extracting silk from them to have been matured by the age of Manu, who speaks of silks and the general use into which they had come in the country. It is stated by Valmiki that "Rama proceeds to his mother's apartments, and beheld her attired in silk, and supplicating the gods in silence for his prosperity." † Silks and brocades are mentioned among the presents that were brought to Yudishthira at his Ráj-suya. When Uttar, the prince of Virata, goes out to fight the Kauravas, he is asked by the ladies to bring them "plenty of silks and cloths as spoil." ‡ Long before silk

† Wheeler's *Ramayana*.

‡ Wheeler's "*Mahabharata*."

went from China, through Central Asia, in the sixth century, the commodity used to go to Rome from Barygaze, Musiris, and other ports on the Malabar Coast; through the Red sea, in the second century. The trade in silk, as has been shown, constituted one of the three principal trades of ancient India with the Romans. It has been remarked by Mr. Elphinstone, that though silks, gems, and ornaments have been spoken of by Manu, he makes no allusion to such artizans as embroiderers. But the art of embroidery appears to have been practised in the ancient world from an early period. "Thou shalt embroider the coat of fine linen," occurs in the Exodus. Deborah sings of "divers colors of needle-work on both sides," in 1296 B. C. But supposing that embroidery was unknown in the age of the Hindu Code, the gold and silver brocades are acknowledged to be "original manufactures of India"* The art of embroidery in gold and silver threads, leads to the conclusion that the art of lace-making was simultaneously practised. Silk was at first used only in dress. In time, it came to be used in furniture. The Courts of the Greek Emperors of Byzantium, who vied with the sovereigns of Asia in splendour and magnificence, were richly decked out in silks.† The silk-trade anciently was carried on direct with India for more than six hundred years. The time, from which that trade first began to suffer from competition, was, when two Nestorian monks, in the reign of Justinian, smuggled out a few cocoons from China, in the interior of a hollow cane,—they having previously become conversant with the mode of breeding and rearing the worms. Thus introduced, the culture of silk, having been confined for six centuries to the Greeks of the Lower Empire, spread, in the 12th century, to Sicily, and thence, a hundred years later, to Italy, whence it was introduced into France—countries which have now grown into formidable rivals and competitors of India. But the article having become a general favourite of the nation, there has always been a large

* Elphinstone.

† Dr. Robertson's "India."

home-trade from which the manufacture received a considerable support. The traffic, with the neighbouring countries of Persia and Arabia, also expanded with the growth of Mussulman power and commerce. The Khalifs kept up the demand for the silk brocades of India, in the place of the Roman and Greek Emperors; and Bagdad became the market that Rome and Constantinople had formerly been. Never did our silk manufacture meet with such great development as during the sovereignty of the Moguls. Grandeur, in its highest type, was their study, and rich silk workmanship largely contributed to its display. The trade therefore received every patronage from Akber, who greatly indulged his taste for magnificence in highly wrought silk carpets, and hangings embroidered with gold. "Through the attention of His Majesty," says Abul Fazil, "a variety of new manufactures are established in this country; and the cloths fabricated in Persia, Europe, and China have become cheap and plentiful. The skill of the manufacturers has increased with their number; for His Majesty has made himself acquainted with the theory and practice, in every stage of the business, so as to be able to discover the merits of the workmen; thus by bringing the arts into credit the natives are encouraged to give application, and they speedily gain a complete knowledge of their profession." The highest impetus was imparted by the following circumstance. "The Empress Noor Jehan, during her residence with her first husband in the adjoining district of Burdwan, having taken a fancy for the Beerbhoom fabrics in silk, afterwards set the fashion for them at the imperial court, and in India a fashion lasts for several centuries."* It was Noor Jehan's female taste that increased the magnificence of the Mogul court and the costliness of the royal wardrobe. "She contrived improvements in the furniture of apartments, and introduced female dresses more becoming than any in use before her time."† Her innovations make an impor-

* Hunter's "Annals of Rural Bengal."

† Elphinstone.

tant era in the progress of our silk manufacture. . . Grandeur, surpassing all instances in past history, began to be indulged in by all classes from this time forward. The beauties of the imperial seraglio, all adorned themselves in silks of the highest workmanship and excellence. The Omrahs and other Grandees of the realm dressed themselves in rich silks. The Divans were spread with rich silk carpets. Brocaded silk cushions became the principal adornment of the rooms. Silk quilts covered the beds. The article was used in hangings, and housings, and howdahs—in banners and streamers, and in fans and parasols. The very Hindoo gods and their temples were decorated in silk. Throughout the country, it came into general fashion and consumption. Bernier describes the court of Shah Jehan as surmounted with “a richly-embroidered velvet canopy. The pillars of the hall were magnificently ornamented with gold tapestry, and the ceiling was covered over with beautiful flowered satin, fastened with red silk cords, having at each corner festoons with gold tassels.” The brocades and kinkobs, taken away by Nadir Shah from the royal wardrobe of the Great Mogul, were worth nearly half a crore of rupees. The French author, who has just been quoted above, has left on record, that “the quantity of gold and silver cloths; scarfs, turbans, and brocades made in India, is incredible.” Every description of silk-goods—satin, velvet, damask, brocade, cheli, and tussur, were then made by our manufacturers. Their design and taste have been universally admired, and the perfection of their workmanship is yet unrivalled. There are mentioned, in the Ayeen Akberi, no less than 28 kinds of embroidered cloths, and 38 kinds of silken stuffs, with their current prices; out of which I subjoin here a list of the principal descriptions.

Cloths wove with gold.

		Mohurs per piece.
Yezdy velvet, brocaded with gold.		15 to 150
Europe	Do.	10 to 70
Guzerat	Do.	10 to 60

Cloths wove with gold.

		Mohurs per piece,
Kasi	Do.	10 to 40
Lahore	Do.	10 to 40
Mutebbek	Do.	2 to 70
Guzerat Brocade	.	6 to 60
Tass Guzeratty	.	1 to 35
Koortawar Guzeratty.		1 to 20

		Rupees per piece.
Doputtah		6 to 8
Coverlids		1 to 20

Silken stuffs.

Europe Velvet	1 to 4	Mohurs per ell.
Kasi Do.	2 to 7	Mohurs per piece.
Yozdy Do.	2 to 4	Do.
Meshed Do.	2 to 4	Do.
Lahore Do.	2 to 4	Do.
Guzerat Do.	1 to 2	Rupees per ell.
Tajehbaf	2 to 30	Mohurs per piece.
Mutebbek	1 to 30	Do.
Shirwany	1½ to 10	Do.
Kimcob	1 to 5	Do.
Europe Satin	Rs. 2 to 1	Mohur per ell.
Herat Do.	5 to 2	Mohurs Do.
Sehrung	1 to 3	Do. per piece.
Plain Satin	½ to 1	Rupee per ell.
Tusser	2 to 3	Rupees per piece.
Alacheh	2 to 5	Rupees per ell.
Tesseleh	8 to 12	Rupees per piece.

In the shape of corahs, choppahs, and bandannoes, the silk-trade of India received an encouragement, in the early years of English rule, which will be treated of in a subsequent paper, on the *present* of the manufactures of India. Our silk-trade has been one of our most ancient and lucrative trades. It has always formed one of our greatest industrial resources.

Shawls, also, is one of our principal trades and industries, in which India has an acknowledged superiority, and unrivalled reputation. It is of ancient growth, and of a long standing. *Pashm*, or wool, is seen to have been known to the primitive Aryans, who traded with the hilly countries of the North. The superiority of the woollen fabrics of Kashmir is found recorded in the Mahabharat, where it narrates that "the people of Kamboja (the northern districts surrounding Kashmir) brought cloths and skins as tribute to Yudishthira. The former were made of wool, and embroidered with gold, being, in fact, shawls and brocades."

The shawl-trade seems not to have met with much expansion under the Hindoos. The limited quantity in which the raw material has always been available, kept the trade within limited bounds. Wool has never been an abundant produce of India. Hence the import of coarse and fine woollen cloths in ancient India, as stated in the Periplus. Shawls are not found so mentioned, in old Hindoo writings, as silks. The shawl manufacture does not appear to have thrived properly till the time of Akber, after the extension of his sovereignty to the valley of Kashmir. It rapidly developed under the encouragement of that Emperor, and attained the high position it still holds. The Ayeen Akberj has the following interesting account about shawls:—"His majesty has ordered four kinds to be made: 1st *Toos assel* (grey assel), which is the wool of an animal of this name whose natural color, in general, is grey, inclining to red, though some are perfectly white; and those shawls are incomparable for lightness, warmth, and softness. Formerly they were always made of the wool in its natural state, but His Majesty has had some of them dyed, and it is surprising that they will not take red color. 2nd—*Sufed alcha* (white alcha), which they also call Terehdar. The natural colors of the wool are white or black, and they weave three sorts, white, black, and grey. Formerly, there were not above three or four different colors for shawls, but His Majesty has made them of various hues.

3rd—*Zerdozy* and others, which are of His Majesty's invention. 4th—From being short pieces, he had them made long enough for *Jamahs* (gown pieces). The shawls are classed according to the day, month, year, price, color, and weight; and this manner of classing is commonly called *missel*. The *mushrifs*, after examination, mark the quality of each shawl upon a piece of paper affixed to its corner. All those brought into the palace on the day *Ormuzd* of the month *Feridun* (10th March), are preferred to those received afterwards, of the same fineness, weight, and color, and each is written down in order. Every day there are received into store the following kinds;* and from this account of one day, may be formed an idea of what is done in the course of a year. Formerly, shawls were but rarely brought from *Kashmir*, and those who had them, used to wear them over the shoulder in four folds (*vide* ancient sculptures), so that they lasted for a long time. Now they are worn single by people of *all degrees*. His Majesty has introduced the custom of wearing two shawls, one under the other, which is a considerable addition to their beauty. By the attention of His Majesty the manufacture in *Kashmir* is in a very flourishing state, and in *Lahore* there are upwards of a thousand manufactories of this commodity. They also make an imitation of shawl with the warp of silk and the woof of wool; and this is called *mayan*. Of both kinds are made turbans, &c."

The improvements introduced by Akbar were kept up by his successors, and shawls became a favourite article of dress in the Mogul period. They became the wearing apparel of every well-to-do man in the country, and the fashion spread to Persia and Turkey. This increasing demand infused a great vigor into the trade, which made it prosper despite all political disturbances occurring at times, and supervening to retard its progress. During its subjection to the Mogul dominion, *Kashmir* contained

* *Toos*, *Sufed Aloha*, *Lal Zurren*, *Gulaby*, *Asmany*, *Pez Gul*, and thirty other kinds.

40,000 shawl looms. In a letter, indited from that province, Bernier remarks :—" But what may be considered peculiar to Kashmir and the staple commodity ; that which particularly promotes the trade of the country and fills it with wealth, is the prodigious quantity of shawls which they manufacture, and which gives occupation even to the little children. These shawls are about a French ell and a half long, and an ell broad ; ornamented at both ends with a sort of embroidery, made in the loom, a French foot in width. The Moguls and Indians, women as well as men, wear them in winter round their heads, passing them over the left shoulder as a mantle. There are two sorts manufactured. One kind with the wool of the country, finer and more delicate than that of Spain ; the other kind with the wool, or rather hair (called touz) found on the breast of a species of wild goat which inhabits the Great Thibet. The touz shawls are much more esteemed than those made with the native wool. I have seen some made purposely for the Omrahs, which cost one hundred and fifty rupees ; but I cannot learn that the others have ever sold for more than fifty. They are very apt, however, to be worm-eaten, unless frequently unfolded and aired. The beaver is not so soft and fine as the hair from these goats. Great pains have been taken to manufacture similar shawls in Patna, Agra, and Lahore ;, but notwithstanding every possible care, they never have the delicate texture and softness of the Kashmir shawls, whose unrivalled excellence may be owing to certain properties in the water of that country." Since then the changes in the world have been great, but real Cashmeres have yet maintained their superiority. Hear one of the latest authorities :—" There is a peculiarity in the character of a real Kashmir shawl, as well in originality of design as in solidity and durability, which, notwithstanding the enormous difference of cost, will retain its value in the eyes of those who can afford to pay it. The various specimens of Indian shawls, are, each in its kind so choice and perfect, and of a taste so original, as to afford example to all Europe. They are

all of them worthy of notice, and will, no doubt, afford to manufacturers of all nations a means of finding that they have still something to learn.”* Such is the high eulogium pronounced on this branch of Indian manufacture—such the verdict of men who had the best opportunity for judging the comparative merits of the works of different nations. In connection with our shawl manufac-

Carpet manufacture.

ture, let me notice also our manufacture of carpets. India produces specimens of the most exquisite work of this kind, unsurpassed by that of any other nation. They exhibit the most perfect workmanship and the greatest variety of design, with perfection of coloring. The industry dates from a long antiquity, and has been matured in the lapse of ages. They were known in the days of Yudishthira, when “rooms were laid with rich carpets.” Akber “gave such encouragement to the manufacture of Ga-leems, or woollen carpets, that those of Persia and Tartary were thought of no more. Great numbers of weavers settled here, and derived immense profit from their labour. The best carpets were made at Agra, Futtepore, and Lahore. In the royal workshops, a carpet, in length 20 yards and 7 Tessuj, and 6 yards and $\frac{1}{2}$ Tessuj broad, was made for 1810 rupees ; which those skilled in the business valued at 2715 rupees.” Hempen carpets, then manufactured in Bengal, “were so beautiful that they seemed to be made of silk.”† Bernier speaks of the use of “silk carpets in winter in every good household.” The most gorgeous shawl carpets and canopies were seen at Lahore, in the days of Runjeet Sing. To sum up the account of this branch of industry, let me do it in the words of the Jurors whom I have quoted in other instances :—“India stands pre-eminent in the exhibition of embroidered shawls, whether in colored wool or silk, upon Kashmirs, cloths, or in gold and silver brocades ; in short, in almost every variety of form or description.” Twenty four kinds of woollen manufactures have been mentioned, but I give, in the following, the prices of

* Reports of the Jurors, Exhibition, 1851. † *The Ayeen Akberi*.

some of them taken from the Tables of Abul Fazil:—

Woollen Cloths.

Europe broad cloth ...	2½	Rupees to 4 Mohurs per Ell.
Nagoorey and Lahorey	2	Rupees to 1 Mohur per piece.
Shawls ...	2	Rupees to 8 Mohurs.
Shawl Cheereah ...	2	Rupees to 25 Mohurs.
Shawl Foteh ...	½	to 3 Mohurs.
Shawl pieces for Jammas	½	to 4 Mohurs.
Lewy ...	14	Dams to 4 Rupees.
Blankets ...	10	Dams to 2 Rupees.
Cashmery Caps ...	2	Dams to 1 Rupee.

Last of all I take up to consider the past of our cotton-trade—the great, the important trade, which from a financial point of view may be said to be big with the fate of our country. Of all the industries, which employ the labour of man, the one, which ranks first in point of magnitude, and importance, and value, is the cultivation of the earth for food-staples, and the second is the manufacture of cloth. It is a common saying—first food, and next raiment. These are the most primary necessities for our very existence and are of course in universal demand and consumption, and therefore of the utmost consequence to nations. To grow its own food and avoid dependence for its supply upon another, constitutes the first care of a people. Nearly every country grows or tries to grow its own food—or, otherwise, in the barter of food-staples would have consisted the largest branch of commerce. The economy of a state is next influenced by the produce of those commodities which supply material for the clothing of man. Such commodities are principally wool, silk, cotton, and, now-a-days, jute. But of all these materials, the one which clothes the largest number of the world's population, is cotton. It therefore affects the interest of the whole world. Vast as is the commerce of that world in the present century, in that commerce, the first, bulkiest, and most important article, is cotton. This does not grow in every country.

The past of the cotton manufacture and trade of India.

Hence cotton-growing countries ought to rank as the richest by inheritance from nature. Hence the possession of the cotton-market of the world is to a country the most prolific source of wealth. Hence to obtain possession of that market is one of the highest blessings, and to lose it a misfortune of the greatest magnitude. Hence England has become the wealthiest country in fifty years. Hence America strives to secure its monopoly. Time was when America was unknown, and India was the only cotton-growing country in the world. Time was when England wove only woollens and worsteds, and India held that possession of the cotton market, which has now been transferred to Liverpool. For centuries she maintained this high position, and was the land of overflowing wealth. The importance of our cotton trade was little appreciated when it was in actual existence—we now take note of it from its loss. Taking the value of the 60 per cent. of foreign imports of cotton twist and cotton goods at 20 crores of rupees,* and the value of the 40 per cent. of indigenous cotton manufactures still consumed in the country at 12 crores, the total of our cotton goods trade alone annually involves a matter of 32 crores, and makes an estate for India three times richer than the “rich estate” made by our *Opium Revenue*.†

Considering the high value at present attached to the commodity, and its universal consumption, there are now many countries which are emulating to grow cotton. But, in the ancient world, India was the only country which produced that commodity. The Indian cotton once stood without a rival, and commanded the market. It is one of the most ancient staples of our country. They may speak of Arachne’s spider-threads, of Penelope’s web, and of Semiramis being the inventress of weaving cotton. But the testimony of the Father of History is decisive on the point—and the cradle of cotton is

* The Imports of cotton Twist and cotton Piece goods into all India in 1870-71, were of the value of £ 19,044,869.

† It is so described by Mr. Grant Duff.

in all probability the country to have originated the art of spinning and weaving. The "wool grown upon trees," as Herodotus describes cotton, was then known only in India. Such was the gross ignorance of other nations, that they could not better describe the article, than as wool, which did not grow upon the bodies of sheep, but upon trees. Going back to the remotest period of Aryan antiquity, the natural inference drawn from the use of the *leather-poita* is, that cotton and cotton threads were unknown to the earliest patriarchs of our race. In deference to usage, the twice-born continued the use of the *leather-poita* down to a late age. The ancestors of the Kulin Brahmins of Bengal, came, in the eleventh century, to the court of Adisoor, riding upon bulls, with socks on their feet, and *leather-poitas* in their necks. But the material which supplies the cheapest and most abundant clothing to man, has been known in India since four thousand years. There were spinners and weavers in the Vedic age. The Vedic Aryans were unacquainted with silk. They knew wool, but this could be procured in a very limited quantity. It is most likely, then, that they must have spun and woven cotton. There is mention of the needle and sewing in the Rig Veda. No better evidence can be needed of the antiquity of embroidery, and of the art of preparing needle-made dresses, in India. Manu expressly speaks of silk, but not of cotton. His silence is apt to be misinterpreted. The reason is, that cotton-cloth was so common as not to have needed any mention, while silk, being a richer and rarer article, deserved especial notice. By the age of the Greek writers, the use of cotton-cloth had become general throughout the country. It was manufactured in Bengal, in the Deccan, and on the Coromandel coast. The ordinary dress of the ancient Indian was, as now, composed of "two sheets of cotton cloth"—or the dhooty and scarf. Tunics, garments, coats, and turbans, were in fashion among men in high life. The drapery of women consisted of *saris*, *ghagras*, *kanchulikais*, and bodices.* They knew then to make

* Babu Rajendralala Mitra on "Dress in Ancient India," *Journal, Asiatic Society, Bengal*.

muslins and flowered patterns. Fine fabrics were made so long back, as 1800 years ago. "We know from other sources," says Hunter, "that shut out as Orissa was from the general polity of India, it boasted of fabrics which it could send as valuable presents to the most civilized monarchs of the interior. So fine was the linen which the Prince of Kalinga sent to the King of Oudh, that a priestess who put on the gauzy fabric in public was accused of appearing naked."† The art of printing was practised by the ancient Hindus. They manufactured chintz of various kinds.

The invention of linen cloth originated in Egypt. India is the birth-place of cotton fabrics. The manufactures of man as much take their character from soil and climate, as does man himself. People living in cold regions wear thick woollens and broad-cloths. The people of the tropics use muslins and silks. Umbrellas come into existence where the intensity of light and heat render shade indispensable. Thick canvas-tents become necessary in snowy regions, and sail-cloths in stormy seas. Hence the objects which have been sought for by the Hindus in their cotton fabrics, as making the standard of perfection, are delicacy and fineness. These they have attained in the highest possible degree. The ancient Babylonians are said to have excelled highly in the manufactures of the loom. Their draperies and curtains fetched very high prices at Rome. Pliny speaks of a carpet, from the looms of Babylon, which sold at 81,000 sester tia. But neither cotton nor indigo ever grew, or grow now; in and about Babylon. Unquestionably, the raw material must have been procured from India, and the manufacture is most likely to have been learnt from Hindoo weavers. The neighbouring country of Persia has been not a little famous for its skill in the art of weaving. But "the Persians make not fine cottons," says Chardin, "only for the reason, that they can import them cheaper from India." The largest cotton-trade of ancient India was carried on with Rome. Many a Roman ship frequented

* Dr. Hunter's "Orissa."

her ports, and went freighted chiefly with cargoes of silks, cotton-cloth, muslin, and chintz. The cotton then exported must be understood to have left the country in a manufactured state. Little or none went as raw material. The weavers of ancient Athens, Rome, and Constantinople, cared not to emulate their fellows in India in the manufacture of cotton fabrics. They minded not to weave what could be had ready made to wear. The greater return that is derived from manufactured goods than from raw material, cannot fail to strike the dullest mind. No body can deny that England reaps a greater profit from her iron made into knives, razors, and padlocks, than she would have done from the export of simple smelted iron, or, to go back still further, from the exports of mere iron-ores. Raw produce, in first hand, is charged only with land-rent, and the cost of labour for cultivation. But the price of made-goods is enhanced by the price for additional and more ingenious labour, and the interest for capital invested in raw-produce. The consumption of cotton tissues was not so universal in ancient times as now. In vain is all attempt made to ascertain the dimensions of the foreign cotton trade of ancient India. The quantity that then annually went forward, or the price the goods fetched, is now beyond all possibility of being stated in figures. Neither the Hindus have left on record for us any return of the exports from their custom-houses at Barygaza, Musiris, Mesolia, Sonargong, and Tamralipta; nor the Mahomedans from their custom-houses at Cambay, Surat, Masulipatam, Satgong, and Hoogly. But whatever may have been the foreign exports, there has always been an immense local consumption, and the large home-trade by itself covered the land with industry, which exercised a most important influence on its financial prosperity.

The cotton-trade, like the silk-trade, also thrived most prosperously under the encouragement of the Mogul Princes. Their elegant taste called forth the utmost skill in workmanship. Dacca, which had an old reputation, now sent forth the most unrivalled fabrics from its looms. In its neighbourhood, on the banks of

the *Magna*, then grew the finest cotton in the world. From this cotton, Indian *Arachnes* and *Penelopes* spun the most gossamery threads. The operation was carried on only when the air was soft, and the dew was yet on the ground, for the extreme tenuity of the fibre did not allow manipulation after sunrise. With these delicate threads were woven those exquisite muslins, which, for their extreme fineness and beautiful transparency, were, to express them in emphatic terms, styled "flowing water," and "evening dew." The height of admiration could no farther go than in describing them as "woven air." They were "uninitiated and inimitable" like *Falstaff*, and challenged the whole textile world to make an approach. In commercial language these superfine tissues were called *Abroans*. They were especially prepared to order for the imperial wardrobe, and for the inmates of the royal harem. They cost Rs. 400 a piece, and weighed no more than 4 *tolahs*, or *sicca* weight. To give an instance of their fineness:—"Aurungzeb was, on an occasion, angry with one of his daughters for showing her skin through her clothes. In defence, she replied, that she had *seven jammahs* on." In *Ali Verdi's* time, "a weaver was chastised and expelled from *Dacca*, for neglecting to prevent his cow from eating up a piece of *Abroan*, which had been spread on dewy grass, and had become undistinguishable from it." Various were the descriptions of cotton goods then manufactured in the country. To quote *Baboo Kissen Mohun Mullick*, they "consisted of *Mullmulls* and *Subnams*, *Luckhipore Baf-tahs*, and *Tandah Khassas*. The qualities of the latter were like those of cambrics and thick *jaconets*, that were of much higher value than those of the present British fabrics. *Subnams*, esteemed for their extraordinary fineness and durability, were popular in every part of the world, and, in those days the pride of our Eastern manufacturers, sold as high as Rs. 80 to 125 per piece of 20 yards by 36 inches, fitted for the garments of even Princes." There were also many other kinds, such as *Dooreahs*, *Toosies*, *Gurrahs*, *Roomals*, *Kustas*, *Dosootas*. *Dopattas*, *Chaitars*, *Tunsuks*, *Gungajels*, *Bahadersahies*, *Gerbksooties*, *Saloos*,

and *Salaheties*. India now teemed with workmen at the loom and spindle. The whole length and breadth of the land was dotted with manufacturing towns. Their activity received a great impulse from the progress of navigation and maritime discovery. Europe opened a direct communication via the Cape, and acquired a taste for the Indian cottons. Under the name of *Piece Goods*, a term that now first came into use, those cottons found a large consumption in the markets of Europe. Portugal, Spain, Holland, England, and France, all carried away the Indian *calico* in their ships. The name *calico* is derived from *Calicat*; and was first adopted and applied by the Portugese to the cotton tissues exported from that port. Indian cotton goods sold then also at Smyrna and Cyprus, in Pegu, Malaca, China, and the Isles of the Archipelago. Our country occupied at this period the proud position of the first manufacturing power in the world. "In those days, she had no rival, weak or formidable, to compete with. She had all the advantages of a monopoly."*

Many are the testimonies relative to the exquisite degree of perfection to which the Hindus have carried the productions of the loom. But I think no testimony is so valuable and of so much weight, as that which has been left behind by Mill. It is the testimony of one who deliberately made it his business to disparage and run down the Hindus, and every thing belonging to the Hindus. In the opinion even of such a prejudiced writer, "the manufacture of no modern nation can, in delicacy and fineness, vie with the textures of Hindustan." "Of all the Indian manufactures," says Elphinstone, "the most remarkable is that of cotton-cloth, the beauty and delicacy of which were so long admired, and which in fineness of texture has never yet been approached in any other country." It would be endless to multiply such quotations. Suffice it, therefore, to remark that neither France, with its most ingenious people in Europe, nor England, which now boasts of its greatness as a manufacturing country, is doing any thing more than striving to attain the standard

of perfection that has been set by India. With all their skill they have not been able yet to outstrip our nation.

Certainly, the practical reader of the present day will not be satisfied with an account, which only impresses the mind with an idea of the extent to which the cotton manufacture of India flourished in past times, or shows the point of perfection to which it was carried ; but does not at all give the prices at which the different descriptions of goods formerly sold. It is the cheapness or dearness of such goods compared with foreign manufactures, upon which the great question of the revival of our cotton industry hinges. No direct evidence bearing upon the subject exists. But inferential evidence may so far supply the deficiency of positive data, as to enable us to arrive at a fair conclusion. It is a great mistake of my countrymen, to attribute the dearness of indigenous cotton goods solely to hand-looms, and overlook two important items, which seriously tell upon and affect first the price of raw cotton, and next the price of cotton manufactures. Those items are land-rent, and wages. High assessment, periodically made higher either by the State or the landlord, and high rates for labour, have done more to ruin our cotton-trade, than Machinery. They have made dear also many other articles, which are being pushed out of the market. Land-rent was never so high as under the English administration. Under cheap land-rent and cheap labour, was formerly grown cheap raw-cotton, with which the present American cotton could scarcely have competed. From cheap raw-cotton, were produced cheap cotton textures. This inferential evidence as to cheap prices, is well borne out by the positive evidence on record in the *Ayeen Akberi*. The reader may as well find stated in it the rates of assessment and the rates for labour, as the prices of various cotton goods. So many as forty kinds are mentioned, but I shall quote the prices of only some of them.

Cotton Cloths.

Khassah	3	Rupees to 15 mohurs per piece.
Chowtar	2	Rupees to 9 mohurs ,,

Cotton Cloths.

Mülmuls 4	Rupces to	5 mohurs	per piece
Tunsok 4	Rupces to	5 mohurs	„
Gungajel 4	Rupces to	5 mohurs	„
Sehen 1	Rupce to	3 mohurs	„
Assawely 1	to	5 mohurs	„
Baftah 1½	Rupce to	5 mohurs	„
Saloo 3	Rupces to	2 mohurs	„
Doorcah 6	Rupces to	2 mohurs	„
Bahadersshahy	... 6	Rupces to	2 mohurs	„
Gerbshooty	... 1½	to	2 mohurs	„
Doputteh 1	Rupce to	1 mohur	„
Ketancheh	... 1	Rupce to	1 mohur	„
Goshpeytsch	... 1	to	2 Rupces	„
Chintz 2	Dams to	1 Rupce per Ell.	
Salahety 2	Dams to	4 Dams.	„

I have thus, one after another, dwelt upon all those important branches of industry, which have been cultivated by our nation from the commencement of its history, and the attainments in which have evoked the admiration of the world. Only the useful arts and trades, forming the public resource of a country, come within the scope and object of this paper. It would be out of place here, from a commercial point of view, to say any thing on our architecture, or ornamental arts. Let me, however, make but a passing allusion to some of them, in order to give a completeness to my sketch. I am not unprepared to acknowledge the little progress made by our nation, either in Painting, or Sculpture. There are extant no better specimens of ancient Hindoo painting, than the frescoes at Adjunta, which lag far behind the works of Italian artists. There is no better proof of ancient Hindoo sculptural skill than that afforded by the bas-reliefs at Sanchi, Amrávati, and Orissa, which make not the remotest approach to Grecian excellence. Notwithstanding the elegant representations of plants, “with graceful stalks, delicate leaves, tender buds, and full-blown flowers,” such as are found on the great Buddhist tower at Sarnath, —

notwithstanding the instances of remarkable figures of animals, such as were presented by the elephants at Kaiser Bagh, in Lucknow, and the tiger of Tippoo crouching over a British soldier; or of human beings, such as were the figures of Jeimul and Putto, described by Bernier, all of which show or showed not a little meritorious execution, still it must be admitted, that, in general, the art of sculpture has been practised with no more than ordinary success by the Indians. They have, however, developed the art of music to a high degree of perfection. The fiddle and guitar are Oriental inventions. Nārada's *vinā* was typical of the Eolian harp. With reference to architecture, I need only remind the reader of the rock-cut temples at Ellora and Elephanta, of the temples at Bhuvunesara and Kanarak, of the pagodas at Trichinopoli, of the pillar at Cheetore, of the Kutub Minar, and of that world's wonder—the Taj. The Hindoos are said not to have known to construct an arch. The point has been contested by Baboo Rajendra Lala Mitra, and its decision awaits the light of further researches. Mr. Hunter admits the knowledge of corbelling arches by the people of ancient Orissa. The Hindus of old constructed bridges, spanning rivers. The Mahomedan bridge, at Juanpore, is "constructed of stone, so well cemented, that it is comparatively unimpaired, though nearly three centuries old, during which period it has resisted the floods, which sometimes sweep over it in enormous volumes."* It did not cost more to build this bridge, than thirty lacs of rupees. The Indians tapped wells of considerable depth and breadth, with galleries, and a broad flight of steps. They dug canals and tanks, some of the latter "forming lakes, many miles in circumference." They raised dams and embankments, which "are magnificent works, both in respect to elevation and solidity." With regard to our irrigation works, let me quote the following passage from the evidence of Sir Charles Trevelyan, before the Indian Finance Committee:—"The Madras Presidency is covered with the

* Thornton's Gazetteer.

remains of ancient tanks erected by natives in former generations, and to restore them would be a blessed work. I will give a remarkable instance. When I was Governor of Madras, when the first steps were taken to commence the operations of the Madras Irrigation Company, I remember that Sir Arthur Cotton, who had the management, suggested to me that in order to put the Irrigation Company in heart, we should let them begin with a particular work of the character I mention, a self-contained work. He threw a bund between two hills, and it paid Rs. 1,000 per cent., at least enormously. I believe the comparison between that tank and the great undertaking of the Madras Irrigation Company, *represents a difference between paying and non-paying irrigation*. Well, next to the individual tank, I should put the anicut that is down up the water of rivers. Here we are *copying* the example of the natives of India." To cut short and conclude the sketch, let it be stated that in the construction even of Language, the Indians have beat all other nations—the Sanscrit being "of a wonderful structure; more perfect than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either."

The above is a short *resumé* of the past art-history of our nation. Let me follow it up with an account of the principal seats of the various trades and industries, to show the extent to which they were spread over the country, and the effect they produced upon its condition. Numerous as are the cities and towns that dot the surface of India, the villages into which its area is subdivided, are countless. In each of these villages, the potter and the smith, the carpenter and the weaver, the washerman and the barber, the doctor and the musician, the dancing-girl and the poet, the shepherd and the astrologer, the schoolmaster and the priest, are all indispensable members to represent the different trades and professions they follow. Near Beejapore, in the Soubah of Berar, "the mountains," says Abul Fazil, "produce all the requisites for making

Glass and Soap." That gilded glass was formerly manufactured in Behar, has already been mentioned. The pottery of India has flourished most in the North-Western Provinces. Sind and the adjacent countries have been its famous seat from antiquity. Good paper was made in Behar. The best place of ivory manufacture in ancient times is not known. Berhampore must have become noted since the seat of government was removed to Moorshedabad. The most noted place for curious inlaid and carved works, was Guzerat. Mosaic work was practised with the highest success in and about Agra. The marble quarries of Jeypore on the one hand, and the various precious stones of Bundelcund on the other, were the particular advantages which that city possessed for prosecuting it. It was, besides, the capital of Akber, Jehangir, and Shah Jehan, whose numerous architectural monuments gave a considerable impetus to the art. Kooftegari flourished most in the Punjaub. The chief seat of Bidree works was Beder, in the South, from which place the art has evidently derived its name. Formerly, as now, the best rose-waters were made near Ghazipur. The principal place for Lime was Sylhet. Saltpetre was a manufacture of Behar, which abounds in fields of nitre. The trade was a monopoly in the hands of the Mahomedan Governors, and it was cultivated by farming. Salt was obtained from the beds of rock-salt in the Punjaub, from the Sambhur Lake, from the Runn, and from brine pits on the two great sea-boards of our Peninsula. The principal sugar district of India extends all through the Valley of the Ganges, from Rohilcund to the Delta. But the finest quality of that staple has always been grown in the vicinity of Benares—the great centre of wealth and seat of polite society to consume the best sorts of Hindoo confectionery. In Behar, sugarcane was cultivated in great abundance, and in high perfection. In Bengal, the celebrated sugar-surung, in those days, was Bacta, near Burdwan. The Dye-trade was then carried on in Guzerat, in the neighbourhood of Agra, and in Bengal.

Our iron works have immemorially flourished in
 Seats of the Iron- quarters abounding with fuel. Nature
 trade. has so provided, that iron is always
 found in the neighbourhood of wood and coal. The
 reader must have taken note, in a preceding page, of the
 existence of smelting furnaces at ancient Hastinapoor.
 This was not far from modern Roorkee, where there is
 now a great European workshop. The Hindu work-
 shop anciently was supplied with the ores and timber
 of Kemayun, in its vicinity. They used to quarry
 then, in the neighbourhood of Jubbulpore, a black iron
 sand, in which there was an extensive traffic, under the
 name of *Dhao*. This was smelted and made up into all
 descriptions of native implements and cutlery. The
 famous *Katans* were from a place, called Katangi, near
 that town. The great iron districts of Bengal have
 always been Beerbhoom and Bancoorah. From near
 Soorce, a considerable iron ore was procured, which used
 to be carried across the country on bullocks, to Jeagunge
 and Bhogwangola. Bonpasa was the great seat of iron
 manufacture in Burdwan. The hardware and cutlery of
 this place were consumed within a large area. Many
 were the iron mines scattered over, and worked in the
 country. But the most important depôt for iron ware,
 on this side of India, was Mongyr, situated on the
 borders of a great iron and coal country. In speaking
 of this place, so late as 1821, Bishop Heber* says :—
 “The shops were numerous, and I was surprised at the
 neatness of the kettles, tea-trays, guns, pistols, toasting-
 forks, cutlery, and other things of the sort which may
 be procured in this tiny Birmingham. I found after-
 wards that this place had been from very early antiquity
 celebrated for its smiths, who derived their art from the
 Hindoo Vulcan, who had been solemnly worshipped, and
 is supposed to have had a workshop here.” The iron
 and steel of Salom, in Southern India, have been remark-
 able also from a long period. “Specimens brought from
 that place,” says Dr. Spry, “were highly approved of
 by the manufacturers at Sheffield.” Trichinopoly is yet
 noted for its artistic vessels and vases in metal. Filigree

work as executed at Dacca, in Orissa, and in Jeypore. Armour was manufactured in Rajpootana, in the Punjaub, and at Lucknow. Not an ounce of iron was imported by ancient India. From the innumerable forges scattered in the land—in every rude hamlet and village, were then turned out the spades, knives, razors, padlocks, and nails, which sold all over the kingdom.

The mining industry of India was not confined solely to iron, but was extended also to other metals. "There are," says Abul Fazil, "mines of gold, lead, silver, iron, and copper in Kemayun." Col. Tod speaks of a silver mine having been worked in ancient Rajpootana, which has been exhausted. The mines of precious stones have been worked in India from a remote antiquity. Till the discovery of diamonds was made at Brazil, in 1728, no diamond mines were known besides those in the East Indies. The most celebrated diamond mine in the world, is that of Golconda, which has been alluded to by Sinbad, and the Mahomedan prince of which kingdom, in the 17th century, used "to count his diamonds by the sack."* There were other mines worked at Beejapore, and at Sumbulpore in Bengal. Emeralds and other precious stones existed in Bundelcund. Pearls were fished near Ceylon, and at Tuticorn. The great mineral wealth consisting in coal, was then unknown to the Indians.

The silk that was carried as a present to Yudisthira, ^{Sents of the Silk and Shawl trades.} must have gone from Bengal. It was in Bengal that Noor Jehan imbibed her taste for silks. In India, this is the country that has always largely cultivated and produced that staple. The places that, in early times, were the seats of industry in it, have now become entirely forgotten. The marts that acquired celebrity in later days, are Maldah, Jungypur, and Kasimbazar. "It is not possible to conceive," says Bernier, "the quantity of silks and silk stuffs of all sorts drawn every year from Bengal for the supply of the whole of the Mogul empire, as far as Lahore and

Cabul, and generally of all those foreign nations to which the cotton cloths are sent. The silks are certainly not so fine as those of Persia, Syria, Said, and Baruth, but they are of a much lower price; and I know from indisputable authority that, if they were well selected and wrought with care, they might be manufactured into most beautiful stuffs." But Bengal has never made any brocades. The great manufacturing town for such costly textures was then, as it still is, Benares. They were made also at Jemalabad and Mow. The places noted for lace-making were Banares and Lucknow. The shawl-trade has scarcely ever prospered out of Cashmere. The finest carpets of old were made at Masulipatam. At Jaunpore, Nerwal, and some other places, were manufactured woollen carpets. Blankets were made at Agra. Scarcely any kind of foreign silk was then known here. India consumed her own manufactures. Her children then decked themselves in country-made silks, velvets, and embroidered cloths.

The chief seat of the manufacture of the realer, cotton, ^{Seats of the cotton-trade.} was anciently Sonargaon, and in Mahomedan days, Dacca. The two towns may be regarded as identical, and formed the great *Cottonopolis* of the ancient world. The antiquity of Dacca is traced to very remote days. It is said to have been visited by Vikramaditya, whence probably is its third name—Vikrampore. Roman ships, in the days of Pliny and Ptolemy, sailed up the Brahmaputra for its fine *Kharpas* tissues. "In Sircar Sonargong, is fabricated a very beautiful cloth called Khassa. In the town of Catarehsoonder is a large reservoir of water, which gives a peculiar whiteness to the cloths that are washed in it."* I cannot do better than quote the words of Bernier, in order to give an idea of the great activity in our cotton-manufacturing trade that prevailed in Bengal in past times. "There is in that province such a quantity of cotton and silks, that the kingdom may be called the common store

* The Ayeen Akberi.

house for those two kinds of merchandise, not of Hindoostan only, but of all the neighbouring kingdoms, and even of Europe. I have been sometimes amazed at the vast quantity of cotton cloths, of every sort, fine and coarse, white and colored, which the Dutch alone export to different places, especially to Japan and Europe. The English, the Portuguese, and the native merchants deal also in these articles to a considerable extent." Bengal has always been the great cotton manufacturing country of India. Next to it, in point of eminence, ranked the Coromandel. There stood Mesolia, or modern Masulipatam, celebrated for the manufacture of a variety of cotton tissues, some of which yet maintain their ground. In its neighbourhood was a place called Madapollam, now scarcely known, whence textures of that description took their name. The third great seat of cotton industry was at Barygaza, and its neighbourhood. The Periplus notices two marts in Dachnabades, or ancient Deccan. One of them was Plithana, "lying twenty days' journey to the south from Barygaza." The other was "Tagara a very great city, about ten days' journey towards the east from Plithana. Goods were brought from thence on carts, and over very great ascents, to Barygaza; from Plithana, many onyx stones, and from Tagara, *ordinary linen*." Tagara has been identified with Deogiri, or Dowlatabad, in Ahmednugger—and the ordinary linen from thence was no more than the products of the great cotton-country of Berar, in those days. The marts thus noticed, have remained the chief and busy hives of industry through all vicissitudes in the lapse of ages. The Sonargong of the ancient Hindoos has only changed its name for Dacca—the change in its site, being quite immaterial. Mesolia is now recognised in Masulipatam. In the place of Barygaza, there is Surat, in its close proximity. Below these first-class marts, ranked many minor ones that sprung up in the Mahomedan period. They were Agra,—which was full of "artificers of every denomination," Boorhanpore—which was "famous for the manufacture of a fine stuff called Abusteh," Dhu-

rungaon—where were manufactured the cloths called Sirysas and Bhiron, with the fine cotton of Kandeish, Putten—"the cotton cloths of which were transported to great distances," Mhow, Juanpore, Patna, and Tandah. Next in respectability stood such places as Ambika, Khirpai, Santipore, Balasore, and others. The country was then dotted with innumerable spinning and weaving villages. Unfortunately for comparison, there are no statistics of the past industry of India. To this day, no steps have been taken to gather information on the subject. Considering ancient Dacca, which formerly sent forth its goods to the farthest ends of the then known world, to have occupied the position of modern Manchester, it cannot be stated of the former, as we can state of the latter, that so many *churkas* plied in it daily; that so many looms and spindles were worked monthly in that city; that so many thousands of operatives were engaged in the trade, and that so many lacs of rupees annually resulted as profit to its spinners and weavers. None of these facts can be ascertained with arithmetical accuracy and precision. The gigantic dimensions of the trade must be inferred from the gigantic dimensions of the realm. The country must be imagined to have hummed with the plying noise of the churka. The bi-weekly markets, each in the centre of a number of villages, mostly agricultural, which supplied its wants from it, and the greater periodic fairs and *bazaars* at which superior kinds of goods are brought, must be considered to have been outlets by which the products of the looms were poured forth over the whole land—and the so many emporia were the gates through which they passed out for foreign nations. The principal seats of the print-trade were in Bengal, and at Masulipatam. In the latter place was made the best chintz. Bernier mentions that the Dewani Aum of Shah Jehan was spread with a rich chintz carpet from Masulipatam. "The superior colors," says the same writer, "of the Masulipatam chintzes or cloths, painted by the hand, whose freshness seems to improve by washing, are ascribed to the water peculiar to that town."

It has been remarked by Dr. Hunter, that "the ^{The flourishing state of past India.} echoes of ancient life in India little resemble a Sicilian Idyl or the strains of Pan's pipe, but strike the ear rather as the cries of oppressed and wandering nations, of people in constant motion and pain—and that the state of the country was a state of unrest.*" Doubtless, that a well systematized organization, which is the great virtue of English rule in India, has checked all internal or foreign disturbance to the political repose of the country. But proofs exist which warrant us to indulge in a pleasing retrospect, that is denied by a writer who ignores the sufferings caused by the avarice which underlies the entire policy of Britain in the East. The evils of anarchy then were more than counter-balanced by the blessings of a wide spread material prosperity. Modern European writers are naturally inclined to entertain the highest opinion of their own rule, but we are told by ancient Greek writers that India "teemed with population, and enjoyed the highest degree of prosperity" in their days. It had "royal roads" and "milestones." It had "an excellent police." There were "numerous commercial cities and ports for foreign trade." The people were "skilled in manufactures." The "presents made by the Princes indicated wealth.†" Fa Hian and Hwen Thsang bear similar testimony to the flourishing condition of the country. The Arab travellers, in the ninth and tenth centuries, give brilliant accounts of our nation's past opulence. Marco Polo does the same thing. The accounts, left behind by Ebn Battuta, give the impression of a highly prosperous country filled with many large and populous towns and cities. In the time of Firoz Shah, every ryot had a good house with furniture—a good bed-stead and a neat garden. Timoor was so much struck with the excellence of architecture in India, that he carried Hindoo architects and masons to build his capital Samarcand. Nicolo di Conti, "who travelled about A. D. 1420, speaks highly of what he saw about

* "Annals of Rural Bengal."

† Elphinstone.

Guzerat, and found the banks of the Ganges covered with towns, amidst beautiful gardens and orchards." Two centuries later, Barbosa and Bartema, corroborate the same accounts. The latter, in particular, describes Cambay "as a remarkably well-built city, in a beautiful and fertile country, filled with merchants of all nations, and with artisans and manufacturers like those of Flanders."* Baber speaks of Hindustan "as a rich and noble country, abounding in gold and silver; and expresses his astonishment at the swarming population, and the innumerable workmen in every trade and profession."† "The manual arts in the time of Jehangir," remarks Elphinstone, "were in a high state, and were not confined to those peculiar to the country. One of Sir Thomas Roe's presents was a coach, and within a very short period several others were constructed, very superior in materials, and fully equal in workmanship." The Fancy fairs and Industrial Exhibitions of the 19th century, were not unknown in Mogul times. They were held on a smaller scale, but they exercised the same beneficial influence. Under the name of *Khosroz*, fairs were annually held by Akber and Shah Jehan, in which the wives and daughters of the aristocracy assembled and exposed for sale their artistic wares and goods. "There are many parts of India," says Bernier, "where the population is sufficiently abundant, and the land pretty well tilled; and where the artisan, although indolent, is yet reduced to the necessity of attending to his work, in manufacturing carpets, brocades, embroideries, gold and silver cloths, and the various sorts of silk and cotton goods, which are used in the country or exported abroad." Speaking of the Kashmirians, the same author remarks:—"They are very active and industrious. The workmanship and beauty of their palankeens, bedsteads, trunks, inkstands, boxes, spoons, and various other things, are quite remarkable, and articles of Kashmire manufacture are in use in every part of India. They perfectly understand the art of

* Elphinstone.

† The same.

varnishing, and are eminently skilful in closely imitating the beautiful veins of a certain wood, by inlaying with gold threads so delicately wrought that I never saw anything more elegant or perfect." "Want of genius," says Bernier, "is not the reason why works of superior art are not exhibited at the capital. If the artists and manufacturers were encouraged, the useful and fine arts would flourish; but these unhappy men are contemned, treated with harshness, and inadequately remunerated for their labour. The rich will have every thing at a cheap rate." Forster, travelling towards the end of the 18th century, writes:—"The Native Princes and Chiefs of various descriptions, the retainers of numerous dependents, offered constant employment to a vast number of ingenious manufacturers, who supplied their masters with gold and silver stuffs curiously flowered, plain muslins, a diversity of beautiful silks, and other articles of Asiatic luxury." Thus the accounts of all writers, native as well as foreign, agree, from a material point of view, in representing the state of past India as one of high prosperousness. The kingdom spread like an illimitable garden rich with cultivation. It abounded with cattle of every kind. "Not less than five and six thousand horses for sale," says Jehangir, "daily enter the city (Agra) from Cabul and the countries in that direction, and such is the rapidity with which they are disposed of, that not one is to be purchased on the succeeding day.*" The empire was filled with numerous towns and cities that were opulent hives of industry. It was dotted with endless markets and bazaars. It swarmed with artizans and workmen of every description. The people made use of their own mineral resources. They consumed the manufactures of their own forges. They ate their own indigenous salt. They wore the fabrics of their own looms. In short, the value of the produce of the soil was then swelled by the value of the fruits of domestic industry—a condition of things from which the country could not but have highly prospered. Certainly, I can-

* Jehangir's Autobiography.

not be blind to its having suffered from anarchy, intolerance, and persecution. But cruelty was as much the inherent vice of Mahomedan rule, as avarice is now the inherent vice of English rule,—a vice which has drained, ruined, and pauperised our nation by eating up the substance of the country. It is the vice, which knows no satiety, and augurs evil to the gorgeous but glass-house empire that has been built. †

Here I close my review of the *past* of the manufactures of India. I am fully conscious that the sketch laid before the reader is imperfect and ill-digested, but I trust that my example will be followed by others who can bring greater leisure, reading, and ability to do the justice which the subject deserves. The motive which has principally actuated me to compile the account, is to combat the saying that *India is an agricultural country*. No maxim is more sedulously inculcated by our rulers, than “that India’s legitimate function in the economy of the world is to grow raw produce, and supply it to the factories of Europe.” * In other words, we should be but tillers of the soil, and remain content under that lot. How outrageous a slur this upon the civilization of our nation—upon our ancient commercial and manufacturing prestige, and upon our genius and taste for artistic inventions ! How this misrepresents the true state of things, and ignores our celebrated products of the forge and loom—our Cashmere shawls, our Dacca muslins, our Benares brocades, our Masulipatam carpets, our Punjaub and Jeypore arms, our Cuttack filigree, our Hyderabad Bidree, our Agra mosaics, our excellent enamelling, and our unrivalled ittur of roses ! Unchallenged has this sophism passed for years, and it has produced its effects by telling on our gullibility, and fascinating and unmaning our nation, so that it has got itself drifted and

† Conscious of the gross injustice, in all respects, done to India, it is the Europeans themselves, who, unable to get over the distrust of the Natives, always think their empire to be insecure, and try by all sorts of measures to guard against its instability.

* Mr. Beverley.

plunged into the state of hewers of wood and drawers of water. They are false prophets, who would preach and persuade us to be mere turf-heavers, and clod-breakers, and growers of raw produce. History bears the most unimpeachable testimony to our bygone commercial enterprises and industrial achievements. The *Indian Corner*, in the great Crystal Hall Exhibition, in 1851, gave the best and the most emphatic denial to the cant so commonly perpetrated. With ample evidence under record in our favour, I was not wrong to have elsewhere expressed the opinion, that "the Indians were at one time not only the first agricultural, but the first manufacturing and commercial nation in the world." I believe I then uttered no platitude, and indulged in no idle national vanity. The commercial greatness of the Indians has been made sufficiently apparent in a preceding number. I consider them to have, at one time, been the first agricultural nation, because they grew various cereals, cotton, indigo, sugar, and most of the valuable staples of commerce, when no other nation knew, much less grew them. England, that has now invented the steam plough and other improved implements, did not, in the seventeenth century, perfectly understand the rotation of crops,* which our forefathers understood two thousand years ago. The only commodities that had been neglected and which remained unutilized, were opium and tea. Potatoe and tobacco were not indigenous vegetables. Thirdly, our nation had been anciently the first manufacturing nation, because they wove, and worked, and manufactured for others, while none wove, or worked, or manufactured for them. The people of no other part of the earth have ever depended so little upon foreign countries, either for their necessities or luxuries, as the Hindus. The blessings of our favourable climate and the fertility of our soil, augmented by our own ingenuity, have always afforded to us whatever is desirable to enhance the comforts of life. Nations, who now boast of their skill and ingenuity, are

* Macaulay.

but of yesterday. India has a manufacturing reputation from the dawn of civilization. The arts and industries are with us traditional. They may be said to have first germinated, and attained full flower in our country—invention was born, nurtured, and matured on our soil. The national pride of foreigners may hesitate to acknowledge the fact, that Hindu civilization once exercised the same influence on the destinies of the human race, which European civilization does now. It is India which has taught the most useful and valuable arts to mankind. In giving expression to the above cited opinion, I followed it up with the statement, that ‘in the same manner that Manchester now clothes the modern nations, did India clothe the ancient nations with its silks, muslin, and chintz—exciting the alarm of the Roman politicians to drain their empire of its wealth.’ But Mr. Beverley has remarked, that, in making this statement, I have “allowed my imagination to get ahead of the actual facts,” because “India never clothed more than an infinitesimal portion of the ancient world.” True, nowhere in past India was there such a great workshop to strike the mind of a beholder, as Manchester now presents, with its hundreds of bristling chimneys, its gigantic warehouses, its mills some of them containing 300,000 spindles and employing 5000 workpeople, and its 85 crores of rupees for capital of the trade. One stands aghast in wonderment before the scene, and thinks a solitary Indian weaver at work like an insect, noiselessly, with primeval and seemingly rude implements—a veritable insect in comparison. Even if an Englishman, the beholder is apt to forget his homely national adage “many a little makes a mickle,” that an army of even insects is no joke, as we know to our cost by the depredations of flights of locusts, &c., that an insect, if it cannot astonish by quantity, may do so by quality, of work—as all the world knows from the admiration it has lavished on the woollens of Cashmere, the embroidered silks of Benares and Guzerat, the silver work of Dacca and Cuttack, and above all the flowered cottons and cotton spiders’ webs of East Bengal. The true comparison is

not between an English mill with its two thousand or three thousand workingmen assisting steam power and an Indian blacksmith's shop or weaver's family at work, or between a British manufacturing town with its hundreds of chimneys and an Indian with none at all, but between English thousands of hands working on imported material and Indian millions of hands working on country raw produce—between England manufacturing necessarily for foreign marts and India manufacturing for the most part for home consumption. After all, there is only one Manchester in all England, and one Glasgow in all Scotland—whereas in India, the whole realm formerly presented one vast hive swarming with countless numbers. The marks of manufacturing life covered the length and breadth of the land. England works on the principle of the factory system, and her mill-owners are princes with colossal fortunes. India has always worked on the communal principle—whether in respect of land, manufactures, or commerce—distributing property into every hand and household. It is under the English régime, that a handful of Zemindars have grown owning all the landed property in Bengal, Behar, and Orissa. England chiefly clothes her enslaved subject-millions, whereas India clothed nations from the Ultima Thule to China. The same people whom England now clothes, were all formerly clothed, more or less, by India, and there were other people besides. To this day, does India clothe 40 per cent. of her population.* Backs which remained uncovered then, remain naked down to the present time. In the backwoods of Orissa, there yet go many thousands without a strip of cloth upon their bodies. Impartially considered, the position of India, for a manufacturing power, is better than that of England. The latter depends on her foreign and colonial commerce, which is at the mercy of the enemy's cannon-ball. India grows her own raw-material, and has plenty of customers at home, and, therefore, occupies a more solid position. It is only the superior-

* Half yearly Report of the Calcutta Chamber of Commerce, for May, 1873.

ity of physical power that has turned the tables, and nothing else. The rudeness of the tools is not a cogent argument, when, with them, has been attained the highest and most exquisite degree of perfection. I reserve for discussion the point of cheapness at a subsequent occasion.* To strip naked the disguised truth, the English want to reduce us all to the condition of agriculturists. It would be impolitic for them to rear up great or rich men among us. They are afraid of the consequences of intelligence and wealth in our nation. Hence the fashion to cry us down into an agricultural people. Hence the dust thrown into our eyes. England's boast as a manufacturing power would be at an end, if India followed her own trades and industries. Hence the persistent dissemination of the opinion that India's appointed vocation is agriculture. But the Natives are now sufficiently competent to see through the hollowness of that opinion—and to feel that they can be the same commercial and manufacturing people that their forefathers had once before been. Let the Legislature be disposed to help us towards that end. Let us receive a commercial and industrial education. Allow us a share in the administration, and to frame our own Tariff—and, with perhaps at starting a bit of patriotism to refuse to buy foreign goods, the children of India will prove to the world whether Providence has willed them to be mere agriculturists, or whether they cannot dethrone King Cotton of Manchester, and once more re-establish their sway in the cotton-world.

* I propose to discuss this point in the paper on the *present* of the cotton-trade of India. But the question has already been taken up for ventilation, on the movement made by the Bombay Chamber of Commerce to abolish the duty on imported cotton goods. I refer the reader to the *Englishman* of 5th and 6th December current, and I beg also to draw the attention of Baboo Kissen Mohun Mullick, who writes so despairingly of the success of his countrymen in the competition.

WILLOW-DROPS.

PART I.

I.

DISTRACTED,—heart-sore,—all wild with unrest,
I take my harp,—my joy of early years,
Hoping perchance its notes may soothe the breast,
Which weeps and weeps, nor finds relief in tears.—

II.

Tears shed when o'er the world shines Phœbus' glare,
Tears shed when Dian wields her milder power ;
Tears shed amidst the whirl of worldly care,
Tears shed in pensive musing's silent hour.

III.

They say that distance blunts the edge of woe,
They say that time doth heal the sorest smart ;
Is this true ? It may be so—I do not know ;—
I only know that fresher bleeds my heart.

IV.

My heart ? a wreck of feelings drown'd in grief !
A tomb where lie the joys that once have been !
A wither'd stem that breaks not into leaf,
Nor knows the summer glow or vernal green !

V.

Why pine I thus, why nurse a wasting care ?
O heart, wrap thee in pride !—my love cares not
For me : alas, I cannot—cannot bear
That agonizing—blinding,—madd'ning thought !

VI.

"They jest at scars who never felt a wound,"
They mock at griefs who never won and lost :—
How can they, who cling to the firm-set ground,
Conceive the trials of the tempest-tost ?

VII.

O friends, who ne'er have known a lover's woes,—
Ne'er thought a lover's thoughts nor felt his thrills,
Believe me, that the love-struck bosom grows
More sensitive far than the plant that feels.

VIII.

There's more spell in my mistress' beaming eyes
Than ye can know, who ne'er those eyes did see ;
One smile from them,—where Love in ambush lies,—
Is worth much more than all the world to me.

IX.

I care not for the treasures of the deep,
To me more dear the treasure of her love ;
One warm embrace, one kiss from her sweet lip,
To me were worth more than the heav'ns above.

X.

Day follows night, and shine still follows shade, .
And calm succeeds to ruffling storm ; but Oh,
Perpetual glooms my weary soul pervade,
And rise perpetual thence storm-sighs of woe !

XI.

I loved,—I love,—I still must love till death,
The flame will burn like Ghebers' fire for aye ;
It warms my sighs, 'twill warm my latest breath,
Till lost in blaze of an eternal day.

XII.

Thy moon-bright face, thy dark eye's lightning play,
Thy sweet breath, thy lip's pouting loveliness,
Thy lily form rich with the blooms of May,
Thy raven locks where Love hangs on each tress ;

XIII.

Thy dimpled cheek, thy blue-veined marble brow,
Thy voice whose notes on th' ear like music steal ;—
When first I saw and heard, a something thou
I thought which words can ne'er—oh ne'er reveal !

XIV.

Could words reflect like to a mirror clear,
Or bring thee out with photographic art,
The sternest theist would kneel to thee, I fear,
A burning—lost idolator in heart !

XV.

Did I say, I thought? Oh ! I think thee yet,
A lovely vision in a morning dream,—
A breathing ray,—conception animate,—
Yea, Cupid's Psyche by a golden stream !

XVI.

I felt the force of all thy charms at once,
Like to a blow dealt by a spirit-hand ;
Like lightning bright—yet fraught with death, thy glance
I could not—oh who could indeed—withstand.

XVII.

But years came and fled, I saw thee not,
And still a life-long hunger gnawed my breast ;
But years came and fled, no relief they brought,
And still that life-long hunger marred my rest !

XVIII.

Oh, blame me not if I could ne'er forget
The charms which so enthralled my yielding heart,
Not e'en the saints who upon Vishnu wait
Could long resist their piercing dart.

XIX.

At length we met again, and thou wert kind,
And earth below now changed to heaven above ;
O what delirium sweet possessed my mind
In those too happy, happy days of love !

XX.

O, say dost thou think of thy lover yet,—
Of him, who ne'er shall cease to think of thee,
Though oceans rolled 'tween us, and ruthless fate
Kept thee away, my life of life, from me ?

XXI.

Remember'st thou that stilly—witching hour,
When in my arms all trembling thou wert borne—
A blushing peri—to our bridal bow'r,
And Hymen held his torch, and vows were sworn ?

XXII.

Remember'st thou those vows with kisses sealed,—
Thy plight,—thy promises ne'er to forget ;—
When soul wed soul, and hearts with rapture filled,
And ardent glances answ'ring glances met ?

XXIII.

Remember'st thou—thy hand then clasped in mine—
Thou said'st to me in seraph accents sweet :—
“This hand—this heart—my life itself are thine,”
When all entranced down I knelt at thy feet ?

XXIV.

O happy days ! O joys beyond compare !
When hearts dissolved in melting streams away,
And, like the perfume-laden summer air,
We breathed sweet thoughts all redolent of May.

XXV.

O happy days ! when if we did not meet,
Our souls embraced in passion-breathing letters ;
Or struck out scintillations bright of wit,
In which were forged our bonds, our golden fetters

XXVI.

We loved—how tenderly ! each look—each glance
From thee was pregnant with electric fire !
Thy motions—Oh they seemed the circles' dance !
Thy words, rich music from the Muses' lyre !

XXVII.

We loved—we lived amidst a new creation,
And lo ! beneath the shadow of thine own
My soul was lost as in an occultation,
When fades the star, and shines the moon alone !

XXVIII.

We loved, and in that mystic oneness rare
Of twain,—the highest spiritualism giv'n
To man, we breathed blest Eden's balmiest air,
And proved the love by angels shared in heav'n.

XXIX.

As in fair Cynthia's beam all objects lie—
E'en darksome things—embathed in silver light,
So, Love, thou mighty wizard of the sky,
Beneath thy spell charmed nature looks all bright.

XXX.

Through thy prism-glass what gorgeous hues are seen
To tint the meanest things that round us lie !
What gold, and purple, scarlet, blue, and green,
By fairy hands are flung on earth and sky !

XXXI.

There was light—light where'er I turned my gaze,
Light—light in plain and wood and laughing brook ;
Light—light in air and sky, and diamond blaze,
O my nestling dove, in thy radiant look !

XXXII.

In the sweet heaven of thy face were met
Venus and Hesperus fair side by side ;
Oh, who that saw them once could e'er forget
Those twin starlets in all their twinkling pride !

XXXIII.

And Time shook pearls of Joy from off his pinions,
And Fancy strewed our path with richest treasures ;
And all the golden hours, like willing minions,
Waited on us with ever-changing pleasures.

WILLOW-DROPS.

PART II.

I.

WHEN mortal love to heights ethereal flies,
The rarest air oft stops, alas ! its breath ;—
Like pismires new-possessed of wings it dies,—
The growing power but heralds fast its death !

II.

How oft our dreams foreshadow coming fate !
I dreamt that, on the margin of a flood
Which curled in many a sparkling—silver fret,
With a pretty flower on my breast I stood.

III.

The waters dashed on in resistless flow,
As if they sought in motion wished-for rest ;
When lo, it dropped into the stream below—
That pretty flower which adorned my breast.

IV.

And shortly after thou wert taken ill,
And flickered then thy life 'tween day and night ;
At length thou wert spared,—such was Heaven's will,
But love's sweet flower felt a with'ring blight.

V.

And thy look was cold when we met again !
On thy sweet lips one kiss I longed to press,—
I sued with earnest voice but sued in vain :
Coldly in scorn thou turned'st thy icy face.

VI.

All wild,—mad with despair I came away,
While tear-drops fast from conscious heaven fell ;—
Nor once— as was thy wont—thou bad'st me stay,
Nor once, O madd'ning thought, bad'st me farewell !

VII.

I thought it was a case of love in pout,—
I thought thou wert sullen at some offence
I knew not ;—time hath since dispelled my doubt,—
Alas, thy coldness had a deeper sense !

VIII.

I yearned—appealed for one short interview ;
Coldly thou spurned'st my passionate appeal,—
Cold—cold was thy reply ;—thy words were few,
But sharp and cutting as the keenest steel.

IX.

Thy letters penned in passion's blooming hour—
The treasured relics dear of days of yore—
As now I read, each word hath still such pow'r,
With gushing floods at once my eyes brim o'er.

X.

Were these dear words traced by those cruel fingers ?
Were they dictated by that cruel heart ?
Ah, each word is a charm where Cupid lingers,
Like a well-pleased guest still loth to depart.

XI.

That such a heart should dwell in such a mould
A wonder and a marvel seems, I own ;
It is like iron cased in softest gold ;—
The diamond shines, but oh 'tis still a stone !

XII.

And days and weeks and months have come and fled,
And still thyself thou wrapp'st all in pride;—
While evermore I languish—all but dead—
A widower lone, with a living bride!

XIII.

The fire that lives the lofty tree within,
All wildly breaking forth, consumes the wood;—
Just so the flame that burns in me unseen,
Now fiercely raging, makes my heart its food.

XIV.

'Tis said the cause away the evil ceases,
In love, howe'er, this truth but scarcely holds;
For in thy absence still my pain increases,
And Grief coils round my mind her crushing folds.

XV.

Man's passions, like refracted rays of light,
Chameleonize all things on which they play;
Now my despair, into the noon of night,
Turns, as by magic black, the noon of day.

XVI.

There's gloom on earth, and gloom in sky and air,
Gloom in mead—gloom in street—gloom in my room;
Gloom—gloom in sun and moon and stars so fair,—
And in my heart,—the darkness of the tomb!

XVII.

Though false to truth and faithless to thy vow,
Though grown so cold—unkind—and hard to me,
Though like the fickle moon inconstant thou;—
Like dews to dusk, I still am true to thee!

XVIII.

O truth in happier hours between us plighted !
O promises by her so oft repeated !
O vows so warmly made, but now so slighted !
O Love,—all-conquering Love, by her defeated !

XIX.

Where are ye fled ? Ah, cast to winds of heav'n !
But still my heart, as looks a blasted tree
Skywards whence flashed the fire by which 'twas riv'n,
Turns to its tyrant,—turns, my love, to thee !

XX.

Thou didst love me once as thy own dear breath,
And call me,—“ my life,”—sitting by my side ;
Beseems thee then with scorn to cause my death ?
My death ! nay, rather thy own suicide !

XXI.

Melt—melt, thou flinty soul, O melt again
In streams of love, and fresh'n my withered heart ;
Softens that breast where once my head hath lain,
And be, my Goddess, kind as once thou wert !

XXII.

I cannot bear this torturing, wild unrest,—
I cannot bear this cruel, ling'ring death ;
O come, if Pity yet doth sway thy breast,
And with one killing glance remove my breath !

RAM SHARMA.

BHOOBONESHOREE

OR

THE FAIR HINDOO WIDOW.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JEALOUSY AND LOVE—A HUSBAND'S MADNESS.

"SINCE the incidents of the memorable night," said Preo Nath, "Kusam had not exchanged a word with her husband. She indeed slept occasionally with him in the same room, but would not look him in the face or turn her eyes to him. It appears that Chunder was resolved to watch his wife and observe her conduct towards the boy whom he honored with the suspicion of being her lover. In his own mind, he had very little doubt of their improper intimacy, but he thought it necessary to detect them in unequivocal guilt before he would be justified in imbruing his hands in his wife's blood, or in committing suicide to avoid the shame of her infamy. His health gave way under the influence of the suspicion that was gnawing his breast. When asked about the cause, he complained of headache, and on that pretext always retired from the outer apartments to his room at an early hour of the night in order to be able to watch the motions of his wife who generally kept herself confined to her bed. To effect his purpose, he concealed himself behind a window of his wife's room, and applying his eye to a chink in the shutter, lay himself in wait for the expected catastrophe.

"Through the hole he could perceive his wife wallowing in her bed. She is impatient for the arrival of her lover, thought he. Observing a tear glide down her cheeks, "O God!" cried he, "she is weeping because the boy is late." Then he heard her heave a profound sigh. "Why do you sigh?" said he as if addressing his wife, "he will be in presently. He can not long stay away, leaving so beautiful a lady to sigh and weep for him."

"But in spite of his prediction, the boy did not come for hours and hours together. "I see," thought he, "I am

right in my supposition. It is she who has fallen madly in love with him. As a boy, he can not yet feel any passion for her, beautiful though she is."

"At last the boy made his appearance to relieve his anxieties. But far from finding relief, his whole frame shook with unearthly passion, and his legs almost refused to support his weight. The boy came in merrily into the room. When Kusam heard his steps at the door, she turned to the other side to conceal her face. Chunder exclaimed, as if still addressing his wife-- "Ah! why conceal your face from one whom you are dying to see? Turn, gentle beauty, and bid him welcome. Ah, you are angry with him for being late! Forgive him this time, he will never again play the truant."

"Supposing his mistress to be asleep, the boy stood irresolute, when he heard a sigh. Not knowing whether she was asleep or awake, he softly glided round her bed to see if her eyes were open or closed. The jealous husband now became pale as if he already saw Kusam cling voluptuously round the boy's neck. The boy, reaching the other side of the bed as noiselessly as before, was surprised to find his mistress in tears. As their eyes met, she rubbed her's to conceal her feelings, but he had seen sufficient to convince him that she was weeping. "Mother," asked he, "why are you weeping? For the last few days, you are always in bed, and the joy that beamed in your countenance before, is seen no more." "Get away!" cried Kusam, "and do not annoy me in that way."

"The husband behind the window thought Kusam affected great anger at the boy's lateness, as a lover's mistress might do. "She will soon come round," said he, "and again try to detain him. Ah! I see he is slowly going away grieved. He is yet too young to learn the arts of women. An older lover would have fallen to her feet to appease her."

"After the boy had reached the door, Kusam thought she had gone too far, and therefore called him back. Chunder seeing his predictions verified, trembled like an aspen leaf. When the boy came near, Kusam

asked him to partake of the sweetmeats lying in a cup over the chest. On examining the dish, the boy found she had not tasted a morsel. "Mother," said he, "you have not even touched this. I know I gave the half to my master, and brought the rest for you. They are just what I left." She felt no appetite, she said, but the boy refused to touch the things unless she partook of a portion, at which she desired him to take three-fourths and leave the rest for herself. The boy complied with this direction, and went away.

"The unhappy husband experienced fearful torment when he heard his wife desire the boy to partake of the sweetmeats. "So," said he, "the lover must have the delicacies prepared for herself, and be a co-sharer with me. It is natural. She cannot taste any thing good without reserving a portion for him. But here she has kept the whole for him. She has lost even her appetite from love. O! mighty accursed passion, there is nothing impossible for thee. She will eat after he has tasted it, the thing being sweetened by his touch."

"But he was rather surprised on seeing the boy depart. He thought he would soon return. So he waited for minutes and then for hours, but still the boy did not come. He started various suppositions to account for his departure. He suspected he had been observed in his hiding place. As this was rather improbable, he thought the boy was a simpleton, and did not know that a woman, however shameless, was to be wooed for her favors. At last he came to the conclusion that they had appointed another time for meeting.

"The next night Chunder like a faithful sentinel was against his post behind the broken window. The boy came at the usual hour, and pouring some fruit at her feet, whispered something into her ear, bringing his face near her face. She smiled a ghastly smile, and told him as before to eat the sweetmeats. On examining the place indicated the boy was grieved to find that his mistress had not tasted the last day's refreshments. Therefore, taking the new dish to her, he said with tears in his eyes that he would not touch the

sweetmeats unless she ate a portion first. Kusam was touched and taking a small morsel, raised it to her mouth."

"All this time, Chunder was in great agony, which increased in intensity when he saw his wife intently gazing on the boy as he sat on the floor to prepare a betel leaf with lime, catechu, areca nut and spices. The boy also frequently looked at his mistress. Chunder thought he detected a guilty blush in her cheeks. The boy rising presented a betel to her lips, and while doing so, had his back turned towards Chunder, who thought he heard them kiss each other. When the boy receded, Chunder intently examined Kusam's face, but the distance at which he stood, did not enable him to discern the marks on her lips or cheeks. But on turning to the boy's face, he was horror-struck to see him chewing betel himself very greedily. For the boy, he thought, had taken out of her mouth a portion of the Pan she was chewing. He felt his head to swim; his feet reeled; his hands released their hold of the window bars, and he sat down in high fever. After a few minutes, however, the boy departed, leaving his master to put what construction he pleased on the above scene. The whispering conversation alluded to before, left no doubt in Chunder's mind that the time for meeting had either been appointed or deferred.

"Thus the ill-fated husband went on, torturing himself day after day with unutterable woes. He left his pleasures, left his amusements, left his occupation, left his food, left his drink, left his sleep, and placing himself behind the broken window, enjoyed the luxury of self-torment. For the last few days he had divided his time between watching his wife and gazing at Bhooboneshoree. It appeared that at first he had nothing except admiration for the latter, being extremely attached to his wife. But as his love for his wife decreased, his passion for Bhooboneshoree grew more intense. At last when he came to hate his wife, he became almost mad in love with Bhooboneshoree. But as often as he stood in the latter's path or gazed at her

face, she either averted her looks or took a different direction.

"Finding his attentions thus repulsed, he at last devoted his body and soul entirely to the service of his wife. He often stood with a sword in hand to guard her room. A military sentinel could not more punctually and faithfully perform his duties in times of war. But all his watching was in vain, till one day when he was about to mount guard, he saw the lovers in a suspicious position. For Kusam was nervously shaking in her bed, while the boy appeared to be just issuing from below a quilt thrown over her body, and had his eyes directed towards the place of his concealment. He felt a lightning instantly to pass through his frame. He cursed himself for not coming a little earlier that he might expose the guilty pair and kill them on the spot. "I have seen sufficient already," muttered he, rather audibly, "to dispel all my doubts, if any existed after the night scene. Besides I can no longer bear the agony which is daily tearing my breast. I must kill her to-night and ravishing Bhooboneshoree, fly across the country. My passion for Bhooboneshoree has become so intense that I can not possibly support my existence without one repast on the sweets of her person. Her favor is out of the question; but if I can commit murder, I may as well add a lesser crime. I must watch the time when she is alone. If her cries prevent the execution of my purpose in its entirety, I shall at least have the satisfaction of holding her in my arms or imprinting a kiss on her cheeks." Then after a pause, he continued, "How I wish she would come to my room alone to intercede in favor of my wife! But although all the other ladies have often annoyed me with such visits, she who could make me do whatever she liked, would never come. I cannot enter her room. But she is a very early riser, and goes to the tank to wash her face and hands when it is still dark. I will meet her there, and carry out my intention far from human sight and hearing. Before her cries can bring the awakened sleepers to her aid, I will have run away a considerable distance from the house."

SONNETS.

THOU knowest how I loved thee, O Romance,
When health and leisure crown'd my youthful days,
And still I love thee for thy winning ways,
Thy wondrous magic power and witching glance.
For at thy bidding shield and polish'd lance,
Helmet and plume before my eager gaze,
Appear dim glimmering thro' times' twilight haze
And steep my senses in a pleasant trance.
I see thee all at once stretch forth thy hand,—
Castles lift up their lordly heads on high,—
Again, from left to right, slow waves thy wand,
And knights start up in iron panoply,—
The lists are form'd,—and hark!—I seem to hear
The trumpets speak in accents stern and clear.

Some say, O sweet Romance, that thou art dead,
That with thy presence thou bless no more
This soul-less earth. where sordid men adore
Not thee but Mammon—all unwearied;
That love for thee from human hearts hath fled :—
—For me, I see thee oft when day is o'er,
The same bright spirit who in times of yore
On heaven and earth such golden radiance shed.
What tho' at Duty's call I've now to fret
Mid ledgers and accounts long weary hours,
Still can I find rare moments to forget
Awhile the work-day world mid birds and flowers,
And hold, O goddess, converse sweet with thee,
And listen to thy tales and minstrelsy.

O. C. PUTT.

REMINISCENCES OF A KERANI'S LIFE.

CHAPTER XVII

A NEW BURRA SAHEB.

“**W**HEREVER you see a head, hit it,” was the advice of some son of the Emerald Isle to his English friend on introducing him to a regular Tipperary row. I have been trying to follow the advice to the best of my power, and have been hitting at every head right and left about me, without, however, doing aught in malice; and, till I am better advised, I intend to follow this course.

We had a good Burra Sahib heretofore in the Treasury; but Burra Sahibs are not fixtures, and the delineation of one does not necessarily describe all others. My old friend was a pious Christian and a good man generally to serve under. His successor is a man of an altogether different stamp. But he is nevertheless a crack financier, and one thoroughly fit for the high post which he has been selected to occupy, except in one respect only, which I shall proceed to explain. In the round of pleasures that he has gone through, he has come in contact with all sorts of scamps—brothers and cousins of his fair acquaintances, pimps and go-betweens, broken-down hotel-keepers and keepers of empty houses, and what not? All these people are of course beggars, loafers, or whatever else you may choose to call them. Their gay friend is now a great man at the Presidency, and he must provide for them all; and the old man is weak and silly enough to yield to their pressure. The former Burra Sahib had never perpetrated a jobbery in office, except in the one instance to which I have referred, when he appointed the son of a personal friend of his, a young and inexperienced fellow, to a post of great importance, in supercession of many experienced and deserving men. But the youngster in question was a respectable man, very respectably

connected, and became in time a passable assistant. The new Burra Sahab filled up every vacancy as it occurred—not one or two, but a dozen—with men most disreputably connected, who never could make good assistants, but whose claims on him were such as he could not set aside. This caused great dissatisfaction in the office; but of course Burra Sahabs are not expected to care much for that. Is this an isolated picture of one high officer in one particular office only, or will the cap fit others? Keranidom would answer the question fully if it could venture to speak out.

One of the assistants of the office had a small parcel containing books to send to England. It had been packed carefully in tin and covered over with wax cloth, when by accident it caught the Burra Sahab's eye. "What business has that parcel in the Treasury?" "None whatever," replied the assistant referred to. "It has only come with me." "What does it contain?" "Books." "What books? I must open the parcel since I find it in the Treasury." "I have no objection to your opening it, sir; only it will cost me a trifle to pack it up again, and I shall also lose the present mail steamer, as there would remain no time to repack it to-day." "I don't care; it must be opened;" and he took up the parcel, and carried it with him into his own room. Shortly after the owner of it was sent for. "Now tell me truly what the parcel contains?" "Books only, as I have said before." "What books?" "I won't say that, because that is not my secret but that of another person." "But when I open the parcel I shall know." "Open it then and please yourself." "But is there anything within to please? Why don't you name the books?" "I could not without the permission of a third party." "Am I right in thinking that you are packing off some obscene books or pictures to England?" "You are completely in the wrong, sir. Books of that description come out from England to this country, and don't go out from this country." "Is there anything within that would interest me in the slightest degree?" "No." "Well then, you may

take away your parcel; but mind, never bring such things into the Treasury again."

The man had, however, some good traits in his character. It is said he loved his wife to distraction, and went mad when she died. In a moment of temporary insanity he attempted suicide. His sirdar bearer had suspected this, and stood concealed behind some almirahs, and when the master's hand was raised to blow out his own brains, the servant rushed out and laid hold of it. In the scramble the pistol went off, but hurt no one. The bearer secured a handsome pension for life. Very well, indeed, had he merited it! Call a nigger coward; it is the fashion to do so; but if this man was not brave, (an unarmed man, attempting to disarm an armed madman) I do not know what bravery is.

CHAPTER XVIII.

APPOINTMENT OF A NEW DUFTRY.

A PETTY post in one of the Departments of the Treasury had fallen vacant—*viz.* that of a duftry on Rs. 5. The candidates were many; a long line of Khans and Meers stood ranged awaiting the arrival of the Burra Saheb, who wished to make the selection himself. During the time of the former Burra Saheb there was a similar vacancy in the post of a durwan, with a similar parade of up-country athletes. The selection in both cases was characteristic. The former Burra Saheb asked each man his name. "Ramdeen Ojah." "Ojah won't do; I don't want a Brahman." "Gugraj Doobay." "No Doobay for me: the same objection as to No 1." "Matadeen Tewary." "I won't have a Tewary any more than an Ojah or a Doobay." "Luchmiput Chowbay." "The same objection as before. All Brahmans are bad men, and I won't have any." "But why do you consider them to be bad men?" asked the chief cashier. "Oh, it is a lesson of large experience. I have seen that wherever a rogue is taken up, he is sure to produce his sacred thread; and I have seen also that the natives present invariably take his side and try to get him off." "But, that is only a rogue's trick. The rogue is not neces-

sarily a Brahman. He comes provided with a thread, simply that, if detected, he may be able to appeal to the religious prejudices of his countrymen, and thus secure a safe retreat." "Be it so: Then the man who has his thread by caste rights would have all the greater hold on the sympathy of his countrymen. I do not want such a man. You there, what is your name?" Lutchman Sing." "Ah! that will do very well. Sing means a 'lion', I think. Well, I will have the lion. He is a good stalwart man, too. Let him be enrolled."

The present Burra Sahib drives in in his buggy. All the Khans and Moers make their humblest *salaam*. He does not even look at the men. "Just read over their names." The names are read over. One, two three, four; he shakes his head in disapproval. The name of the fifth is Shaik Baichoo. "Stand forth, Baichoo! Have you worked any where before?" "Yes, Huzoor; in the Buxy Khana for two months." "Very good, that will do. Let him be appointed." Baichoo's maternal uncle is a "Hafez," who made a pilgrimage to Mecca; and now keeps an empty house in Chuanam Gully.

The subject stinks; and the reader has had enough of it already. The Burra Saheb works very hard and taken all in all, is not a bad office master. When he does take the side of a worthy man, he supports him thoroughly, and no amount of opposition from higher quarters ever made him forego the side he had taken. To the public, he is more accommodating than his predecessor. There is no precise adherence to 8 o'clock with him, and ladies and Lt. Sabertashes always get their work done with great expedition. At the same time he does not allow the public to crow over his subordinates. Some irascible son of Neptune had threatened to kick a poddar if his cheque was not attended to at once. The poddar reported the matter to the Burra Saheb, who told him not to pay the money till after every body else was paid. Neptune Junior remonstrated. "I shall hand you up to the Government if you say another word," was the reply.

CHAPTER XIX.

SUNDEY MILLIONAIRES.

IF I have hurt any one in the short but brilliant chapters that I have written, let him send me a new *pugree* or *choga*, and I shall forget the past. Such in the words of Joe Miller, slightly altered, should be my answer to all Burra Sahebs or Chota Sahebs who may feel aggrieved at what I have written. The public at large I have generally treated respectfully, with occasional exceptions here and there.* But there must be many more exceptions in the pages to follow.

I remember that I have already described one millionaire. I can recall to mind many others whom I have known. One was a fat fair man, about 40 years old when I first saw him, who fed well and dressed well,—both in the native fashion, and was the owner of some ten lacs of Rupees, the interest of which he would come to the Treasury to receive. He did not know to read and write, and instead of signing his name was content to put down his x mark. Bless me! he did not know even to speak. To every question he smirked in reply, and the sircar at his side was obliged to explain what he meant. The man seemed to be very good natured though, and I dare say accepted the evils of life resignedly. Ten lacs of Rupees with stupidity like his would, perhaps, be regarded as an unbearable evil by some, and, if allotted apart from the good nature given

* Our friend egregious of the *Lucknow Times* is savage at my remarks on Drunkenness. I threw the cap at random and did not mean it especially for him; but he is welcome to wear it, if it fits him. He babbles glibly of boots,—Wellingtons, Napoleons, and Havelocks. Perhaps he belongs to the trade, or has had experience of every variety of boots on his own leather. But he need not be in a funk; I never use any thing but *naperas*. Fire away your sham thunders, my man! Rice is selling at 3-12 a maund, and you must want pice for *kochoo-pora* and *poore-agg*. Make hay while the sun (*Mookerjee's Magazine*) shines above you. Heavens! how loud even egregious can bray under the influence of gin!

to him, would perhaps make many mad. But he took the infliction very quietly; ate, slept, and was merry in his own way,—as an orthodox Hindu.

Millionaire No. 2 whom I remember was equally illiterate. He also did not know to read and write, and did not sign his own name; but he was of the genus "Young Bengal," from the tassel of his cap to the tip of his boots, and always dined at Davy Wilson—the baker's. The whole aim and end of existence to him were comprised in dressing smartly, dining at Wilson's, and driving out in the course to stare at ladies. Where he slept the d—l only knows. They say that Sibkissen Banerjee, the convict I have referred to in a previous chapter, once gave him a smart whipping, because he wanted to have the precedence of him somewhere. The place need not be named; Sibkissen was then in the height of his impudence, and the millionaire had the worst of it. He drank out his fortune, and left his widow a beggar.

Millionaire No. 3, when I knew him, was a young man—scarcely above 25. He had been once at school, but of course had learnt nothing beyond being able to write to Wilson to order hot tiffin. The one sole object of his life was to have a new mistress every day—with wine and *tamasha* in her company; and each new day was an exact repetition of the days past by, with such incidental variations as chance brought about. Over the wine bottle he bet with a chum that his companion for the day was the prettiest woman in the town. His friend maintained that he knew another who was prettier. A wager was laid. The two scarlet ladies were brought together; their admirers retained their respective opinions; hard words were exchanged; the wine bottle was triumphant: and the millionaire got well kicked. But he did not lose his friend for all that; the very slight disagreement between them, which only ended in kicking, being easily made up next morning. Are these overdrawn sketches? They are taken from the life, the name of the parties only being withheld.

Millionaire No. 4 was a Young Bengal in days past, but became an Old Hindu towards the termination of his career. He was a person of parts, went through a splendid fortune, contracted debts, got cured of his follies, entered a profession, and amassed another fortune bigger than his old one. He all at once donned the appearance of respectability, made his *poojahs* with great parade, and affected to be a representative man of the highest order. But he was old Satan himself under his cloths; kept a venerable pimp in his pay; cheated right and left, notwithstanding that he already possessed more money than he knew what to do with. He was the only rich man with a very cruel heart that I know of. Just before the Treasury a poor cooly with a heavy load on his head fell down before his carriage; the driver pulled up; the carriage stood still, but only for two minutes, to allow the cooly to get up. The great man within was in a terrible passion; he ordered the poor cooly to be well whipped; two or three cuts were given to him, when the bystanders—one or two European gentlemen from Spence's—interfered so vigorously that the coachman was obliged to desist.

Ah! my masters! This is a very bad world to live in, and a poor Kerani sees very little to envy in those who are placed above him—especially among millionaires who make so much fuss in the world. An acquaintance of mine, who had a name at school and joined the mercantile line when I became a kerani, is now a beggar in the streets, simply from having kept company with millionaires and contemned all humbler fry. I would rather be a dog and cry “Bow wow” than go after a millionaire that I may be taken for a great man too.

THE MOOR'S REPLY.

In the year 1478 Ferdinand, king of Castile, sent a knight of the order of St. Iago to Granada to demand some arrears of tribute. Muly "Aben Hassan, who was then king, received the Spanish knight in state, seated on a magnificent divan, and surrounded by his guard and nobles. When the worthy warrior delivered his message, the whiskers of the proud Moor curled up with anger and disdain. "Go, tell your monarch," said he, "that the mint of Granada now coins spear-heads and glittering blades of swords instead of gold, and that our loyal subjects are ready to resist to the last his unjust demands."

A RM'D cap-a-pis, with half a score
Of lances in his train,
Hard spurring speeds by tower and town
A gallant knight of Spain.
On, on they ride,—right nobly strain
Their coursers tried and true,
Till gleaming bright Granada's towers
Burst on their longing view.

And as they gallop o'er the plain,
And thro' the city gate,
The Moors look up in wonder,
At their mickle pomp and state,—
—Their proud and pawing horses,
Their haughty martial air,—
They were the boast of Christendom,
Those knights of prowess rare.

What brings them to Granada ?
Why ride they in such guise ?
Why have they left their castl'd homes,
These warriors of emprise ?
Is it that they have come to try
Within the listed ring,
Their skill with Moorish cavaliers,
In presence of the king ?

They stop before the Alhambra's gates,
They enter and behold
With wondering eyes the lavish waste
Of silver, gems and gold.
Led by grim mutes they reach at last
The presence chamber where
The monarch sat, and round him stood
His guard with sabres bare.

The trumpets peal'd a warlike note,
Till rang that ancient hall.
Banners, which hung with drooping folds,
Rustl'd upon the wall ;
Upstart Moorish knight and esquire,
Gleam'd lance and scimitar,
—O there were hearts that hail'd with joy
Those iron notes of war !

" I know full well," with gleaming eyes,
Harsh spoke the warlike king,
" What message from my ancient foe,
" Thus proudly thou dost bring ;
" Go tell him from his servile yoke
" Granada now is free,
" And nevermore a Moorish prince
" To him will bend the knee.

" Go, tell him that our royal mint
" Now coins, not gold, Sir knight,
" But temper'd glaives and sheaves of darts,
" And spear-heads sharp and bright ;
" And should he lack pretence to break
" The peace that reigns around,
" Right soon he'll see our banners wave,
" And hear our tocsin sound.

" Go, tell him that our towers are strong,
 " And keen our trenchant blades,
" Our men are loyal, staunch and true,
 " And gallant our Alcaydes,—
" Granada's youths are chafing wild,
 " To hear the trumpets bray,
" And dark Nevada's mountaineers
 " Are eager for the fray.

" To show you that my words are truth,
 " I 'll order, ere you go,
" To give our banners to the breeze,
 " And bid our trumpets blow ;—
" Back to thy king,—and ride with speed,—
 " Away, Sir knight, away,
" The battle-clouds are gathering dark,
 " There's danger in delay."

He paus'd,—his coal-black eyes flash'd fire,
 Stern was his look and high,—
But the knight stood calm and silent,
 Nor deign'd he fierce reply.
With cold and lofty courtesy,
 He turn'd him from the hall,
And with his followers stood without
 The Alhambra's glittering wall.

O swift he spurr'd his noble steed
 Across the Vega plain,
For he brought a mighty message
 To the Christian king of Spain ;—
War with the Moor !—ere thrice three times
 The moon its course shall run,
What heaps of dead will load the plains,
 For battles lost and won !—

THE DOMESTICATED SON-IN-LAW.

THE above expression would hardly convey an intelligible idea by itself, because it is not a vocable of European invention. It is our rendering of the Bengalee **বড়-ভাই**. We believe no other language can boast of such a phrase,—no, not even the venerable mother of our provincial dialect. The Sanscrit, with its exuberant vocables and interminable compounds, has failed to supply a term which its daughter, the Bengalee, has readily produced. The Sanscrit has its “domesticated lizard” (**गृह-रक्षा**), its “domesticated pigeon” (**गृह-कृपा**), its domesticated stag*” (**गृह-शृग**), its “domesticated sparrow,” (**गृह-मोक्ष**), and lots of other domesticated organics and inorganics, comprising animals, vegetables, gardens, &c., but it could not excogitate a phrase such as the one which stands at the head of this paper.

The cause of this linguistic poverty in the mother language is the idealistic poverty of our forefathers who were its grammarians, lexicographers, poets, and philosophers. With all their ingenuity and exuberant imagination they had not been able to rise to the high conception to which in these latter days, Bengalees have risen by the manufacture of an additional vocable, a new compound, in the expression **বড়-ভাই**. The nearest approach to this conception in Sanscrit literature is in the character of the **রাজ-ভ্রাতা** or **রাজ্যের ভ্রাতা** (Royal brother-in-law, or the brother-in-law of the State) who cuts so conspicuous a figure in the *Mrichchhakatika*. This interesting character appeared in a court of Justice, which we may call “the Court of King’s Bench” of the time in Avanti, with a view to lay on an innocent Brahmin the charge of a murder which the “brother-in-law of the State” had himself attempted, and, as he himself believed, successfully completed. In pursuance with the practice of the age, when the crier called out to the by-standers

* Signifying a dog.

outside, if any person had a suit or "action" to institute, Sakāra, (for that was the name of the royal relative) came forward and said, "I am a paragon of humanity, the brother-in-law of the State, the Royal brother-in-law, I have an action to lay." On the Judge's proposing the postponement of his action, the royal relative cried out: "What my case not to be heard to-day! I will speak to my patron and brother-in-law, the king—I will speak to my sister (the queen)—I will speak to my mother, and will get this Judge dismissed and another appointed in his place." The Judge, manifestly of smaller mettle than Sir W. Gascoyne of Falstaff's and prince Hal's days, then allowed him to state what his "action" was, when the palatial plaintiff replied: "I will whisper my action into your ear. I am of a great family. My father is the King's father-in-law. The king is my father's son-in-law. I am the king's "Sálá," and the king is the husband of my sister."

But the Sanscrit dramatist had no conception of the character which Bengal society has produced under the title of *ब्र-बामहे*. The domesticated son-in-law is still more interesting than "the brother-in-law of the State." The King's "Sálá" was a burden on the royal household. His Majesty would scarcely have missed such an officer if the Queen's mother had never borne a son, and a 40th cousin of the queen could have sustained with equal dignity the rank of "the Sálá of the State."

Not so however the domesticated son-in-law. He is a necessity. He answers to a demand. He could never be dispensed with. Daughters born to wealth must marry. But men of fortune, themselves *भूमिपुत्र*, would not suffer their children to become inmates of other families. They must keep up their authority over their own offspring as long as they live. Their daughters must not depend for their subsistence on any besides themselves, nor be controlled by persons below their own level in wealth and reputation. And every son of fortune considers himself the greatest favourite of *माता* and the highest in rank, affluence and reputation. Without stopping to consider how other sons of the same Goddess

feel themselves in *their* respective positions, *he* at any rate is in *his own zenith*—all others are below *his* zenith. Is he then to stoop to that level and allow his daughters to become wards of another family by matrimonial alliance?

But then daughters must marry. What then is to be done? The favourite of Fortune solves the difficulty by having such sons-in-law as would be residents in his own house. And the koolin market, on which we need not expatiate here, readily supplies the want. This in few words is substantially the history of the production of the specimen of human nature for which the idiom of Bengal society has found the term *বড়-বাবু*, or, as we have *anglicised* it, the domesticated son-in-law.

Before, however, the development of the above specimen could be completed, many obstructions had to be encountered. There was in the first place the natural unwillingness in well-to-do men, whether born to fortune or not, to surrender their sons to become wards of other families, and this unwillingness would be even greater than the millionaire's own reluctance to give up his daughters to a similar fate. There was again the philological difficulty—the religious difficulty—and the moral difficulty to be overcome. The philological difficulty is founded on the very words which signify *marriage* in Sanscrit, the mother of all Hindoo dialects. The most common word is *विवाह*, and it is synonymous with *উপব* for says Amara : *विवाहोऽन्तर्गो जगत्*, The former is derived from *वृ* which is the same as the Latin *duco*—implying that the husband *leads* or *conducts* the wife to his own house. The latter is from *वृ* which Westergaard renders by “*regere*,” “*smere*,” &c., and the idea conveyed is that the husband *takes* the wife and is her *governor*. In the case of the domesticated son-in-law, however, marriage becomes a misnomer. Himself a ward of his wife's father, he cannot *take her away*, nor *govern* her either.

The same misnomer attaches also to the wife under the above circumstances. A married female is called *উপ*, *taken away—conducted*, i. e. from her father's her husband's domicile, but the wife of the domesticated

son-in-law, though married, is still, *literally*, **बहि**, *not taken away*, the word signifying an unmarried female.

The ordinary words implying *husband* and *wife*, **पति** and **पत्नी**, "the supporter," and "the supported," are also unfortunate for the hero of this paper. The matrimonial relation according to the import of the terms is reversed. The husband who is himself supported and maintained by his wife's father becomes in reality the **पत्नी** (supported), and the wife who through her own natural relatives maintains the husband becomes his **पति** (supporter). The case becomes still more flagrant when the father makes a settlement and gives the couple a separate residence. Such settlements are invariably made on the daughter and her children. The son-in-law gets nothing for himself, but subsists on the bounty of his wife or his children. The Hindu law, unlike the English, gives no constructive power or authority to the husband even on the income of his wife's own property, and the matrimonial relation of **पति** and **पत्नी**, or, of **पति** and **पत्नी**, is at once hopelessly reversed.

All this, again, is clearly opposed both to the spirit and letter of the Hindu marriage ritual founded on the Vedas, and this is what we have called the religious difficulty in the domestication of sons-in-law. In proof hereof we need only cite a few extracts from Colebrooke's translation of the same.

"May no lamentation arise at night in thy abode ;
"may crying women enter other houses than thine ; may-
"est thou never admit sorrow to thy breast ; mayest thou
"prosper in thy husband's house, blest with his survival,
"and viewing children."

'Afterwards the bridegroom walks round the fire, preceded by the bride, and reciting this text :

"The girl goes from her parents to her husband's
"abode, having strictly observed abstinence [for three
"days from factitious salt, &c.] Damsel ! by means of
"thee we repress foes, like a stream of water."

'The bride again treads on the stone and makes another oblation of rice, while the subjoined prayer is recited :

"The Damsel has worshipped the generous sun and the regent of fire; may he and the generous sun LIBERATE HER AND ME FROM THIS [FAMILY]; be this oblation efficacious."

"Auspicious deities have given thee to me: enter thy husband's abode and bring health to our bipeds and quadrupeds."

"Be submissive to thy husband's father, to his mother, to his sister, and to his brothers."

"I take thy hand for the sake of good fortune, that thou mayest become old with me, thy husband; may the deities, namely, the divine sun (Aryaman), and the prolific being (Savitri), and the god of love, give thee as a matron unto me, that I may be a house-holder."

"Heaven is stable; the earth is stable; this universe is stable; these mountains are stable; may this woman be stable in her husband's family."

"On the following day, that is, on the fourth exclusively, the bridegroom conducts the bride to his own house on a carriage or other suitable conveyance."

The moral difficulty to which we have referred, is in consideration of the immemorial practice of the country—or as Menu calls it *অচারিত্যেব সাধনাং* which indeed is the same rule to which Roman lawyers appealed by the words "more majorum." The Hindoos of yore never dreamt of reversing the rule of their ritual by detaining daughters at home and domesticating sons-in-law. The reverse practice has grown recently in Bengal, since the development of Bullal Sen's Koolin system. To that system and to the caprice of wealth which dropped into lucky hands like windfalls during the period of necessary confusion intervening between the downfall of Serajudowla and the regular settlement of better administration, the difficulties we have mentioned gave way. Though the *বর-অম্বাই* is perhaps never found except in orthodox families, professing a sanctimonious adherence to the tenets of the Shasters, yet the plain dictates of the marriage ritual are ignored by the strong will of men who would not allow their daughters to adopt their husbands' domicile.

Such obstinate caprice, however, only results in obtaining for their daughters husbands of a low type notwithstanding the high sounding title of Koolins. No well-to-do man will, against the dictates of nature and of religion, consign his son to be a ward in another family. The *বড়-ভাই* cannot, therefore, be a very brilliant character. But he is and must be after all a *rara avis*. The natural relations of society would otherwise have long been reversed. If the domestication of sons-in-law had been a general practice, then the surrender of sons must have been equally frequent. No man can obtain a son-in-law to be an inmate of his family unless another man has given up his own son for that purpose. Every instance of the *import* of a *বড়-ভাই* must be concomitant with the *export* of a son. The *exports* from one set of families must numerically correspond to the *imports* in another set of households. A general practice of this kind, had it existed, must have singled out the Hindu community as a remarkable exception to the natural rule of human society. Banished sons and domesticated sons-in-law would then be found in large multitudes. Society, however, could not degenerate so far—nor has it done so.

The domesticated son-in-law is, therefore, certainly a “*rara avis*” though not in the sense in which Horace used the expression. The character is, however, so well known that the Bengalee expression which designates it is familiar to men, women, and children in our provinces. And the character is so well appreciated, and so well marked in all its features that further comment is not necessary.

Windfalls of wealth do not drop from the clouds in these hard and monotonous days, and our precious “*rara avis*” is becoming rarer still. A single generation is in some cases sufficient to attenuate crores into lacs. The division and sub-division of property in two generations are often found to relieve great families of excrescences of gold necessary for the growth of the “domesticated son-in-law.” He is, therefore, fast going out of society. The spread of education is also a terrible ob-

tacle to the propagation of this species. It cannot thrive in the new atmosphere. The "rara avis" bids fair to be extinct before long, but it is sufficiently interesting to have a sketch preserved in *Mookerjee's Magazine* before it absolutely becomes a thing of the past.

SONNET,—ON WOMAN.

THIS Woman rules the world ! As Mother first—
Revered—adored, we own her genial sway
From Reason's twilight to a brighter day,
When lustier grown, her bonds we gently burst.
Next, warm in youth—our soul in love immersed,—
We wear the silken chains of some fair fay :
Then melts Self in a better Self away,
And Truth grows truer by Devotion nurst.
And when age comes, and ebon locks turn gray,
The Daughter steps in,—image of the Wife,
And strews our weary path with blooms of May ;—
Or saves perchance a parent's forfeit life,
Like the famed Grecian damsel young and brave,
Who freed her sire from dungeon and the grave.

RAM SHARMA.

THE INDIAN ANACREON

BEING

Translations from the Latter-day Sanskrit Poets.

No. 1.

TO MY LADY LOVE, DURING A LUNAR ECLIPSE.

O tarry not, my love, beyond thy bower,
Lo, yon ascends the node ; 'tis th' eclipse hour !
'Twould leave the moon, thy radiant face to swallow,
Drawn by its more effulgent, brighter halo.

R.

No. 2.

A LADY TO ANOTHER, SEEING HER TOILETTE UNRUFFLED
IN THE MORNING.

UNRUBB'D is the saffron-patch on thy radiant cheek ;
Untouch'd is the sandal-paste on thy bosom sleek ;
Lo, still the collyrium adorns thy dark eyes' fringe ;
And thy lips are vermil still with the *Tambul's** tinge.
O tell me, thou lady o' the graceful gait,
Is thy husband, a dolt, or a peevish mate ?

R.

No. 3.

THE ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

MY lord came home after long, weary years,
And half the night was spent in wand'ring talk ;—
Then sped the moments with my frets and tears ;
But when a little calm'd, alas ! the cock
Crew, and Aurora, like a rival came,
With angry face, and smother'd all the flame !†

R.

* The Tambul is the prepared Pan,—and not the betel leaf alone. R.

† It may be explained to the English reader that it is still indelicate among good Hindus to give themselves up to connubial *follies* during morning and evening, the holy hours of prayer :—it is a sin to transgress this law. R.

No. 4.

TO AN UNRELENTING MAID.

THY face, a full-blown lotus fair ;
 Thy eyes, a light blue lily pair ;
 Thy teeth are *Kunda* blossoms white ;
 Thy lips are blooming roses bright ;
 Thy person,—*Champacs* claim their own ;
 O, why thy heart is hard as stone ?

R.

No. 5.

TO A LADY.

THEY say, from flowers spring forth flowerets rare,
 The thing till now was heard, ne'er seen of men ;
 Lady ! thy beaming face divine doth bear
 Two roses blooming soft on lilies twain !

R.

No. 6.

A LOVER'S PRAYER.

O Lady with the sparkling een,
 Give me a look again as keen,
 For ancient sages truly say,
 Poison's force, poison takes away.

R.

No. 7.

METHINKS in colors false she sails,
 Or wherefore her sweet face she veils ?
 From moon or lily fair that charm
 She sure purloined—else why the alarm ?
 Why fear t' expose the dainty face
 Unless stol'n goods were a disgrace ?

EDITOR.

No. 8.

O Lady with the killing eyes,
 Why dye their fringe with careful art ?
 Already deadly as it flies,
 Why add thou poison to the dart ?

R. S.

THE BATTLE OF DONKEYING.

A VIEW OF MODERN WARFARE BY AN ANCIENT BRITISH
MAN OF WAR.

WAR suddenly broke out. The whole Army however marched to battle literally and truly with light hearts, and very naturally so. All the Officers had had explained to them, on enormous black boards, the position the enemy must scientifically take up. Every man in the Army had a plan of the day's operations with the exact cover for each man scientifically interpolated upon it.

Under these circumstances the Army Chaplains were sent to the rear or distributed among the mounted branches of the service, where numerous casualties were expected, as the ground had not been previously levelled. The horses also were short of work ; and owing to survey and interpolation duties, men and officers had not been in the saddle for months.

The young General, in whom the Army had the utmost confidence, had passed out of the Staff College 1st, and all his Staff *ditto*, all, that is, save myself, who was the only unscientific man on the staff, not having yet passed in the "Higher Astronomy," but being 6 feet high, was told off with some equally unscientific Serjeants to carry and work an enormous Plane Table (the General's own.)

We the Staff soon came upon the enemy's Staff and instantly took his bearing.

We found him in a position where the variation of his compasses must have been something truly awful.

This fact having been divulged and telegraphed to the Army, the smiles of satisfaction seen on all sides were most assuring. Assurance was doubly confirmed when the young and able General, fondly nicknamed "Young Newton," said in the quick sharp tone for which he was famous—"Got his Parallax !"

The unscientific Sergeant Thomas Atkins even grimly smiled and sagely spoke at this period—

"Well, sir, if every man be like he and only got a battl-eaxe, I sincerely pities the mounted branch."

Having fixed the Table, and sentries being posted to prevent any one—treading softly near it, save myself (who wore list slippers with gold nails when near it,) my occupation was gone. I took a walk under the Plane Table and surveyed “Young Newton” and Staff.

Their appearance was almost as interesting as their conversation.

The young and able General was evidently as brave as scientific, judging by the way he allowed his Chief of the Staff to hover about him.

The Staff were all scientifically armed. The Chief of the Staff especially so.

The variety and length and the more-than-needle-like sharpness of the diamond and adamant-tipped compasses he carried sticking out and about him in every direction were appalling and he looked a veritable man-porcupine.

In vain had scientific tops of sorts been invented as a cover for these truly magnificent yet dangerous instruments.

Tipp'd with iron or topp'd with leather,
Topp'd or tipp'd with both together,
Wrapped in furs or bound with feather,
They bored the upper, pierced the nether.

A remarkable story (not one of your unscientific cock and bull ones) is credibly related of one of these very instruments. When the Chief of the Staff was surveying in our Eastern possessions, the elephant he was surveying from suddenly sunk and died beneath him; it was found he (the Chief not the elephant) had accidentally dropped one of these infernal instruments. For the information of the scientific who now abound we may mention, that the instrument had fallen to the ground, having passed through the remote vertebræ and traversed the large bones and scapula procumgemtaxidermo of the greater animal.

Being thoroughly wearied with the dazzling reflection from the instruments and the endless iteration of Barometres, Sectometres, Thermometres, Clinometres, and

ometres of sorts, I left my luxuriant shade under the Plane Table amidst a panic caused by the discovery that the enemy had an instrument to correct his variation, and that there was a suspicion of a slight scientific mistake amongst ourselves somewhere about the 14th decimal. If it had been the 4th, I might have helped them, but being otherwise, I went off in despair to Thomas Atkins (unscientific Sergeant,) taking care that the bad news did not reach the unsuspecting Army, so confident in its chiefs.

This unscientific Sergeant was justly proud of his watch, corrected daily by the Sun when the Sun shone. As this simple experiment can be carried out with a piece of stick and some thread to make a circle with, Thomas Atkins, being never without some thread and a stick and always on the look out for the Sun, generally had the right time. Mrs. Atkins was even more proud of the watch than her husband, if possible, and had the sole control of it in the house.

I asked the Sergeant the time : to our mutual consternation, from the enormous watch dangled an enormous bright chain of the purest steel, enough to curve every level in the place and make everything bear dead the opposite way. Horror was depicted in our faces. Said the Sergeant—"Holy Virgin! save us and help us. What shall I do, sir? It aint my fault, sir. Me wife placed that watch in my pocket, sir, whilst she kissed me as she said, sir, "perhaps for the last time!" before going into action. We knew nothin' about them battle-axes, then, sir. Now-a-days as you know, sir, (barring your honour) the women is mostly bigger than the men and getting bigger every day, it strikes me, sir, (bless their sweet hearts and bodies!) I was a standing on tiptoe, sir, kissing her, sir, when my wife slipped that watch into my pocket, under my tunic. It's seldom I takes it out, on account of the difficulty of it, save to correct it, you know, sir. What shall I do, sir? I should be sorry sir, that the thing that I love sir, (I dont mean the chain, sir,) should be the ruin of the whole Army."

I said—"Unscientific Sergeant Thomas Atkins, if you could be taken suddenly as ill as you look and retire and

chuck that steel cable within 50 yards of the Chief of the Staff of the enemy, it strikes me you would pretty well ruin the enemy."

Thomas Atkins having been taken suddenly ill, departed upon his laudable errand. I went in out of the Sun, changed my boots, and sat under the Plane Table.

I must have been half asleep when suddenly a groan reverberated through the Aluminium fittings of the Plane Table.

It was the young and able General groaning, as he did everything else, uncommonly well.

Another groan reverberating through the Table and Aluminium fittings, the Serjeants and myself hung on to the legs thereof, that being a part of our duty.

A hollow voice so different to the "Got his Parallax" species was heard above us.

"We are doomed! but—all is not yet lost."

The Chief of the Staff and all the Staff now hurried up, with consternation depicted in their faces, and, I am sorry to say, those fearful instruments in their pockets.

I felt as one who standing confidently in a fixed bayoneted square of his own men—suddenly saw them turn round and take as resolute and straight a bearing towards himself as they had previously done towards the enemy. That very Plane, but very shady, Table had heretofore been as a place of refuge unto me, and lo! now I was to experience soon the feelings of the before-mentioned animal who sunk and died!

An inspiration seized me. With an Aluminium Pin I deeply pricked the young and able General's leg, who immediately ordered his Staff not to approach him within compass range.

The Chief of the Staff now said—"A curious Instrument had made its appearance among the staff of the enemy. Judging by the number of sentries posted around it and the evident care with which it is handled, it must be of importance and its nature is unknown to us."

"I know it! I know it!" with most awful iterations groaned the young man. "I know its name and have great experience in its nature."

"It's a Kickmeometre. Its secret was known to only one save myself, and our Government would not purchase the secret.

"That infernal Instrument takes Arcs and Angles and Angles and Arcs and + and — bearings round and over a corner, besides reflecting every object it bears upon. Stand we still, and every man and position amongst us will be mapped and planned and our bearings specially and severally interpollated upon in a few hours."

"The whole army, Colonel Archimy, must retreat to rear of the great Trigonometrical Bases at once. Let each brigade, no—not brigade, but each man in the Army, march on his opposite bearing exactly"—said the young and able.

The Staff departed with these orders, and the young General groaned—"O for darkness or a Kickmeometre! We must make peace at any price!"

The whole Army immediately retreated in a Kickmeometre panic.

There was a party in the Army who, though carrying out in every respect the wishes of their able young General, nevertheless had great misgivings as to the present system, and now with a large army in full retreat without firing a shot, their misgivings were confirmed.

The Blood Royal of England being in the Camp now, received full powers by telegraph to act as he thought fit.

His Royal Highness asked the "young and able," how it was that without firing a shot the whole Army was in retreat. The young man said in reply, that it was no use fighting the enemy with the scientific resources he evidently had at his disposal, especially when that enemy had a Kickmeometre.

"I even advise your Royal Highness to make peace even to the half of your kingdom."

"Then you can't save the country, Sir Isaac?"

"Only in getting favourable terms of peace, your Royal Highness—the General of the enemy having a great respect for my scientific attainments, I might in that way still be of use to the Army."

"You must command the Army, now, General Thund-

erbones," said His Royal Highness to a large handsome-looking veteran at his side—"perhaps you will be able to save the honour of the country, and tell me what you think of this business."

"Think! think! your Royal Highness,—I can hardly speak!

"The whole British Army in full retreat on account of a Kickme—kickme—what did he call it?"

"Kickmeometre" said Sir Issac.

"Kickmeometre, thank you, sir, and, mind, you salute your superior officer next time when you speak to him," said General Thunderbones, "I being General in Chief.

"The first thing to do now, your Royal Highness, considering the men are so demoralized and the enemy so confident, is either to get hold of or pretend to get hold of this wonderful instrument called a Kickme—*what* Sir Isaac?"

"I forget the name almost now myself," said the "young and able," sulkily.

"Beware, sir," said Thunderbones, "you're not in a class room now, sir," and there was an unmistakable put-him-in-arrest look in the General's eyes.

"War is a stern reality, sir, notwithstanding your Kickme—Kickme—what, Sir Isaac?"

"Ometre," said the young man sharply, almost in the memorable "Parallax" voice.

"Thank you, sir," said the General, "suppose we change the subject and re-christen the instrument, for practical purposes its use will hardly be impaired under another name. Your Royal Highness and gentlemen, we will call the instrument a Barometre.

"I have now to recommend that the late Commander and his Staff revert to their original appointments."

This was accordingly done. Sir Isaac (his rank being only *pro tem*) joined his marching Regiment as Lieutenant Newton, the remainder being Sub-Lieutenants also rejoined their magnificent, munificent, original useful appointments.

Thunderbones did not think of staying the retreat till the Army had got well behind the huge Trigonometrical Bases, as he thought the exercise would keep the men in wind and give him time to collect his Staff who, I am sorry to say, having a deal more sense than science, instantly seized my Plane Table for a Mess Table—with the consequence that I could no longer walk under its mighty shade.

"Does your Royal Highness know of our M. F. H. in the service?" sorrowfully asked Thunderbones—"a squadron of my old Regiment led by one of them would soon capture that Barometre to-morrow—I must say I think the men's hearts are in their right places though their riding muscles owing to the science courses are all wasted. Some one must lead them and be able to dismount too."

His Royal Highness with the bravery inherent in his race, and being the only M. F. H. in the Army, instantly and with alacrity offered to lead the squadron

"Here, you, sir, here you long-legged chap," said the General pointing at me,—"I appoint you A. D. C. to His Royal Highness. You held on just now like a brick to the piles of that house of yours.—Blow me if your riding muscles can be wasted!" I heard and instantly obeyed.

Half the night was spent in strapping and otherwise making safe in their saddles a squadron of an originally crack Corps.

In this manœuvre the scientific branch nearly regained their former prestige, as several horses vainly tried to unseat their riders.

A report was purposely spread abroad during the night that several Kickmeometres had arrived from town, but unfortunately by calculations reaching to the thousandth place of Decimals, (it was wonderful what faith the men had in Decimals) elaborately worked out by the accomplished Staff—assisted by an extraordinarily scientific and attenuated Hindoo ex-student of one of Maharajah Blowhard's model primary schools, it was discovered that these beautiful instruments could only be used effectively on the enemy when he was in full retreat.

They would therefore be placed in the rear of the Army, General Thunderbones to command the Army, and be especially in charge (assisted by a scientific Staff) of these beautiful instruments.

Under these circumstances, especially with Thunderbones in their rear, advancing was the best policy, so all thought.

The Cavalry was in great spirits, and almost, if not quite, up to its old form.

A large supply of cobbler's wax had been issued to each trooper with his rations. It is true this necessitated an extra pair of overalls, one pair now forming a part and parcel of the saddlery. Parliament unfortunately was not sitting, but some members being canvassed, signified their intention of voting for half these expenses if the General would undertake to pay the other half out of the prize-money of the men :—the issue of the overalls was accordingly sanctioned, but not before Thunderbones had threatened to resign.

Next morning as old Sol made his appearance, the enemy's dire Instrument of destruction was soon surrounded by sentries. There was an unusual stir among the Staff. The sentries had been doubled, we even feared they had been forewarned of our intended attack.

Gallantly led by His Royal Highness, we swooped down on the enemy's General, his Staff, and his instruments of science, and were bearing them in triumph to our own General, when a figure, clad with snakes it seemed at first, but in reality iron chains, rushed towards us.

"I've done the trick, yer honour!—I told you I would, though I could not do it yesterday." The apparition turned out to be Sergeant Atkins.

Before the enemy Sir Isaac had been holding forth on the disgracefully unscientific mode of our proceedings—a disgrace to the scientific age we lived in—and abusing his Staff for not knowing miles away that steel swords and scabbards were about. Now all was explained. Unscientific Sergeant Thomas Atkins had outscientced the enemy.

"As the enemy," Sir Isaac scientifically, yet tersely

remarked, "he might as well have had old Vulcan himself dancing a hornpipe on his instruments as that infernal Sergeant within a 100 yards of him."

On the arrival of our prisoner and his Staff in the presence of General Thunderbones, the enemy's General immediately held forth regarding the disgracefully unscientific method adopted towards himself and Staff, and wondered how Sir Isaac could have sanctioned such a proceeding involving as it were a return to the age of brute force.

"I command now!" said Thunderbones loftily. "Sir Isaac has been weighed in his own scientific balances and found wanting. I know the enemy relied upon his wonderful scientific Staff and instruments to apprise him hours beforehand of my steel-armed army.—As you wisely remarked, 'brute force' shall immediately advance."

Orders were accordingly issued for the advance of the Army, who utterly defeated the unwary enemy with great slaughter, the mounted branches of all arms doing especial execution among his ranks as there was no holding the horses and *volens volens* no dismounting.

Sergeant Atkins received the Order* of the Compasses for the scientific way in which he had helped to defeat the enemy. • His comrades were at first inclined to smile at Sergeant Atkins being possessed of this Order so eagerly sought after by the most renowned Generals of Europe and Asia, but the aforesaid comrades usually got the worst of the battle. "Can you work up to the 4th Decimal? Can you take the sun or moon at any hour of the night or day? Then dont talk to me," and the Sergeant would walk away triumphantly and polish up his Order.

General Thunderbones refused the Order of the Compasses. And yet he was happy. If he felt the least inclined to be otherwise, he had only to order Sir Isaac,

* We recommend the institution of this Order in Pingal for the special glorification of honour-hunters, and zealous Durbarites and promising members of Maharajah Blowhard's Native Civil Service. The Maharajah will of course be the perpetual G. M. O. C.—EDITOR.

† Our sub-deputies can—under their armpits of course.—LD.

now Lieut. Newton to the riding school and go and watch him. If in a very bad humour, he would inhumanly order Sir Isaac to take off his spectacles and not keep fancying he was still in a Class Room ; but being in reality of a forgiving temperament, he generally ended by asking Sir Isaac to dinner, and eventually quite won the Newtonian heart by making him a present of a most extraordinarily scientific little instrument given to the General in approbation of his refusal of the Order by a great Gymnosophist, and 'unbroken Kulin' Brahmin among the Hindoos, who were now the most scientific race on the face of the earth.

Umballá, 26th October, 1873.

ΛΑΙΝΣ ΑΔΡΕΣΔ ΤΟ JEMΣ ΣΚΡΙΒΛΕΡΟΣ.

Βορν ιν θε γαρετ, ον λω ρατίους φεδ,
 Εξαυλδ φρομ ωμ το φυνδ ιν Ινδ ις βρεδ,
 Ση, Σκριβλερος κυμς φρομ βειονδ θε μαν,
 Wιθ εμπτι ποκετς ανδ στιλ εμπτιερ βραν.
 Συστανδ βι νανιτι ανδ φρνυτ οφ βρασσ,
 Θω στιλλ α φυλ ιν ινιτ, ιν σενς αν ass.
 Ση ιμ αλλ εημλες 'σιυμ ις περτ γριμς,
 Ανδ πλα θε Ιημς δε λα Πλυςη οφ θε Πρεσσ.
 Wιθ α φυλ'ς καπ φορ ελμ ανδ στυρδ οφ λαθ,
 Θε Γρυβ Στρητ 'Ηρω ρπς Πηλειδης ραθ,
 Ανδ δαρς λαικ Φυεθον δραιν Απολλω'ς καρ,
 Wιθ σενς ανδ ταυτ ανδ υφτυ στιλ ατ war.
 Υνς βριυ Ολ—κ ινελ-ναι ελνυκ ιμ ιντο σενς,
 'Η βλαρς αγων ιν ρυζινυγ ιμποτενς.
 Ση ιμ ρυεη ιωκαρ ις βεττερς φηρ το τρεδ,
 Ανδ πωρ, μορν αφτερ μορν, δυλλ στρημς οφ λεδ.
 'Η τηεης πρηεης, ανδ στιλλ ας η μαυνδερς ;
 Μιστακς ις κακλ φορ Ιωυ'ς αυφολ θυνδερς ;
 Υναβασηδ δηλς ιν σλανδερ ανδ αβιυσε,
 Ανδ σελς ις *** ανδ κυββερ σταλ φορ νιυζ.
 Βενγαλι στιλλ ις σκαρν, ερ συνς ις ετ,—
 Αλλ φυλς το τρυθ, ανδ σεμειυλ το θε γμετ,—
 Θε μουντεδ βεγγαμ πρυεα θε εαμινυγ τρυ,
 'Η ραιδς θνς υμδ, φορ συ η νηδς μυστ δυ :
 Υνηαππι λανδ ! θατ σηζ αν ερμανδ βοι
 Α πρυτερ'ς ιμπ,—θε γυδ ανδ ιωαιζ αννοι ;
 Υνηαππι λανδ ! κυνδεμδ βι ρυθλες φατ
 Στιλλ το ενδιυρ ις ναυσεος Βιλλινυγατ.
 Βυτ, ω γρηυ νοτ, φορ Βριτωινς γενερυς συνς,
 Αλλ—Αλλ δετεστ θε βωρ, θε φυλ-μουθδ δυνς.
 Λετ ιμ γηρ ον, ανδ βε α γυκαυς στιλλ
 Θε βριντ μα βρα ανδ νεξ, βυτ δο νο ιλλ.
 'Ηρ'ς οπε εθαφτ φορ θη φρομ α ινελ-φιλδ κυνερ;
 Προσυκ ιο μωρ, βε γρετφυλ το θε γινερ !

THE SPIRIT OF IND.

IN the ethereal dome, was reigning not
The Queen inconstant of the stellar sea ;
And Night, bound westward, from her sable wings
Was shedding deeper and still deeper gloom
Like troubled conscience on the mien of one,—
A novice, to the whirling pool of crime
Enticed, and head-long plunged but suddenly
In downward course arrested by Remorse :
The roaring storm that had but ere now raged
In the Himalayan glades—of mythic fame—
With exultation to prostrate the pride
Of their majestic monarchs, on whom age
Never tells, but who still as ages roll
O'er Time's expanse unbounded, stately grow,
Was with despairing moan receding far :—
When, from the foot of snow-clad Himalay
Piercing the darkness deathlike and profound,
A burning Lamentation thus began :
“ Oh Heaven ! poor India's Spirit thee implores
Her misery to witness ;—misery
More writhing, far more scorching than the fires
Unquenchable thro' eternity, decreed
To that rebellious Chief who tempted man.
Lo, she to Fortune's too mysterious course
A victim lies ! The mistress formerly
Of Progress true, is now a helpless slave
To darkest Ignorance ! Her ancient pride
All gone, and life's sweet harmonies destroyed,
See jarring Discords throng her happy home !
Full well thou knowest, oh all-seeing Heaven !
The fair name of this prostrate Spirit, once
Of odour perfect, has been tarnished now

By Calumny's voice, and her Liberty,—
The cherished love of her once gallant sons,
For which they bravely fought and nobly bled
In many a well-contested battle-field,
Is held, alas ! in strangers' iron grasp
Secure. The Spirit that an empire ruled,
Before a foreign rod, like aspen leaf,
Trembles ! Oh Mother Earth ! thy child entomb—
Far better *that* than this existence sad !”

R. MITTRA.

London, 2nd October, 1873.

SONNET.

NOBIN'S ADDRESS FROM HIS PRISON.*

THIS done ;—these hands are dyed with blood that once
Was pure, and dearer far than e'en my own :—
The dream was o'er,—I woke as from a trance
To find sweet Innocence by gold o'erthrown.
The tragic sequel to the world is known !
Could I do less ? 'Twas not in flesh and blood
The madness of the soul to have withstood !
I only did what many must have done.
Is it a crime to have despatched her life,—
To have freed her soul from polluted dust ?
Rome vindicated brave Virginius' knife,
That saved his daughter from a tyrant's lust !
But times are changed : divorced from Mercy, see
Justice has but a felon's bonds for me !

RAM SHARMA.

* For the information of our English readers, it may be mentioned that Nobin Chunder Banerjee is a young man now lying in the local jail under sentence of transportation for life for wife-murder. The circumstances which led to the commission of the crime are truly distressing. His wife, a young and handsome girl, was most foully seduced, and when he sought to bring her away to his own home, was intimidated and thwarted by her betrayer. Thus exasperated and in the madness of despair, he slew her as the only alternative open to him to rescue her from a life of infamy. If ever there was a case which called for the exercise of the prerogative of Mercy, it is this ; and yet Sir George Campbell, who only the other day liberated from prison an execrated miscreant of the Bengal Police and reduced the sentences of a notorious Israelitish knave, is cruelly deaf to the universal appeal of the whole country for the remission of the sentence passed on unhappy, ill-fated Nobin.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Editorial *Sanctum* is flooded with communications signed by all the letters of the alphabet regarding the immortal correspondence which appeared in our last number, and the silly attacks which it has evoked from certain heroes of Grub Street. Our friends will observe that we are still as large as life,—that our shadow has not at all grown less. Let the donkeys of the Ditch and the monkeys of Lucknow exercise their lungs and play fantastic tricks before high heaven: they will never disturb our equanimity. All we care for is the approbation of the good and wise:—"fit audience find though few." It has been our proud privilege to win that approbation, though we cannot help having daily accessions to the number of our audience. If our foes will read us and go into fits, we can't help it.

We are exceedingly grateful to our correspondents for the expression of their personal kindness to us. While self-interest would prompt the insertion of their flattering communications, our invincible modesty will not permit their appearance in our Magazine. We shall simply content ourselves by noticing a few:—

McFrenzy says: "There is one Editor in one province at least whose abilities are conspicuous enough—for daws to peck at, and wise men to study." Just so. You are a brick! But don't you "your honor" us out of season. There is Lutchemun; he never does so, and we like the lad mightily for it.

I—gr—m while acknowledging the excellence of our Maga, wonders what the comprehensive "&c." on our title page comprises. Why, old boy, it comprises the modern Science of GEOMEXOLOXY, of which we hope to see you before long an apt student. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy. For your congratulations, thanks.

K. D. P. No body has any right to praise us except—ourselves, and, to say the truth, we are not quite remiss in the exercise of that right. Don't the moralists say that there is nothing like self-applause?

J. W. Let him jeer on and be a jackass still. Remember the lines "Born in the garret, &c."

R. L. M. You know very well what's what. He is a Durbarite, which means a toady of the Pingal type; and Brahmoism is brummagem, and no mistake.

Y. C. D. We were not aware of the beggar's existence. It is the old story of the gnat and the bull over again. Is the proof forthcoming?

D. R. M. The specific recommended in the 'Reminiscences' for drunkenness has alarmed many a gray-headed toper. Hence the clamour, we believe. Do you smart under the lashing?

G. C. wishes confusion to our enemies, and more power to our grey goose quill. We say, amen. And thou art a trump!

H. P. Catch us sleeping if you can! We know that there is much jubilee in that quarter. Just wait for the appearance of our revelations which we withhold at present out of simple pity for the creature. As for his opinions, fudge! If he is wise, he will cry peccavi and not give himself such airs.

AN OLD BOY enquires what is our price. If of Maga, see our Title Page; if of ourselves, why nothing short of the Presidentship of the united states of the world. We would then style ourselves Augustus of the Millenium, have Lord N—th—K for our Grand Vizier, H—bh—se and K—nn—dy for our joint Chancellors, and Jeames for our *valet-de-chambre*.

Wind + ham. The first is Anglo-Indianese—poor—poor—poor; the last (and this to you in confidence) we like. Here's a new cap and bells for a Xmas. present for you in lieu of the one consigned to your Assignee. We are glad to hear of your 'Sharp settlement.' Has it been brought about by selling yourself to———of course you know whom we mean. The *verases* are rather good, and that is something in this age of tin and 'Anglo-Indian 'pottery,'—as our friend Ram Sharma calls it.

Huzruttee attempts at versification,—but they have under-shot the mark. You are welcome, if spared, to transcribe the following

IO PÆAN.

THERE'S one great MAN the heavens under,
And he is doubtless Sambhu Chunder:

Who knows not *this*, is quite a *bunder*,

Then hail to Mirza Sambhu Chunder.

* * * * *

He wished a share of Huzrut's plunder,

But vain the wish of Sambhu Chunder.

What's sauce for goose is sauce for gander,

But surely not for Sambhu Chunder?

Your venal scribes in dirt may flounder,

But not our honest Sambhu Chunder.

His country's, and his faith's defender—

Be *that* the praise of Sambhu Chunder.

'Gainst sinners all he hurls his thunder,

Beware ye then of Sambhu Chunder.

Like Friar Tuck he wields his *dunda*,

The Purnahungsha, Sambhu Chunder.

Now take the hint, and on it ponder,

Nor dare to jeer at Sambhu Chunder.

Of purchased praise and blame no vender,

Is Purity's self, Sambhu Chunder.

* * * * *

To Virtue deals he lots of *munda*,

To Vice, *Bish-laddoo*,—Sambhu Chunder.

True christian* he, and that's no wonder,

He gives cheek for cheek, Sambhu Chunder!

Y. C. D.

* We have the great authority of *Haris Chandra's Magazine*, of the holy city of Benares, that "A true Hindu is a Christian in the true sense of the word."—*H. C. Magazine*, No. 1. p. 15.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

(FROM *The Cossitollah Daily Refuse.*)

The October No. of *Mookerjee's Magazine* is out. As the publishers of that periodical do not choose to send copies of the *work* to us, we broke through our usual rule of parsimony, and went to the expense of buying a copy for ourselves. We know that our co-proprietor—now on leave—that miracle of an economist, who could save Rs. 99 out of an income of Rs. 100, will go into fits when the news of this immense outlay reaches him in England, but stolen pleasures are so sweet, that we have willingly risked an angry protest from our thrifty brother of the grey goose quill. We must, however, confess our disappointment with the cartoon which forms so great an attraction of the present number. Who that knows us but must know that we are very humble servants and warm admirers of the great Maharajah Blowhard of the Kingdom of Pingal, and yet, will it be believed, we have been excluded from both the Durbar and Council Scenes of the Maharajah. But we excuse the omission for the sake of the immortality accorded to us in that grand burst of rhyme entitled "Messiah" which, we are told, is instinct with the very fire of Apollo. Though neither fitted by education nor mental calibre to grasp the beauties of that, or any other, piece of artistic composition, we are nevertheless conscious of the high honor done to ourselves by the poet who, in his prophetic vision, has exhibited little "tomtit twittering on an eagle's wings."

We also notice with peculiar pleasure, that our beneficent example is spreading like a circle in a stagnant pool; and that Mr. Mookerjee intends taking a patriotic flight, at the public expense, from the land of his birth.

"True patriots we, for be it understood,

We left our country for our country's good."

(FROM *The Briton*.)

It is an established rule with us to notice no efforts of native intellect. In our insular pride, we would fain believe that genius and wit are products only of the English soil, and hence we systematically decline to recognize the claims of native writers to the rights of citizenship in the republic of letters. We are aware that in this we differ from the practice of our predecessors in the ranks of Indian Journalism,—from the D. L. Rs., Palmers, Stocquellers, Parkers, and Cobb Hurrys of former days, but it must be borne in mind that the India of those days is not the India of to-day; and we are free to confess, that the lapse of years has brought a change over the spirit of our dream. Still, the instinct of fair play which is ingrained in the soul of every Englishman induces us at times to infringe this rule; and it is in obedience to that instinct, that we now notice the appearance of the October No. of *Mookerjee's Magazine*. Although several of our contemporaries have been studiously reticent as to the interest with which it has been read and admired in the upper circles of society, we would not follow their example, but candidly admit that, in spite of that spirit of pessimism which characterizes its general tone, the articles both in prose and verse in the present number, are very interesting, very grave, and very learned.

(FROM *The Indian Watcher*.)

Fortune never comes with both hands full. Our joy at the announcement that the learned Editor of *Mookerjee's Magazine*, Babu Sumbhu Chand Mukhapadhyaya, remains in the country, is greatly marred by the intelligence that his rival, the Editor of the *Pingal Weekly Gazette*, departeth not yet. Much speculation is rife as to the cause of the latter's sudden change of mind. We have a theory, however, which, we think, fairly hits the mark.

For who, to popular dislike a prey,
A well-paid Indian Office e'er resigned,—
Withstood the blandishments of place and pay,
Nor cast one longing—ling'ring look behind?

(FROM *The Amicus of India.*)

My dear T—ns—d,

You complain of the state of financial inanition to which the *Amicus* has been reduced. But, surely, you are not so unreasonable as to expect that my heavy leaders can long keep it afloat. Moreover, all the mischief that could be done to the periodical was done by R——— during his temporary management of it. The world knows that 'honest Iago' is a truthful and honorable character both in his public and private utterances ; and I am sure you will believe me when I say, that it was R———'s commendatory notices, in the *Amicus*, of *Mookerjee's Magazine*,—to which I observe with regret you also allude in your last in such flattering terms,—that particularly attenuated our subscription list.

Yours truly,
Georgius Vulcanus.*

(FROM *The Fifeshire Chronicle.*)

We have much pleasure in announcing that Maharajah Blowhard is expected amongst us in the course of three or four months. We feel sure that this quadruple county, which glories in the excellence of its breed of black cattle, will accord to him an enthusiastic reception on his return to these shores. With his characteristic energy, he has promptly followed up his address to the electors of Churchchaldee by an electioneering speech delivered on the occasion of a festive gathering in the far East. It will be seen from the speech which we reproduce in another column, that his political principles are republican true blue. This is evident from his professed dislike of monarchy and inherent love of lords. The Prince of ——— is simply a *man*, but the Grand Pasha of ——— 'His Excellency' forever. It now remains to consider whether we should not change the designation of this county from Fifeshire into Trumpshire in anticipation of the Maharajah's blasts.

King Georgius Vulcanus : 1st P. D. No 1 Georgium Sidus. 2nd P. D.

But by far the most gratifying announcement which it has ever been our privilege to make is, that that renowned Indian sage, Sumbhachundra Paramahungsha, is about to pay a visit to the Land o' cakes. He is the Mohunt of *Mokhorjee's Magazine* which, as interpreted by the learned Pundit Rajendra Lala, means, in the Gentoo language, the shrine of Wisdom and Holiness, and is the resort, every month, of thousands of devoted pilgrims from the remotest corners of the globe. The immediate object of the sage's visit has not yet transpired, but most well-informed persons conjecture that it has some connection with a matrimonial project in which that pure and unbroken koolin is greatly interested. Whether that object be the correction by a personal alliance of the defects in our almost perfect breed of *humans*, it will now be premature to speculate ; but this at least is certain, that he will be accompanied by a Johnson—a veritable Johnson who, to expiate the sins of old Sam, and to correct at the same time the mistake of his progenitors, has determined to furnish himself with a Scotch rib. This “potential Benedict,” it is understood, will be given away by the Paramahungsha. It is seriously contemplated, when the holy man comes here, to depose St. Andrew, and to raise St. Sumbhoo to his pedestal as the future tutelary Saint of Scotland.

(FROM *The Court Journal*.)

From advices received from His Excellency the Viceroy and Governor-General of India, Her Majesty understands that that eminent Indian—unbroken Hindu—Koolin of Koolins—and lineal descendant of the great Brahma, Mirza Sambha Chundra Mookhopadhyaya, Editor of *Mookerjee's Magazine*, is coming out to England, accompanied by the Maharajah Blowhard and Sir Luchmun Jan Sen, G. S. I. Magnificent preparations are being made for the reception of the distinguished foreigner. St. James Palace will be set apart for his residence during his temporary sojourn in this country, and it has been resolved that the expenses of his

reception will be a charge on the imperial revenues, and not on the Indian Exchequer. For this purpose, the First Lord of the Treasury has it in command from Her Majesty to apply for a vote of 5 millions as soon as Parliament meets. We may further mention that amongst other items in the programme of amusements already decided on in honor of the distinguished Brahman, there will be a grand review in the park, and—Jeanes Scribblerus in the pillory.

(FROM *The Bengal Times.*)

Undignified. Personality is the one abomination that the “deservedly pop” professes to avoid as it would a pestilence. It may be everything under the sun, but personal and offensive—never! Now, however we may differ from our amiable contemporary on many points, we will do him the justice to admit his strict impartiality and consistency in all questions that concern the welfare of individuals or the public generally, not to mention the calm, dignified, and intellectual attitude of his mind in criticising men and measures. Turning to the issue of the 25th instant, we see an instance of this fine spirit of independent journalism peeping out in his abuse of the editor of *Mookerjee's Magazine*. With a zeal that would perhaps damage a better cause, he heaps up the agony unctuously—traduces, imputes, and insinuates, till his entire vocabulary of journalistic Billingsgate is exhausted. There is a pharisaical egotism that runs through the article—a professedly leading one, by the way—which pleasingly illustrates that powerful talent for invective which may fairly claim to be the *News'* peculiar forte. Genius is said to adorn whatever she touches, the *I. D. N.* does more, it adds to the lustre of genius a corona of light that exhibits facts in such charming variety as to puzzle the eye and confuse the mind, while it revivifies the imagination. Thus the reputed

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has a halo of romance cast around him with a single puff from a police reporter's pen, while a gentleman of

excellent family and undoubted attainments is pilloried in the columns of the "deservedly pop" for the simple reason that he desired, like a wise man, to be certified of the precise conditions under which he was invited to leave his native land for the perilous and undoubtedly comfortless sea-voyage to a foreign country. To a Native gentleman desirous of quitting India for a trip to Europe, the idea of the passage by sea is not unnaturally a formidable one. It is altogether a new and not particularly inviting experience, beset with inconveniences and rife with danger, and he who undertakes it voluntarily for a public and political purpose should, we are of opinion, be an object of encouragement rather than of feeble ridicule. For obvious reasons the "deservedly pop" does not hit very hard in the tedious and inane tirade it has fulminated against the editor of the *Mag.*—a gentleman, as far as we can judge, of decidedly superior attainments to the *News*' editor, literary and scholastic, which perhaps is not saying much—but the intention is self-evident. The *News* does not carry extraordinarily heavy guns, and a salvo from all its batteries simultaneously, would not probably have very much effect, because the language it habitually employs is weak and its sentiments are insipid, still as a public journalist, the editor should be aware that something more edifying is expected in his columns than an imbecile attempt to gibbet an inoffensive man. What strikes us as most unfair is, indirectly imputing want of capacity to a man who deems it prudent to avail himself of the most ordinary precaution. However great the applicant's oriental love of ease and comfort, we should imagine that there can hardly be a doubt that an educated and experienced journalist, who has successfully expounded public opinion for 18 years, is at least as well versed in Indian statistics

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as * * * If distinctions are necessary, they should be drawn impartially and with reference to the merits of the parties criticised.

NOMENOLOGY.

I.

REALISM *versus* NOMINALISM.

METHINKS 'tis is a juridical age. They say it is an age of science ; in the technicality of the followers of the new Mahamed—the positive age : it seems even more to be the age of law.

'Tis 'The Reign of Law,' cries at the top of his voice His Grace the *Vizier-i-Hind*, the Providence, under God, (oftentimes alas ! but darkly visible) of Southern Asia. If his own conduct may seem to be a preparation of an opposite state of things for the world—what then ? There is still law in that lawlessness. There will be found method, however unconscious, in his madness ! By the very law of things there must needs be an exception, if not more, to every rule—if only to prove the reality of the rule itself. This I believe is the secret of the apparent absence of all law in his Grace's affairs, personal and public, physical and metaphysical. Thus his literary *debut* in the *Edinburgh Review* was in the mutually destructive characters of the enthusiastic advocate of the Marquis of Dalhousie and the warm eulogist of Earl Canning. He took up the reckless defence of the first at a time when the Cimmerian gloom of succeeding events had obscured as by a perfect, and, as it has proved, permanent, eclipse the temporary brilliance of his administration, and the irresistible shock of 1857-58 had burst the showy structure of his erewhile great reputation, when the most reckless Old Bailey practitioner might from very shame hesitate to accept his cause ;—and followed up, soon after, with a no less hearty panegyric of the second, than whom British proconsul of more opposite views and policy and more different soul hardly ever held office in India. In his last essay, in the *Contemporary*, on *Hibernicisms in Recent Philosophy* he unwittingly exhibits in his own person a quite Hibernian spectacle of aristocratic literature of which that literary fop and aristocratic snob, Horace Walpole, the

historiographer of Royal and Noble Authors, would have been ashamed for the credit of his caste—in that, dogmatizing, as he glibly does, on matters philosophical, and lashing the recognized masters mercilessly for blundering as he thought in their alphabet—exaggerating thereby, if possible, the popular prejudice against philosophers as devoid of common sense—he had not taken the preparatory care to guard himself from the laughable absurdity of the crassest ignorance in a difficult subject, in which the *ipse dixit* of even rulers of men is of no weight whatever, by making the necessary acquaintance with the writings of the masters whom he undertook, in right cavalier fashion, to expose. So in providing for his own, the haughty peer, the *byāi* or *samdhi* of the sovereign, quietly apprenticed his younger son to a man of “piece goods” and “real Souchong,” against the silent protest of the entire peerage and gentry,—the philosophical radical, the Liberal minister who I believe would resent being thought a jobbing Whig, did not scruple to reward an opportune pamphleteer who strengthened by his pen a cabinet in difficulty—the pamphleteer himself being a clansman who tried in vain to enter Parliament—by pitchforking him into a high Indian office, to which he had no special claim, in a Province in which he had served in no executive capacity, over a people who apparently were deemed to require repression in their political aspirations stimulated by the policy of a long line of statesmen of a different school from the one now unfortunately in the ascendant. So the old admirer of Indian annexation is a member of a British non-interference-policy Government. So the rack-renting master of Athol is an out-and-out Millian in Indian administration; the last of the feudal barons of Europe—the most formidable foe of the day of a territorial aristocracy in Asia. There indeed never was a clearer proof of a genuine rule by a sharp exception than this of the present Reign of Law by this curious exemplar.

We may, therefore, well rest assured that Law is the most prominent and most universal label of our times. Law confronts us on all sides, in all things. Law, of

course, is recognized as a necessity in Physics: for does not the absence of it in Physics in the singular number develop cholera, an artificial one indeed but which may all the same prove fatal? and as for the plural number, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Law pursues us to the regions of Metaphysics and Morals, unto all their border lands—down to their darkest valleys. Of old Literature and Law were supposed to have no connection and to be always at loggerheads whenever brought together per force. No more so than you now a days take a stage-coach on the Grand Trunk Road to the Upper Provinces! Law prevails even in Literature—to the extent of being employed by so great a patron of anarchy as His Grace just named as the name of his *magnum opus*. There are, indeed, laws for the treatment of all kinds of subjects. There is one for my present one. *The law*—genuine authoritative *lex non scripta* as laid down in precedents recorded without variation through years—seems to be—to begin with quoting Shakespeare's Miss Juliet's pretty speech. Well, a law is a law and we must abide by it. And to speak truth it is not unoften very serviceable. Law is at once a convenience and an inconvenience; makes certain things easy, others difficult. In my case I gratefully acknowledge it smoothes the path of my discourse. The beginning is always the difficulty, and it gives me a beginning ready cut and dried, and I am all the more grateful that it imposes that beginning as a necessity, an obligation. No man ever wrote on names without good Miss Juliet's leave, and no man, I say,—shall! Certainly no gallant man will—no amiable soul who has any partiality for the madamoiselles of rival houses. It is a privilege in more senses than one to begin the subject with her philosophic remark. Miss Capulet is the Muse of the Literature of Names. I of course exclude from my respectable view its namesake, that Literature in which friend Jeames has taken high honors—of which Xantippe is the Muse, Thersites the High Priest and—I suppose Ranees Moody Gully, Cossitolah, is the Temple. No matter, therefore, if the quotation

is thread-bare—if it has been quoted over and over again—if you hear it in conversation every other day of your life—if it is inflicted on you in every drawing-room in town and pursues you to your retreat in the country—no matter, you must be a good boy, patient under it once more,—and again if need be. No matter if I have myself employed it times out of mind, I must be allowed the customary and accustomed privilege. Nay, gentle reader, it is not only my *right at your hands*, but also my *duty to you*. The more times it has been iterated and reiterated—the oftener it has been inflicted on a patient world, the higher is the precedent—the more stringent the mutual obligation of writers and readers; of the former to use it as if it were brand-new, and the latter to affect to be amused by it. As an orthodox writer I have no choice of originality. So I gratefully commend you to the old familiar tune; so you commend me to good, ever-young Miss Capulet. Well then—

“What’s in a name!” reasoned Juliet, distracted at the thought of the insuperable obstacle to the lawful and proper union of a Capulet and a Montague, members of two Houses between whom almost a blood-fued raged. “The rose by any other name would smell as sweet, so would Romeo were he not Romeo called.” There!

In justice to the greatest hero in literature it must be confessed that the popularity of this quotation is not an accident, any more than Shakespeare’s popularity in general. It is only Shakespeare that bears *such* repetition. Nay, Shakespearean words and phrases have long since become part of the English language which it has immensely enriched. Shakespearean sentiments have by far augmented the floating capital of national thought. In what may be termed the science (now-a-days a subject is nothing if not a science) of what may be called Nomenclology, that nothing apparently *can* be written, without the above quotation, to begin with, proves not the barrenness or want of independence of writers but the importance and truth of the idea contained in the quotation. It comprises in a nutshell the substance of a great controversy which raged between two different

schools of philosophers in Ancient India and Mediaeval Europe. Nay, even more, it neatly cuts the gordian knot of the difficulty which set them by the ears. It is, hence, the greatest argument not merely for the equality of man and woman but, as evidence of the triumph of an unconscious lady amateur over professional male Pandits, it convincingly demonstrates the absolute immeasurable superiority of petticoats to breeches. It constitutes, as *our* discovery of it in this particular bearing, the irresistible claim of Maga to the patronage of the ladies, at least of the philosophical fair. It may, of course, be employed by any writer without reproach. It is in truth, indispensable.

What's in a name? What, indeed! The rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Of course it would! Call it violet, it still smells a rose. Say it is anything unlikely—swear it is Kamschatka, Jim Wilson, Bully Dawson, or Mumbo Jumbo—it is the rose for all that. Suppose we read in the next *Gazette* something like the following

“NOTICE.

I, the undersigned, commonly called the *Newsman*, learnedly interpreted the *Nuisance*, do hereby notify that for divers weighty reasons, to wit in consequence of said undesirable popularity and the constant jeers of the wretches of Mookerjee's Magazine who will not forgive me my disinterested admiration of Maharaja Blowhard, of whose Durbar I am one of the most brilliant of the Nine Gems, outshining certainly Chunder Sen, and with a view to be the “deservedly popular,” I have assumed the name of John Thaddeus Delane.

J—W—

The ‘Nuisance’ Office,

Grub Street, Cooly Market, 49th April,—

Would the rechristening constitute Snob—editor of the *Times*, the veteran literary chief,—or convert his print into the *Thunderer*? No more, we apprehend, than the unlikeness of his which has lately been taken would make him in *propria persona* an eligible model for

an Anglo-Indian Apollo even in High Life Below-stairs ! Cromwell the Protector of Puritan England, was as wantonly alive to the tender sentiment, as any Cavalier, but he was not fool enough to attempt to please by a counterfeit. 'Too proud to care' how he looked, "paint me as I am," said this brave man who would not suggest a falsehood even as to his person. 'Take (or make) me as I would have those think me to be who have not seen me'—was apparently the direction of our would-be hero, the tribune of the inferior bourgeoisie.

The great dramatist has put it vigorously for lovely Juliet, but Bengali Proverbial Philosophy has the same sentiment in the rough taunt—the *snub-nosed child of the name of Paddolochan (the lotus-eyed) !*

Our Eurasian friends present the most outrageous instance of all races, in self-nomenclature. They have degraded some of the most illustrious names. It is not so well known that the East Indians take their patronymics from the great Houses of Portugal—in vain. It is true that several of the *conquistadors* in America and Asia were scions of noble Portuguese families, but that fact hardly accounts for the number of Gomezes and Castros and Silvas around us, without the supposition of a large amount of unfounded pretension. Every half-caste in Chittagong or Dacca or Chunam Gully, not to say Goa, &c., is either a D'Rozario or a DeSouza.

Every mother's son of a *darzi* or *khitmatgar* 'or *bhisti* is a Mahamad or an Ali—Heaven save the mark ! Market Hogg is doubtless the "lion" of the "Season" of Calcutta (how are the mighty fallen, O Modern Babylon !) and we dare not say that his own of the Tartar colony improvised on the Maidan are misnomers as Sam-suddins and Fakhruddins, for fear of a damaging combination against Maga by the Hogg in the lion's skin. Every petty Asiatic chief assumes the names and titles of an Akbar or a Timur. No matter how despised a weakling a Mahomedan Prince may be, he may call himself a Rastam ; no matter how great a scoundrel, he may love to go by the name of Hatem ; no matter how imbecile a tyrant, he may still be a Naosherwan ; no

matter how lax he may be in his morals and his creed, he may nevertheless be the Defender of the Faith. Though circumscribed his territory, limited his power, he may still be the 'king of kings'; without ever seeing hot blood spilt, he may yet receive from his people the homage of the Conqueror of the World. It is, however, a general Oriental failing. The Hindus are scarcely restrained by their *religious* reverence for their gods and deified heroes from flattering a petty landholder or chief by comparing him to Rama, or any village athlete to Bhima, or provincial Nestor to Vrihaspati (regent of the planet Jupiter,) or local poetaster to Valmiki, or country magnate who has dug a tank or has built an alms-house to Karna. This is taking names in vain, indeed! Perhaps the vice is carried to its utmost in Buddhist Asia where the rulers, considering it beneath them to glorify themselves by assuming the names of ephemeral men, affiliate themselves to the eternal spheres. The Asiatic vice, however, tends to correct itself. Its very extravagance warns the public. If a beggar who once as servant girl attracted the eye of a pretentious Mahomedan gentleman who happened to receive a small pension from the state chooses to call herself Noor Mahal Begum, or a half educated Tabib to have himself dubbed the Aristotle of the Age—what harm, in particular? Nothing whatever, save to herself or himself. The public will rate their fancy at no more than that of every one of Maharaja Blowhard's Respectable Fakirs to be saluted as "Shah Saheb." When relations and friends in Bengal give pet names like Nawab Babu or Raja Babu or Badshah Raja, or in the upper Provinces call boys Babu or Babua, they only express their own indulgence, but nowise prejudice society. When, however, parents actually nominate their sons Raj Bahadoor, or Maharaj Bahadoor or Nawab Jan, the indulgent degenerates into silliness, quite as childish as when perfumer Price of Old Bond Street, London, baptizes his hopeful as Napoleon.

The scriptural names which Dissenters and Quakers delight in is not so reprehensible, being no false pro-

tence, but still it is absurd to hear your ricketty child called Samson or your stupid boy Moses or your jilt of a daughter Rebecca. What is true of names is true of titles, and there are no more ridiculous persons in the world than your Dowlahs plentiful as blackberries in Lucknow the Great in Oudh and Lucknow the Little in our suburbs. The rank of *mansabdari*, which during the early Mogul times was of such importance, as we learn from the *Ain-e-Akbari* and the *Tozak-e-Jahangiri*, was in the decline of the empire lavished on the most undeserving, till in the reign of the puppet Shah Alam 'king of the world' it reached its lowest degradation. But there was a still lower possibility,—as was proved when an affront from the pensioned royalty of Delhi provoked Lord Amherst, the then British 'king-maker' in India, to translate and promote the nominal Hereditary Vizierat, into the nominal Kingdom? of Oudh. Favoritism in Lucknow was even more unprincipled and shameless than it is usually in Oriental courts. If Nasruddin Hyder kept an *entourage* of English barbers and French adventurers and Indian ragamuffins, and all the descendants of Saadat Ali loved to associate with the vilest scum of the earth, they at least did not constitute them Amir-ul Omrahs. It was reserved for poor Wajid Ali Shah to ennoble panders and poetasters, gardeners and dancing-girls' relations, into Nawabs. Since the Annexation, these fellows from having once been privileged (as they thought) to pander to and flatter and serve princes, and afterwards nobles, have reverted to their profession of pandering to and flattering and serving the commonalty; and many a time and oft have we seen in the streets as it were of Calcutta, Burdwan, Moorshedabad, Patna, Benares and other places, not to mention Lucknow, *Sarangis* Dowlahs and *Marsiakhans* Bahadoors. What is, then, in a name—or a title, either?

The British Government itself too has its sins in this respect to answer for. And this without its being, in its chiefs, subject to those enervating influences to which Oriental princes, bred up in the harem, among eunuchs

and low women, or at best among courtiers not much better, are liable. And this from the first. The elevation of the family of the oilman who once saved the life of Warren Hastings to the *official* Peerage gave dire offence to the true old territorial aristocracy. It might have been supposed that a hundred years of administration of an Indian empire greater than the greatest Mogul ever owned would teach the British more discrimination. But if English-made Rajas and Roy Bahadoors were always a doubtful nobility, Mutiny-Rajas and Bahadoors, as they are called, the titles given away, since the Rebellion, for services, and supposed services, at the instance of local officers without a sense of imperial responsibility, are absolutely a reproach. What a lot of Tehsildars and thanadars in and about the scenes of the conflicts of 1857-58, and even adventurers from distant provinces, have been rewarded and dignified for work, real or imaginary, good, bad or indifferent ! The substantial rewards, where they were undeserved, were the complaint of a day. The dignities, which even though the express terms of the investiture are limited to the individual recipient have in the course of ages a tendency to be popularly hereditary, are a permanent irritation. The brother of a banker's agent, which agent had as such opportunities for obliging District officers, got as compensation for his brother's death, a *jaghir* and a Rajaship and a Deputy Collectorship, and the Deputy Collector has received through the influence of a Mahomedan judge the reward of loyalty—not to the Queen but the judge—in a Companionship of the Order of India. The same and like rewards have been achieved by a school-master who has won the *political* approbation and we trust personal contempt, of Anglo-Saxonia in Upper India by proving in his person that Western Culture may consist with Eastern meanness and spiritlessness,—or, not to take the name of culture in vain, that a smatterer may be set up by official patronage as a representative of High Education to point a forced moral or adorn an unfounded tale and may, so far as such an instance can do it, disgrace a regenerated nation, learning its first

lessons in self-respect. And now to come at once to the latest instance in the same quarter, the son of Chowdhuri Pratap Singh, of Tajpur, man of low caste and lower antecedents, not content with the luck which in a moment converted his family Chowdhuriship into his father's Rajaship, has we suppose bothered the authorities into procuring him the rare felicity of being addressed as Raja (instead of Kumar) Jagat Singh.

What's indeed, in a name, or title ?

So much for Buckingham——and the present !

MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1873.

THE CAREER OF AN INDIAN PRINCE.

THE career of an Indian Prince?—ah, well, let us take an example.

Example surely is better than precept. The concrete is more impressive than the abstract. The particular must at all events precede the general. Documents, annals and memoirs are the raw materials of history—history is the raw material of those large generalizations which go sometimes by the name of the Philosophy of History and at others by that of the Science of Politics. There is, besides, a peculiar advantage in the particular in our present enquiry that is absent in others. In other departments one unit of an order—in other words, a particular—may so far differ from another unit as to make one doubt their community at all. Hence the necessity of collecting many specimens and noting carefully the peculiarities of each. In the highest order of animals, man, free will is the disturbing element which makes a science of politics or of human conduct impossible. Hence the standing necessity of individual biographies through all time. For, a single portrait but to a small extent (comparatively speaking) represents another. With all our immense historical and biographical treasures of so many thousand years and all races, we are as far as ever from idealizing a character of man in the abstract, or even of the king, the subject, the statesman, and the warrior, each in the abstract, which may enable us to predict the conduct of individuals in each class or understand events. Eastern princes are, in this

respect, a simpler study than any other species of the genus *magistratus*. Among them, the concrete and the abstract are, if not convertible, more nearly allied than in any other class. The general absence of individuality renders the individual a representative type of the general. The advantage of this is obvious. One is so like another and the rest that there is no room for the danger of onesided or erroneous impression from a single portrait or a small photographic album.

Perhaps the late Nizam of Hyderabad furnishes as good an example of his class—of all that is distinctive of it—as almost any other Chief that we can call to mind. Afzalladdaulá was a pukka native prince, in every sense—if over there was one. He was, indeed, the prince of Indian princes. He was not the mere audacious claimant of a princely heriditament whom speculators enabled to play the prince, like the *soi distant* Protap Chandra, deceased, or the living Thomas Orton, nor, like the poor Raja of Jyntiá the rightful claimant of a throne from which he had been driven by treason, and from which he was kept away by want of funds and of the sympathy of the impersonal British Government. He was not, like his brother Nawab Nazim of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, now in England, the descendant of a ruling House with a viceregal title which had sold its right to rule for an easy pension and immunity from the troubles of governing. He was not, like so many so-called Native princes, the mere representative of a dignity divorced from its broad domains. He was no scion of an extinct royalty like Raja Shioráj Sing of Káshipur,—no grandiloquent titular Majesty like poor Wajid Ali, King of Garden Reach, the Elba of the Napoleon of Oudh, the Conqueror of Oriental ballet girls and fiddlers. Still less was he a monomaniac who industriously made-believe the world that he was a King. He was a bona fide oriental prince—a genuine sovereign, however insignificant in rank among the great rulers of the world—unquestionably one of the greatest Indian magnates. Indeed, he died the first of contemporary Indian Princes.

When he ascended the throne of his father Násir-uddaulá, the Great Mogul pensioner of Delhi was the only man to whom his personal respects were due as a Nazim of the Mogul Empire, but before many months elapsed, the events of 1857-58 swept away off the land the House of Timur, and with it passed away all pre-British traditions of empire. Since then he stood in his glory as the chief of the allies of the British Government within the geographical limits of India. Nepal,—great as it is, greater in some of the highest respects, than Hyderabad—is, strictly speaking, hardly an exception. For Nepal is almost a trans-Indian state, and even if it is reckoned an Indian one, it is hardly superior in political status to the great Mussulman Principality of the South. The Nizam of the Peninsula is *now* undoubtedly in a bad plight, laboring as it does under a minority under at once the undoubted protection and undoubted pressure of the sleepless engine of British Paramountcy, and it will never be again what it was. But so long as the late Nizam lived, lazy as he was, almost of necessity, and not endowed with striking ability, he maintained the dignity of his state with tolerable success. If the genius of Lord Canning aided by the incompetence of Native India insjuatingly reduced Hyderabad with the rest of the Native States to fiefs of the British Empire, Nepal, too, to this day submits to Chinese suzerainty. If Nepal has any other advantages over Hyderabad they are those geographical ones which it enjoys, as a border state and a mountainous one, over *all* the *internal* states, particularly those without natural defences, of Hindustan. No other Native state can challenge a moment's comparison with Hyderabad. There are dynasties by the dozen more ancient, more historic, Houses which are looked up to with infinitely greater veneration ; there are princes like the Kolhapur boy whom the other day, at the Bombay Viceregal Durbar, the great burly Scindiah, with a grace for which his House has always been distinguished, recommended to a seat above him—the highest—as the representative of the true royal Mahratta House of which the other Mahratta families had

been servants and feudatories—there are Chiefs like Raja Shioráj Sing of Káshipur whose family reigned over a great Independent State in the valleys of the Himalayas—since the Mahomedan Conquest of the plains the greatest Hindu kingdom for seven hundred years—and whom the people of Kumaon still regard as their true national sovereign—there is still a peaceable old man whose House has been reigning from a much longer period than any other princely House in the world, who, tracing his descent through the deified hero Ráma to the great luminary of the heavens himself,—shames the genealogical pretensions of the Emperor of the Celestials. But in princely *substance* the ruler of Hyderabad beat them all. He was the Chief of the hour. The others no doubt command a certain political importance; their names are a talisman, their persons a power; but it all is due to their past history, not their present position. Their weight is that proceeding from the reverence they command, their power that of exciting the sympathy and imagination of large numbers—neither has its origin in tangible present greatness. In times of commotion—when the present order cannot make itself obeyed—they may command millions; power and sovereignty will then probably be thrust on them as armies will spring up to their standard from the ground as they did in 1857, at the call of their like, but for the moment they are nobodies—are no more than their lands and revenues make them. In ordinary times the great territorial princes are the big folks. Of these the very biggest in India in his day was the late Nizam-ul Moolk.

He was not only the greatest—the highest in resources—extent of territory, number of subjects, amount of revenues, strength of army—but also the most typical, of all that is good and all that is bad, in his class. He had exceptional advantages—accidents if you will—and he knew how to use them. He was born a prince, and he both lived and died a prince—and he was born as a prince, lived as a prince, and died as a prince.

A GLIMPSE OF ORIENTAL STATES.

We hope the distinction will not be missed. A man may be a prince—may in common parlance be said to live a prince—without actually living as a prince. We know several who live as beggars. And so in regard to entrance into the world and exit. Not many rulers of despotic states die decently well—not to say princely. It is one of the curses of Asiatic royalty or chiefship or mere wealth. Despotism is not favorable to the growth of the affections. The amenities of life are luxuriant, but they are developed under hot-house pressure—exaggerated by compulsion. Politeness may pass unto low obsequies; submission may take the visible shape of kowtowing and prostration; but poisoning and assassination and strangulation reign side by side. Under any circumstances, that pressure which ensures to the despot the most abject slavery not only from servants, high and low, from menial up to minister, but also from those who by ties of blood or other human relationship are naturally most dear to man,—to whom one might expect even despots to be no more nor less than men,—that pressure is interrupted when the despot is unwell—removed when dead. The despot is a despot generally,—to his wives and children as well as to his servants and subjects. Whatever the individual interests that may be compromised by the demise of the despot, there is such a sense of relief at the death of a despot to all—even to those whose interests are threatened—that the commonest decencies of sorrow which surround the meanest death-bed are usually absent from the last scene of such a prince. The reaction of an entire reign of terror is irresistible when once it has play. The heir or the regent, whether that regent be the dowager or the minister, is too happy at the prospect of the future to remember what is due to the present. Where the succession is doubtful, the dying or dead is still less regarded, and there is usually some violence or other. Under any circumstances the wives and concubines, sons and daughters, and officers, busy themselves to form

alliances, conciliate guards, break open chests, plunder treasure, intercept revenues, and make the most of the interregnum already practically begun.

Let not the reader confound all kinds of despotism. All despotism is not homogeneous. Nor is it all evil. Government by representative institutions is sometimes weak—often degenerates into class rule—always involves waste. There is a soul of truth in things false, and in the hands of the great *dārsanik* Herbert Spencer, this maxim is the foundation of a rational structure of the supernatural. Even despotism is not necessarily evil—never all evil. An Alfred or an Akbar, a Shitab Roy or Naser Mahomad or Sekundra Begum is worth generations of Parliaments. The British Indian Government, in much that, and in so far as, it has been a blessing to the people, is itself but a beneficent despotism. But despotism is of different kinds; roughly classified, there are two sorts, the personal and impersonal. Each kind has its good and bad. Those who have lived some time in British territory must have remarked the evils inherent in its impersonality. Yet, in much that it is a good, and even more a strong, government, the British Indian Government is an impersonal despotism. It is subject to none of the fluctuations of personal administration—to none of the ills and accidents which flesh is heir to. The permanent weakness of the personal rule of native states lies in that uncertainty which is its normal condition. Every thing depends upon a single man—upon his talent, his tact, his temper, his virtues, his vices, his health, his life. Human nature is frail—princely human nature, bred up in the exercise of unchecked power, particularly so. A despot may do what he likes with his own, and he does not rest content with the consciousness of power, but indulges himself in the most capricious exercise of it. Nothing is secure—whim takes the place of law. There is no tenure either in land or office or favor. There is no reverence either for property or contract. The instinct of self-preservation leads every one—wife, son, minister, general, judge, landlord, farmer, cultivator—to make hay while the uncertain English sun shines. The

motto is live while it is day, for tomorrow you do not know what will become of you. It may be readily imagined what a principle of chaos is this general insecurity. This great evil is barely kept within bounds by the personal accessibility, supervision and watchfulness of the sovereign; it rises and falls according to the measure of these with all the sensitiveness of mercury in the thermometer; it springs up towards fever heat at news of his illness or infirmity; it passes boiling point so soon as he lies stretched on his death bed. Happy hour that for so many of his family, courtiers, attendants, and officers!—the eye of the master is closing or closed—the only check is removed! Hurrah for plunder and scramble! There are those to whom the death is ruin—favorites whose situations are in peril—but they have all the more temptation to make the most of their opportunity so long as it remains till the next ruler turns them out and brings them to account. In any case it is nobody's interest or business to waste himself on the thankless task of attending on the dying and offering the last rites to the dead.

The task may, indeed, be more positively harmful than merely thankless. The successor may be a stranger and an enemy of the moribund prince, and too great an attachment to the latter may be deemed hardly a recommendation by the former. The successor may be one who had equal or almost equal pretensions to the throne with the predecessor, who had struggled for the throne with him, when it was vacant and been beaten, but who had never taken his defeat with resignation, who had intrigued for it ever afterwards, spending treasure and conscience in a desperate game, and who, although he had not been able to eject his fortunate rival from his *Musnud*, had at least succeeded in depriving it of nearly all its relish, making it a very bed of thorns. The adherents, the really faithful courtiers and officers of the predecessor—who had assisted him zealously to circumvent the efforts of his enemy—are doomed.

The successor and predecessor need not be strangers— they may be the nearest and dearest to one another—and

yet have been opposed to each other. That polygamy of Eastern society, carried to the extreme by Eastern princes, is a fruitful source of this discord. The favorite queen-wife of the hour, be she ever so low, or inferior in social or legal status, be she the lowest concubine yesterday picked up from the streets, intrigues for the succession for *her* son to the exclusion of those with better claims, poisons her husband's mind against his other wives and their sons, cooks up conspiracies and attempts at assassination and poisoning as by *them* against his life, in order to prejudice him for ever and effectually against them,—even make him imprison or behead them. Of course when the father is suspicious, the son is forced to be cautious and circumspect, and thereby confirms the father. When the father is hopelessly prejudiced, the most dutiful son is compelled in self-defence to take an apparently hostile position. And who can quietly give up his right to a throne? And what man of spirit will submit to be swindled out of it by a woman, perhaps no better than his father's mistress, and no better than she should be? That is the meaning of the unseemly wars between Ameer Shere Ali of Cabul and Yakoob Khan—that the explanation of the late game at war in Joudpoor between the Rana and his Kumar, and the recent quarrel in Travancore between the Maharajah and the First Prince. That was the reason of the hatred of the late Nawab of Rampore towards his eldest son, the present Nawab. Some years ago while we were minister of a native prince, an officer of the late Nawab on a special mission to our master was sitting with us in our house when the news of his master's death arrived. He instantly grew pale and desired to be gone from the court without waiting a day or two to complete all that he had come for. On enquiring the reason of such extreme anxiety and such haste, he said that he felt as one who had got his dismissal, that the only chance, if any, of retaining place under the new administration lay in his being able to ingratiate himself with the coming man—confusing his memory of the past or atoning for it—by marked insult to the dead—the living, or dying rather,

being, as we thought to ourselves, happily above the reach of his and his fellow-officers' neglect. Unhappy rulers that are mortal men and liable to all infirmities of our kind, what a fate is their's ! despised when most longing for sympathy ! uncared for when most in need of care ! What a scene of utter meanness and heartlessness is an Oriental state during the illness and at the death of the ruler ! How intrigue, never idle, is overjoyed to find her busiest season ! How every man's hand is against his neighbour, how Plunder and Violence stalk the land in broad day ! Every true duty is contemptuously ignored, generosity forgotten, human feelings suppressed, very decency postponed, as the interregnum, commenced before death, becomes a reign of lawlessness and robbery on the one hand as regards the goods of the state, the princes' household and the subjects of the state,—and of brutal indifference and worse than indifference on the other, as regards the dying or dead prince.

Perhaps the most striking recent instance of this truth took place in the Sikh State of Nabbha. The late Raja Bhagwan Sing, hurried to death by intemperance which was his only resource from trouble and worse than trouble,—humiliation of the worst kind,—received at the hands of those who were bound to conduct themselves differently, died worse than a pauper at a workhouse. The poorest of his own subjects who had a roof to lay his head under, and a wife or children, certainly received better nursing and attentions than the Raja himself and had had his path to the next world more zealously smoothed than he. What was every body's business was nobody's business. In fact, every body's business was *not* to look after the dying Chief ; it lay other where than in that close sickroom. Even they who were present in and near that room were not there to attend on the dying or take care of the dead. They watched to make the moment the gasping man might be finally relieved of his struggles " the first dark moment of nothingness,

" The last of danger and distress !"

the signal for their or their employers' personal designs

Thus poor Bhagwan Sing's remains lay neglected in that deserted apartment while his household, toshakana and state departments were scenes of confusion and plunder. When late they returned to the corpse of the Raja to perform the last rites on it, it was found less by one limb. The hungry mice had profited by the example of the great *Kārbāris* and feasted themselves on it. It must be confessed that they were the less rapacious of the plunderers. They were impelled by hunger, not avarice : and, after all, they were satisfied with a portion of the nose.

EDITOR.

[*To be continued.*]

Erratum in page 4, lines 7 & 8, for "peaceable old man" read "promising young man of twenty-six."

I allude to the Maha Rana of Udayapur. I forgot when I wrote the article that the last Maha Rana died in 1861.—EDITOR.

A CONVIVIAL SONG.

“ _____ Recepto,
Dulce mihi furere est amico.”—*Horace.*

What pleasure fills the heart,—what joy,
So exquisite and pure,
As when around the board we greet,
Friends steadfast, tried, and sure !
When smiling faces round us throng,
Familiar, dear, and old,
And the ruby wine incarnadines
The goblets rough with gold !

Then sullen thoughts and dark regrets,
Whose shadows grim dismay,
And the gaunt spectre of Remorse,
Are banish'd far away ;
With glowing cheeks and glist'ning eyes,
The sparkling cup we drain,
And shout defiance at Despair,
And laugh at care and pain.

Then every heart is fondly stirr'd,
Then hand in hand is prest,
Then warmly is the beaker pledg'd,
To her whom each loves best ;
Then songs are sung of love and war,
Wit flashes bright and keen,
Till blooming morn with sober eyes
Looks on this festal scene.

O surely, surely,—'tis a joy
 Rich, unsurpass'd, and pure,
 When round the social board we greet
 Friends steadfast, tried and sure ;—
 Not those false knaves, miscalled true friends,
 Whom young and old contemn,
 But loyal, brave, and honest hearts,—
 —God's benison on them !

O. C. DUTT.

EPIGRAM FROM THE SANSKRIT.

Maiden ! of thine own eyes thyself beware !
 Nor on thy person trifle with thy glance !
 Its maker own the keen sword ne'er doth spare,
 The hunter rash is hurt by h's fav'rite lance !

EDITOR.

THE ANALYTICAL GEOMETRY OF TWO DIMENSIONS.

Translated from the French of Auguste Comte,

BY THE HON'BLE DWARKANATH MITTER.

PART I.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

CHAPTER I.

FUNDAMENTAL NOTIONS.

[*Continued from No. IV.*]

9. In order to elucidate as much as possible, this elementary exposition of the fundamental conception, upon which the whole of analytical geometry is based, I must now proceed to indicate an important general consideration, which has, up to this time, been very much misunderstood, but which will serve to throw considerable light upon the necessary harmony existing between ideas of lines and those of equations, by showing that, not only is each rigorous definition of a curve capable of yielding a corresponding equation between any kind of co-ordinates we might choose, but, further that, it itself constitutes a spontaneous equation to that curve, relative to a certain system of co-ordinates, in suitable harmony with the given definition. But in order to avoid all confusion and all exaggeration, in this respect, it is necessary that we should, in the first place, restrict the foregoing observation to those definitions only, which are capable of indicating a certain mode of generation of the proposed line, in such a manner as to furnish, immediately, a description of it, either by means

of points or by that of a continuous movement; though, this restriction cannot alter the intrinsic generality of the observation in question, since, every curve of any kind whatsoever necessarily admits of such definitions, even when it is not described, in the first instance, otherwise than by a characteristic property, in no way explanatory of the mode of its generation, as, for instance, the isoperimetrical property of the circle previously referred to. With this single reservation, it is easy to comprehend that we cannot specify the mode of generation of a curve except by the aid of some immediate relation, ordinarily very simple, between certain natural co-ordinates belonging to it. The difficulties, which we feel in perceiving this evident necessity, are, in fact, exclusively due to the point of view, too narrow, from which we ordinarily consider the general theory relating to our systems of co-ordinates, and would disappear immediately as we give to that preliminary theory, all the philosophical amplitude, which I have already accorded to it, in a preceding part of this treatise. Thus, for example, the elementary definition of the circle, as a curve, described by a mobile point, which is always at a fixed distance from a fixed point, spontaneously constitutes the polar equation to that curve, $u=r$, the fixed point, which is called the centre, being taken for the pole. The definition of the same curve, as the locus of the vertex of an invariable angle, v , each of the sides containing which passes through a fixed point, is immediately represented by the equation $\phi - \psi = v$, between the angular co-ordinates, which measure the variable inclinations of the mobile sides to the fixed axis which passes through the two given fixed points. In like manner, the definition of the ellipse or of the hyperbola, as the locus of a point, the sum of, or the difference between, the distances of which from two fixed points is always equal to a constant quantity, instantly gives the equation, $u \pm t = c$, in the system of co-ordinates, which determines the position of a point by means of its distances from two given fixed points. The common mode of generation of the three conic sections by the movement of a point, whose distances from a fixed point

and a fixed straight line are in a constant ratio, immediately furnishes the equation, $u=mt$, in the system of co-ordinates, half rectilinear, and half polar, which corresponds to that definition. The same remark is equally applicable to the transcendental curves, as I shall, hereafter, have occasion to prove, especially, in the case of the ordinary definition of the cycloid, as well as, in many other cases. It would be superfluous now to multiply these verifications any further, as I shall subsequently take care to point them out, on every suitable occasion. We can, however, easily conceive as a matter of principle that, the mode of generation of a line cannot be defined, except by specifying the law of movement belonging to the variable point by which it is described. But as this law does not admit of a precise definition otherwise than by the aid of a certain relation, existing between the two movements, whether of translation, or of rotation, into which the proposed movement is resolveable, this relation, considered under another aspect, will necessarily constitute a natural equation to the line under consideration, relative to a corresponding system of co-ordinates, which will vary, generally, with the line, and specially, with the definition. This general theory, hitherto unknown, renders more obvious the fundamental harmony subsisting between lines and equations, by spontaneously separating, the philosophical conception, upon which that harmony depends, from the difficulties inherent in the effective formation of the equation required. For if, according to the principle above stated, every curve is directly capable of furnishing us with a corresponding equation, in a certain system of co-ordinates, we can, no longer doubt that this equation must equally admit of some equivalent or other, in every other system, reserving, only the difficulties inherent in the accomplishment of the necessary transformation.

At the same time, we can easily understand, in what consists, essentially, the embarrassment, which we feel so often in forming our equations. This operation could never have presented any serious difficulty, if, the selection of the system of co-ordinates to be employ-

ed, had been always at our discretion ; since, the required equation can be immediately obtained by adopting the particular system of co-ordinates, which is in harmony with the proposed definition. But, for certain reasons, which I shall hereafter explain, we are ordinarily obliged to restrict ourselves to a uniform system of co-ordinates, prescribed beforehand, and specially to the rectilinear system, properly so called, which is neither always, nor even usually, the best adapted to the formation of equations. We see, therefore, that the chief difficulty inherent in the formation of equations consists, in general, in the transition, from the primitive and natural system, to this definitive and artificial system. This appreciation admits of a high practical utility, in-as-much-as it furnishes us with the only efficacious advice which can be given in this indispensable preamble and which, by its nature, cannot be subjected to any systematic methodization. We should, in fact, according to the preceding remarks, always start from the equation spontaneously suggested by each definition, and afterwards, direct all our special efforts to the elimination of the primitive co-ordinates by the aid of the two relations, existing between them and the definitive co-ordinates ;—employing sometimes, by way of auxiliaries according to the ordinary spirit of mathematical researches, one or many other intermediate systems of co-ordinates, not having in such cases, any other destination than that of facilitating the necessary transformation. A judicious application of this general advice without dissipating, altogether, the difficulty, often very great, inherent in the formation of equations, will, at least, serve to prevent that vicious waste of intellectual force, which arises, so frequently, in this respect, from empirical and disorderly efforts, whose success cannot but be, almost always, impossible.

ADDRESS OF THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES (ROADS)

TO ST. BERNARD AND ST. BERNARD'S REPLY.

O'er this realm I hold iron rule,
My will none dares transgress !
Ho ! Bernard of my own dear school !
What say the fools o' the press ?

2.

They revile me in language fell,
They hit me daily hard ;
All for loving the people well—
And myself too, Bernard !

3.

What a stormy life rulers lead !
Our lot how passing hard !
Like the Trades' Dinn'r a hav'n I need,
I sadly need, Bernard !

4.

But the Parkers and Bark'rs o' the press
E'en *there* pursue me hard ;
And assail me, gracious goodness !
Thro' malice sheer, Bernard !

5.

'Tis a sad world I've found at last !
For what's my rich reward
For nocturnal hours sleepless pass'd
In ceaseless toil, Bernard ?

6.

Why, they laugh all at my minutes,
Tho' measur'd by the yard—
Tho' a downpour of heavy sheets
I send daily, Bernard !

7.

I've imposed all sorts of Cesses,
Bernard ! and more I would,
Tho' there 'rose howling wildernesses
Where smiling hamlets stood !

8.

Tho' the people of fev'r may die
By thous'nds in their abodes ;
Still, Bernard ! oh dear ! still am I
For broad, well-metalled roads !

9.

There may not p'r'aps be men eno'
'To use my roads so good ;
But for all that, Bernard ! I trow
We two 'd use them— we would !

10.

Altho' corpses bestrew the ground,
Bernard ! I'd op'n low schools,
With Jackals for masters profound,
And vultures for pupils.

11.

My reforms, alas ! are usher'd
'Mongst men devoid of wit,
Who much nonsense indite, Bernard !
Much chaff and little wheat !

12.

Oh ! grieve not, my chief ! said Bernard,
'Tis glory all thine own !
When for bread the people beg hard
To give them but a stone !

BHOOBONESHOREE

OR

THE FAIR HINDU WIDOW.

CHAPTER VII.

“**W**HILE thus engaged in promoting works of public utility,” continued Preo Nath, “I kept myself ready to fly to her feet as soon as she might reappear in her father’s mansion. That I might not lose a single day I kept myself moving about in the neighbourhood with the ostensible object of superintending the works undertaken in that part of my estates. But days, weeks and months passed away, and she returned not. Her grand-father had, it appears, decoyed her into his house on promise of detaining her for not more than a month. When this expired, the old man said, that as Kády’s marriage would take place the next month, it was preposterous to think of sending away her lovely grand-daughter who was the light and ornament of the house. When Kády’s cursed marriage was over, he swore a great oath that unless Bhooboneshoree remained to witness the *Annaprásan* of his grandson Bipin, he would never have the ceremony celebrated. When the detestible *Annaprásan* came to a close, the octogenarian affected great fears of sending her home on such an unpropitious month as Bhádra.

“ ‘Who,’ said he, ‘has ever heard of a girl leaving one house and going to another in such a month. I have lived to see three generations pass away before my eyes, but such a thing I have never heard spoken of in my life. My daughter may, in her eagerness, not perceive any objection to get back her lovely child into her arms in this unpropitious month, but I have to consult not only the luck of my son’s-in-law dwelling, but of my own too’—it being considered alike dangerous to the family which a woman leaves in an evil month, day or moment and the one that she joins.

“So he dismissed the Pálki which his daughter had sent to bring my charmer home,—ordering the bearers to come back the next month. The heart of her mother, like mine, could brook no delay, and the Pálki accordingly was sent again at the commencement of *Asvin*. When the old gentleman saw the Pálki, he flew into a terrible rage, and taking his prop-stick in hand, thrashed the servant who accompanied the Pálki. When her daughter's letter was presented, he tore it to pieces, and threw his brass Lota at the presenter. He then fell to cursing his own daughter, comparing her to the cat who ate her own child, and her husband to Buddha who tried to banish idolatry from the land.

“‘Because my son-in-law,’ said he, ‘does not like to worship the Goddess at his own house, therefore my grand-daughter should not be allowed to see the Pujá at mine? There is not a single man in Bengal who would not come home, to whatever distance his business may have led him, in order to see the *Mahá-Máyá* after the expiration of a year. At such a time of universal jubilee, must my lovely grand-daughter depart to bury herself in silence and gloom, instead of illuminating my house with her presence and enchanting every beholder with her charms?’

“The whole of that morning he passed in abusing his son-in-law and daughter, dwelling on the greatness and the pleasures of the festival and extolling the beauty of her grand-daughter. One by one the hours for ablutions, worship and dinner glided away, still no one ventured to approach him. When his son at last made bold to remind him that it was high time for him to take his meals, he flatly refused to eat anything that day. It appears that not satisfied with abusing and beating others, he, after the manner of people blessed with his temper and accustomed to have their will in their family and among dependants, made himself the aggrieved party, and was resolved to wreak all his vengeance on his innocent head,—or rather stomach. As no adult in the house, in duty bound, could take his meal before the octogenarian had satisfied

his appetite, son after son, nephew after nephew, kneeled to him in vain. All their entreaties seemed only to aggravate his rage, and to raise his voice still louder and louder in abuse against his son-in-law and daughter and the whole generation of impertinent bearers and servants. Nay, not satisfied with expressing his resentment against one daughter and son-in-law, association led him to tear to pieces the characters of his other daughters and their respective husbands. Thence, by easy step, he wandered to his sons and their wives in succession; till at last, by one sudden spring, he ascended to his own wife as the progenitress of the whole accursed brood of sons and daughters. It now became absolutely necessary to put a stop to the ceaseless torrent of names and imprecations which threatened to carry the whole Bose family, from generation to generation to everlasting perdition.

"All eyes were now turned to his lovely granddaughter, who, though the chief cause of the whole imbroglio and jeremiade, was never named by the old man in his singular benedictions. To enable her to come to the courtyard of the outer or male apartments where the octogenarian was reciting the interesting history of the Bose family, to the great edification of his hearers, the whole space was cleared of strangers, and screens were thrown down and doors shut where necessary. The old man seeing her approach, interrupted the course of his narrative, but when on nearer inspection, he perceived that she had not yet bathed, his rage knew no bounds. He took up his stick and threw it at his son who was standing at some distance. He next seized his *nariel* (cocoanut hooka) and was about sending it after his stick when Bhooboneshoree came up and stood in the way. He replaced the *nariel* on its brass seat, and began to abuse the whole house because his grand-daughter had not bathed. 'Who can bear,' said he, 'to see so lovely a flower fade for want of water and nourishment? Curse on the whole family which neglects to take care of it! Is such a tender flower the meet victim of neglect and distress even for an hour? Surely this family is hastening to premature destruction.'

Before he could proceed further, Bhooboneshoree had caught him by the hand. He rose in obedience to her summons, for, said he, "I can deny you nothing. But why have you not bathed and refreshed yourself up to this time? By so doing, you will bring ill-luck on the whole family. Do you think a house can thrive where the Goddess of Fortune herself chooses to starve?" "I," said her grand-daughter, "who have lost husband and son, ill deserve the compliment." A more unlucky remark was never made. The old man who was following her like an obedient child, sat down under the weight of his sorrows, and burst into tears. Looking up to the sky, he asked the Almighty why virtue, personified in her grand-daughter, was doomed to suffer wretchedness and unutterable woe. After wiping away her tears, she soothed her grand-father by assuring him that this short life was a state of trial, and that we ought to resign ourselves to the dispensation of the great Father of Mercy 'who wounds only to heal.' To divert his thoughts from the painful subject, she told him that she could not bathe as long as he did not himself bathe, and that she had with her own hand prepared for him some estables which must be tasted while hot. The old man needed no inducement to bathe and satisfy his appetite, when he saw his lovely grand-daughter could not otherwise be made to do the like.

"In the month of Asvin, I was of course obliged to come home to preside at the celebration of the Pujá. However opposed we may be to idol worship, there is something grand and imposing in the Durgá Pujá. The large concourse of friends gathered from all parts of the country, the incessant interchange of visits that ensued, the variety of amusements, dancing and singing, games and sports, kept me so much engaged day and night that I had hardly a minute to think on my beloved. But when the Pujá was over, and all my friends returned to their respective seats of business or residence, I relapsed to my former state of mind, with its longing to behold the charmer of my heart. I returned near her father's

house, and watched the progress of events. At the commencement of Kártik, (September-October) a Pálki was again despatched to bring her home, and at the same time I wrote to my informant in the village whose friendship I had cultivated during my late visit, to let me know what reception it met with. The Pálki was accompanied by a strong letter from her mother, complaining of the treatment her servants had received the last time, and threatening to call in person to take her daughter in case the bearers were this time sent back without her. When the letter was read to the old man, he struck his hands violently on his forehead, tore his hair and cursed the god of death for having so long left him unsummoned from this world.

“Truly,” said he, “the iron age has commenced in earnest. Daughters no longer feel any affection or gratitude for their fathers. A man who is father to a female child, drags all his ancestors up to the seventh generation with him into hell. What sins innumerable must I have been guilty of in my previous birth to be cursed with so many daughters in this. When marrying them, we have to impoverish our sons in order to make their doweries large. Whenever they visit their parents’ house, they lay their hands on any thing they find valuable and carry them to their husbands. When going away, they affect some tears as if they are really sorry to part from their parents. I suppose they weep on such occasions because they have to leave their victims alive, and lament their hard lot that they could not fleece them well. There is my Merno who would not be satisfied with half my estates. There is my Bemola who every time she comes to see me, demands gold jewellery for her children. Boroda would hardly look at my face, since I refused to pay five thousand Rupees on her son’s marriage. Rombha wonders how I drag on my existence so long after I declined to appoint her son-in-law as a manager of my property. The only bearable daughter I had is dead. Tomorrow I will go on a pilgrimage to Jagan-nath, and there laying my old bones under the car,

die praying that I may not have any daughters in my next life."

"At this stage the old man's eyes fell upon his favorite grand-daughter standing on the roof of the building as an angel descended from on high, and he thought it proper to qualify his denunciation thus. "No, I shall pray for a single girl who will resemble my lovely Bhooboneshoree. If daughters like her were born, who would pray for sons? Indeed, what have my sons done to me? They are only watching for my death as the signal to fall upon each other and to bury themselves, all in one common ruin. Not one is worth the money I have lavished upon him. There is Shyam who is buying horses, dogs and birds all his life, and his understanding has partaken of the nature of those brutes. Then there is Dinu who is immersed in drink, and loses his heart to every dancing girl he meets with. Iswar is indeed a clever man, but he is so litigious and quarrelsome that he will never be quiet till he has brought about the ruin of the whole estate. The two most virtuous and wise sons I had, are now no more. They would have made me happy, but the gods could not bear to see me so. Why should I dwell in such a doomed family. Tomorrow I will set fire to the house, and depart for Brindabun. If I stay, that accursed daughter, that lioness in human shape, will come and tear me to pieces. She hates me from the very bottom of her heart. I wonder that such a detestable creature gave birth to so lovely a daughter"—and the old man went on dissecting his daughter's character and cursing her from the bottom of his heart. But his favorite grand-daughter had by this time arrived from behind, and accosted him. "Grand-dad! curse not my mother in my face! However much I may respect you, I can not bear to hear my beloved mother abused by you. If you do really love me, please retract the curses you have pronounced, and let my mother have your blessings instead." The old man could not bear contradiction even from his spiritual guide. But his fondness for Bhooboneshoree knew no bounds. Instead of taking offence at her spirited protest, he caught hold of her, and in spite of her strug-

gles kissed her repeatedly, saying "my jewel! thy mother is thrice-blessed. She must be a favorite of heaven when she bore thee in her womb. May I be born again and again to claim her for my child and you for my grand-daughter. You may struggle as you like, but I must have a kiss first on your under lip, then on your upper lip, then one on each cheek, and lastly another where your eye-brows meet." "But you," cried she, "have already had enough kisses on those places, So let me go." "No, I have not," replied the old man, "you are so coy that you would hardly let me bring my lips near your cheeks these four months." As she could not disentangle herself from his arms without hurting his old limbs, she thought it better to submit quietly to his caresses. But the old man, instead of invading her face in the order he had named, went on attacking it in an irregular way. After he had gone once round, he commenced again as if he had left some places untouched, and as often as she attempted to raise her voice in remonstrance, the old man attacked her lips to prevent them from giving it utterance. It was not till she feigned a pain in her foot that he let her go, and at the same time jumped from his seat to enquire if any thing had bitten her. Not knowing that his guileless grand-daughter was capable of deceiving him, he made her first open and turn one foot, then another; the fingers were one by one examined; the shoes were mercilessly struck on the ground to bring out some hidden insect; and it was not till she acknowledged that the bite was more in her imagination than in her feet that he desisted from the search.

"A Bengali lady is unaccustomed to be kissed except by her husband, in private. Bhooboneshoree had, however, occasionally submitted to his grand-father's caresses in that way. But still the sight was so novel that when the old gentleman glued his lips upon her lovely cheeks, the ladies of the house, especially the younger portion, were laughing and biting their tongues as if ashamed of the scandal thereby created. After he had satisfied himself that she had not been bitten by anything, he

turned to the laughing ladies and said—"if nectar were spread over your ugly faces, it would not tempt me to kiss your cheeks." Saying this he burst into laughter, in which he was joined by the men, but the younger ladies, some of whom were very beautiful, looked daggers at the old man. But though the octogenarian made himself merry at others' expense, he was far from being satisfied with himself. He sat brooding over his wrongs, and seemed to have come once more to the resolution of starving himself for others' sins. For when the evening closed and the supper was laid before him, he raised the silver plate to hurl it with its contents on his daughter-in-law who presented it to him. Seeing his favorite grand-daughter, whom he did not observe before, standing by his side under the shadow of the lamp, he replaced the plate on the ground, and began to scratch his head, irresolute what to say in excuse. She affected not to observe his movements, and, coming forward, sat as usual in his front, to sweeten the taste of his victuals by her presence. At last the old gentleman said that he did not feel any appetite. "I would not," said she, "hear any excuse, specially to-day. You see that dish before you made of cucumber which you love so much. I have had it brought from a distance of seven miles. Then there is that dish made of unripe Jack fruit, which is so difficult to procure in this month. No pains have been spared to make it as savoury as possible. It smells of the flavour of meat you perceive. I have no doubt it tastes as such. I had to pay a piece of my cloth for the fruit. That *doll* [*dall*, pulse] on your left looks so white and transparent. Each pea has been carefully taken out of the husk, so that none has even suffered a fracture. You saw me doing it in the morning when reciting *Chinta's* (चिन्ता) life in the wilderness. That boiled thing on your plate is the creeping plant that grows over the waters. I swam over 40 yards to bring it from the tank. It will prove so beneficial to you. There is that brinjal baked with leaves of the neem tree. See, how I have cut the brinjal so carefully that you can not show one piece larger than the other. The leaves have been taken from the Neem tree which is venerable like your

grey hairs. You like the mixture very well, and it has greatly strengthened your constitution. Then there is that soup made of *Koronjo* berries. I culled them from the tree in the kitchen-house which I planted in my childhood, and which you have called after my name. See how when doing so, the thorns hurt my fingers, which have bled from three several places."

"The old man was first shaking his head as Bhoobhoneshoree enumerated the different dishes one after the other, as if nothing would tempt him to break his vow. When she described how she had swam 40 yards to bring the twining plant, he affectionately looked at her face. When she alluded to the *Koronjo* tree bearing her dear name, he cast his eyes on the dish prepared with its fruit. But when she showed him her fingers bearing marks of wound, a tear started in his eye, as he exclaimed.—"Beloved child of my heart! why should you expose your lovely person to so many risks for a worthless old man. After you are gone, who will take so much pains to feed me? Tomorrow when you cease to illuminate this house with your presence, I will surely set out for Brindabun. By my spiritual guide, I swear —." Here the old man was interrupted by her grand-daughter, who entreated him to refrain from swearing, and added.—"Why, grand-father! you seem to forget that your daughters-in-law and other grand-daughters nurse you always, and attend to your wants better than I do. I am only an occasional visitor, and it is your unjust partiality towards me that leads them to leave your care to me as long as I stay." Her grand-father did not appear to notice what she said, but continued to complain of neglect. "Who would attend to my wants," said he, "when my own daughter threatened to lodge a charge against me for assault, and to tear me to pieces with her claws?" "Fie, grandfather, fie!" replied she, "my mother only reproaches you for your assault on her servants, and threatens to come in person to take me. She could not forget her duty so much as to address you in the way you accuse her of doing." "But could

you," asked the old gentleman, "my gentle angel, pen such a letter to your father, although your father is not one of the kindest of parents?" She was not candid enough to answer the question direct, but shifted her ground saying, "my excellent mother entertains great affection for you. Would you not be glad to receive her visit?—to see your own daughter after so long a separation? She cannot be more eager to embrace me than you must be to get her back into your arms. But while we are talking, your meal is getting cold." Then with a tact worthy of a better cause, she mixed the rice with the dishes with her own hand, and raised the food to his lips as if she was going to feed her child. The octogenarian's obstinacy melted at sight of this, and unable to refuse a food raised with her lovely hand, he devoured it with more zest than usual.

"But after the meal was finished, and the fascination of her presence was withdrawn, the old man again relapsed into his former gloom. He lamented his hard fate, and complained of universal neglect. As it is the privilege of old age to indulge in such complaints and lamentations, they are perfectly harmless in their way. But this octogenarian was resolved to detain my charmer, and after one of his plans was defeated, he hit upon another. For now he flatly declined to go to bed, and made preparations for going to Brindaban on the morrow. Bhooboneshoree was advised by her aunts to intimate that she would defer her journey home, but she affected not to understand what connection it had with the old man's projected journey to Brindaban. From a distance she perceived how all entreaties were unavailing to induce the old man to retire to rest. When she drew near as usual to lead him to his bed, he informed her by way of news that he was not going to sleep that night. "Of course not," replied she. "I am not at all anxious to sleep myself tonight. As we are going to separate to-morrow, we will pass this night in talking to each other. In the first place, I will pray you, grandfather, to tell me the merits of the place

where you are so anxious to pass the rest of your days. Why is Brindabun considered so specially holy that you intend to lay your dear old bones within its precincts? In reply, the old man went on describing how Krishna carried on his love intrigues with the beautiful shepherdesses there; how his beloved Rádhá was charmed with the sweet tunes of his flute flying across the troubled waters of the Jumna, and leaving her bed, her husband and her home, stealthily paced down its many windings to join her lover in the woods; how fanned by the breeze wafted from many a field of flowers, they, reclining on the sloping ground, slept in each other's arms, unconscious of the near approach of danger; how just as the jealous husband in search of his erring spouse soon followed her to the spot, the whole scene changed as if by enchantment, and he was surprised to see his wife adoring his favorite goddess that stood naked and abashed on the prostrate body of her divine lord; how the enchanting notes of Krishna's flute arrested the Jumna in its ceaseless course, and the waters flowed backwards to listen to his world-enthraling song; and how this pastoral god, smitten with the charms of the pretty shepherdesses bathing in the river, stole their clothes, and mounting up a Kadambo tree whose golden flowers were reflected in the water like stars in the blue firmament, refused to deliver them back till they submitted to his terms.

"Cease, grand-father; cease!—enough!" cried my charmer. "You have told me more than enough of the strumpets of Brindabun. It is the fear of meeting with these indecent descriptions that I have refrained from touching the Bhagavat. Compare these wretched pictures with Sabitri, Sita and Damayanti, and what a contrast do they present! In the former, you are called upon to revere characters whose vices excite loathing and disgust. In the latter, you are presented with heroines whose transcendental virtues command the love, reverence and admiration of mankind. Human imagination cannot conceive a scene more melting than where Damayanti, leaving the pleasures and luxuries of

her father's royal house, accompanies her banished husband to the wilderness, and, fearing that he might be induced to desert her when asleep, makes him lie down by her side, wearing one end of her own cloth; and when that husband after all disappears during her sleep, she invokes the waving tree, the running brook and the frowning mountain to tell her the news of her lord. But above all, nothing engages my heart more than the conduct of Sabitri. She marries a beggar and a banished prince, well knowing that he is doomed to descend to a premature grave. When the fatal time foretold to her arrives, she accompanies her husband, in spite of her mother's-in-law remonstrances, to collect fuel in the wood, where hearing him complain of sudden drowsiness while in the act of breaking dried twigs on the top of a tree, she receives him into her extended arms, and lays him down to sleep the sleep of death on her lap. The King of Death sends his messengers, to summon to the dread Presence the mortal whose earthly term thus expired, but so far from executing their commission, they are unable to approach her angelic form, dazzling with the glory of spotless virtue. Messenger after messenger returns overpowered, and a mighty and a mightier one succeeds. But none can approach her hallowed circle almost flaming with the unearthly radiance of conjugal love, a wife's devotion and immaculate chastity. At last the King of Terrors himself makes his appearance. Touched by her virtue, he after the prompt and generous manner of the citizens of the Indian Olympus, bids her to express the desire of her heart that he may grant it, and one prayer complied with he tells her to make another, and another, lavishing on her blessings upon blessings and favor after favor till he is ashamed to find that of his own accord, he has not only granted her the life of her beloved husband, but a thousand gifts besides. Here the charming narrator was so touched that her voice was almost inaudible, while her grand-father wept like a child. Folding her within his arms, he bathed her face with his tears, and said, "Had not the iron age commenced, thou too wouldst

have worked miracles with thy immaculate chastity, and got back thine husband and child to thy longing arms. All thy beloved heroines, thou seest, were rewarded after a train of sufferings that would melt a stone. Believe me God will not desert thee in the end." The old man, hanging on her neck, could not proceed farther, his voice being choked with his grief. From the neck, she had now no difficulty in laying him down on her lap, and that he might not rise again, observed, "I have often realized Satvaban's death scene in my imagination. Had I been gifted with the genius of a poet, I would have described it in adequate terms. But as I have been bereft of my Satvaban, do you, grand-father, lie on my lap in her place, and thus enable me to realize the scene and describe it in detail." For a minute she remained silent while tears began to flow in streams down her cheeks, the old man all the time weeping audibly. She then graphically described Sabitri's conduct as detailed in the immortal books of Vyása. But as my informant has not favored me with her charming description of the enchanting scene, you must excuse me for not dwelling on it. It is hardly necessary to say that apart from the absorbing interest which her narrative commanded, the old man was not at all tempted to leave her velvet lap on which many a person would love to die the death of a Satvaban. When she found the old man asleep, she thrust a pillow under her head, and herself retired to rest."

CHAPTER VIII.

"On the following morning," continued Preo Nath, "my charmer made preparation for returning home. The old man also made his for setting out for Brindabun. His age had so soured his temper and made him so irascible, that scarcely a year passed away in which he did not threaten his sons and their wives with a projected journey to Brindabun. His threat, therefore, was not minded by any. But this time he was so in earnest that he not

only packed up his things as before, but sent his luggage to his boat; read his *Muntra* before a brass *Lota* filled with water and mango leaves, stepped his right foot at the propitious moment, and went through all the other ceremonies observed by Hindoos before setting out on a long journey. Everybody was now frightened. The younger ladies who disliked him for his partiality to Bhooboneshoree, were not affected at his departure. But the rest of the members, both male and female, were extremely grieved to lose him. "An old man," said they, "is an ornament to a house, and brings good luck to it. However abusive he may grow when angry, he loves everybody and has an excellent heart. He is the bond of union between all the discordant spirits, and the moment he leaves the house, it becomes a prey to dissension, with its train of plunder, lawsuits, and—ultimate ruin."

"All eyes were now turned towards Bhooboneshoree. Her visit was the occasion of all the mischief, and she only could avert the catastrophe by prolonging her stay. She did not share in this opinion. For she was unwilling to consider herself important enough to rule over the destiny of a large family, or to believe that her departure from the house was the sole cause of her grandfather's journey to Brindabun. She rather attributed the journey to his religious zeal and disgust with the world,—the latter partly arising from the tone of her mother's angry letter.

"In this opinion the younger ladies perfectly concurred. "To be charitable," said Kadumbinee, "we must exonerate Bhooboneshoree from all blame. Her departure for her father's house has not the slightest connection with the old gentleman's journey to Brindabun. He has indeed some partiality for her, but that must be naturally expected from the simple circumstance of her being his grand-daughter and from her visits to him being few and far between. His other grand-daughters being mostly in the house and daily before his eyes, do not call for special demonstrations of his affection. Some of them are far superior to

her in beauty and accomplishments [here those to whose faces the speaker appealed in proof of her observation, hung down their heads from modesty]. It is preposterous to suppose that her attentions to him during her occasional stay at this house have anything uncommon in them. He has uniformly experienced the same, if not better attentions from us. That he does not appreciate our services, may be explained by the proverb that "we do not see any thing good in those whom we do not love." The old man has been projecting his journey to Brindabun for the last 10 years. Every year his wish has been increasing in intensity, and this time nothing can prevent him from fulfilling his desire. Why then blame Bhooboneshoree? Poor simple child! she has not the slightest pretensions. She came to see her old grand-father for a month. Agreeably to our earnest desire, she has prolonged her stay to four months. We can not properly detain her any longer. Besides, how can her further stay prevent the old man's journey? However sorry we may be to lose him, we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that the old man's life being now extremely uncertain, it is proper that he should go to die in some holy place or other. Is it not so?" This question was answered in the affirmative by all the other young ladies present at the time.

"With kindness and charity overflowing for my charmer, the young ladies now assured her by acclamation in one voice that she was not at all to blame, and told her not to be sorry at the unworthy imputation cast on her by the elders. She appeared greatly relieved and thanked them for their kind unanimous vote in her favor. "I am extremely obliged to you all," said she, "for your kind exculpation of me. I must be candid enough to own that I did not expect so favorable a verdict at first. For I was doubtful whether I was wholly free from blame. However I was not so much sorry on my own account as on account of my mother whose angry letter I imagined, had something to do with my grand-father's resolves. But the new light which my intelligent cousin

Kádumbinee has thrown on the matter seems to exonerate also my dear mother from blame. The only points on which I differ from you all, is regarding the desirability of my grand-father's undertaking the journey. For I should be extremely sorry to lose him. But this difference in our opinions arises perhaps from our difference in religious belief. I must however again thank you for relieving me from a load of anxieties." Then seeing that her eldest aunt Bindoo stood behind her watching the progress of the preceding discussion, she triumphantly referred her to the unanimous vote passed by the younger ladies. The aunt could not help laughing at her simplicity, and placing one hand under her chin and another on the back of her head, kissed her cheeks and said, "Thou angel of purity and innocence, may Heaven preserve thy spotless heart free from taint ! Whatever thy charitable cousins and younger aunts may say, do thou come with me and prevent thy grand-father's journey. Thou hast only to consent to a prolongtion of thine stay, and thy poor old grand-father will never think of going to Brindabun. Nay, do not stare at me, but come at once."

"She followed her excellent aunt with many a mis-giving. When the old man saw her, he invited her to sit by his side, saying "I have been looking for you in every direction. Light of mine eyes ! even you have deserted me. But when do you start ? I intend to leave for Brindabun at the same time." "But dear grand-father," replied she, "I do not go home to-day. I intend to stay a week more, for I cannot part with you so, since I am never to see you more." "Well, my darling," exclaimed he, "if you are so anxious to stay for my sake, I am in no great hurry to go. Considering how dutiful you have been to me, I cannot bear to see you grieved on my account, however anxious I may be to go to Brindabun. Nay, my sweet angel, do not look so sorry. To gladden you, I will not set out on my journey for two months, and you may see me as long as you please." "I may," said she, "stay here for two weeks more. I would, indeed, be wretched if on coming back here, I miss

your dear old self." By this time, the old man, though unable to bear the burden of his youngest and most beloved grandson, a child of 3 years, had made his grand-daughter of 20 recline on his lap, and in spite of her remonstrances, he not only kept her there but fell to devouring her face. "Miss my dear old self?" said he, "no, you should never miss your poor grand-father in case you come to see him within the next six months. I will make a proposal now, since you are so very sorry to see me go to Brindaban, suppose you prolong your stay a month and I defer it a year. It is only a little month, you see. Besides, in return for your little month, I give you a whole year, mind, twelve times as much. During this long interval, you may come four or five times to see me. It is probable that I may also go to see you once or twice at your father's. The month is so short a period—it is only some twentyeight or twenty-nine days. We go to sleep and on rising, see one day has passed away." With many a blush arising from the old man's sounding kisses, she gave her consent to stay another month, but in such a way as if she was the obliged and not the obliger. For she was evidently afraid to incur the ill-will of her younger aunts and cousins by falsifying their anticipations.

"The old man was extremely overjoyed. He expressed his joys by redoubling his kisses in frequency and intensity, which drew the women to the place. His poor innocent grand-daughter, who was the object of this persecution, tried to shade her face from the women while it was bursting with blushes. "Nay, nay," said he, "do not cover your face with your hands. Your blushes have made it so beautiful that the more I drink from your lips, the more I feel thirsty. If you go on blushing, I will go on kissing. For if you hide honey within your cheeks, the bee will sting in spite of what you do." She felt so bashful at these loverlike allusions to her beauty and loveliness that she drew down her veil. But the octogenarian, like a young gallant subduing his mistress's coyness, threw it aside and unveiling her face wide and wider, we

on drinking from her lips as leisurely as before. She struggled hard to get her head out of the old man's folded arms, but he held her tighter, and she found it impossible to disentangle herself without offering some serious injury to his bones. Finding many of her cousins intently looking at her, she then closed her eyes and entreated her grand-father to let her go. But he disregarded her entreaties, and commenced devouring her eyelids with all his strength in order to make her open them. But she was as obstinate in keeping her eyes closed as he in retaining her head in his folded arms with his lips glued on her cheeks. Finding, however, all attempts to disengage herself vain, she resigned her face to his keeping, and only prayed to be allowed to recline less on his lap than her back might not press upon and break his legs." "You are so light," said he, "that I can keep you even sitting on my lap for 24 hours. When a baby, you used to sit on my lap for whole days and nights. For you were dear to me then, though you have become dearer to me now. If you could then sleep on my lap, why should you now struggle so hard to get away from it. You were at that time and are still my grand-daughter, daughter of my daughter. Why are you then so coy at my caresses? You will say you have grown in age, but I have grown as well. Had you not been so very lovely and dear to me, I would have felt no more pleasure in caressing you than I would feel in fondling those ugly laughing cousins of yours." "Fie! grand-father," said she, blushing still more red at the old man's just reproaches of her coyness, "do not hurt my cousins' feelings by calling them ugly. Nor institute any comparison with me to their forced disadvantage. You know how much more beautiful they are than I. Your partial eyes see me prettier in spite of my many personal defects, but every one else considers my cousins superior." "Superior!" shrieked the old man in his rage, "I would wish to know if a man having eyes, can prefer any woman to you. My lovely flower! God has created no second to thee. Thy charms have turned many a

head, and one has been driven stark mad." Before he could proceed farther in her praise, her hand was placed over his lips, and to divert him from the subject, she feigned a pain. "I am not going," said he, "to release you on a false alarm as yesterday. You must first satisfy me on one point and then I will let you go." But though he threatened not to release her on a false alarm, he kept watching her face to see if she really felt any pain. She was obliged to confess that her pain was once more in her imagination. "But let me," said she, "answer your question, and till then I would remain quiet. Thank God, your jaws are become toothless, else I would have lost my lips to-day." At this witty outburst, the old man roared uproariously, and again tried to bite her lips, but in vain. At last, fairly overpowered by the exercise of his risible faculty he stopped to take breath.

"But what query do you wish to put to me?" asked my charmer. "The question is this," said the old man, and kissed her lips, perhaps by way of refreshment. "I can hardly answer that question," said she, taking the kiss for his question. Again the old man roared with laughter and observed, "your answers are very witty. You say you cannot respond to my kisses. But until you do respond to them, that is return kiss for kiss, I won't let you go." At this proposition, she did not know where to hide her face, which was covered with blushes. But the old man was inexorable. "Oh grandfather," cried she at last, "I misunderstood you when you kissed me saying 'the question is this.' I had no intention to appear witty. But tell me quickly, I beseech you, what you intended to ask. I feel your dear old bones are breaking under my weight. So do not delay." But the perverse old man was in no great haste. He persistently maintained that her remark was intended to be witty, and she must kiss him before he put the real question or disengaged her from his arm. It was however impossible for her to conquer her coyness in order to return her kiss. In vain she remembered his just reproaches of her coyness with respect to him, and

thought there was no harm in satisfying the octogenarian's whims. But the force of habit, and the prejudices of her childhood carried away every thing before them. As often as he told her to return his kiss, she closed her eyes, that they might not meet his fond gaze, and as often as he brought his cheeks near her trembling lips for the purpose, her face was overspread with blushes. At last she faintly cried "O grand-father, have pity upon me, else I will die on your arms!" However anxious the old man may have been to obtain her kiss, he could not bear such expression from her sweet lips. He ceased, therefore, to torment her; but said rather in sorrow than in anger, "You cannot conquer your repugnance to kiss my old wrinkled cheeks. But it is very natural. Your lovely lips, my darling, were not made to touch ugly and shrivelled cheeks like mine." It is difficult to conceive the painful feelings which this remark gave rise to in Bhooboneshoree's bosom. She cursed herself and cursed her childish prejudices. She thought, that as she had already disregarded so many customs in her dress and opinions, and had allowed her grand-father to kiss her in spite of deep-laid prejudices, she should show equal moral courage in complying with his fond wishes. With this resolution, she had raised her head a little when she saw the eyes of her cousins glaring upon her, and she allowed it to fall again on his arms. Her painful feelings were now too great for her soft bosom, and she burst into tears.

The old man was extremely alarmed. He did not know what to do. He turned on this lady's face and on that lady's face for explanation and help. He then tried to soothe her by calling her his darling, his angel and his moon; the light of his eyes, the child of his heart, the comfort of his old age; the diamond that illumine his house, the Goddess of Fortune who spread joy and happiness everywhere, the lovely flower that diffused its fragrance around. But all to no purpose. He now unclasped his arms round her neck. But instead of rising as she was formerly struggling to do, she lay unmoved reclining on his lap, hid her face in his bosom

and sobbed louder than before. Finding his expedients to console her unsuccessful, he himself burst into tears. But this expedient succeeded beyond his expectations. For she hastily rose, and while drop after drop was still slowly coursing one after another down her cheeks, she wiped away his tears and taking his reverend head within her arms, kissed his eyes. The old man could hardly believe his senses. He again fastened his claws upon her and laying her head by sheer force upon his lap as before, began to drink from her lips to his heart's content, and insisted upon her returning his kisses once more. But she was again as shy as before; and all his entreaties and caresses were unavailing. "I see," said he at last, "that I must weep every time I want your lovely lips to touch my wrinkled cheeks." "But grand-father," replied she almost in a whisper, while the colour mounted to her cheeks for fear that the old man's words had reached the ears of his cousins, "my return of your kiss only exists in your imagination. For you have never seen me do it,"—and before the old man could frame words in reply she hastily continued louder in order to drown his voice, "but I pray you, I beseech you, I entreat you to let me go, for I have so many things to do. You see I have not yet bathed. I always get a headache when I bathe late." The old man could not see through her artifice. He, therefore, hastily raised her head from his lap, and told her to go. After she had placed herself beyond his reach, she said with a woman's curiosity, "you have not yet asked me the important question you have so often referred to." "But," replied the old man "I intended to tell it to you while you remained on my lap. Do come once more, and I will in a minute tell you what it is." "No, grand-father, no,"—said she, "you see it is growing so late," and she looked towards the sun, "I will just stand here, and quickly hearing what you have to impart to me, at once go to bathe." How she could 'quickly hear' unless her grand-father was equally quick in saying, is more than I can understand."

Dr. Deb here interposed—"I suppose that was another artifice of her's to avoid her grand-father's disag-

reaceable lap and disagreeable kisses. I call it disagreeable, because who can avoid expressing aversion and almost horror at seeing so charming a lady submitting to an ugly octogenarian's caresses ? If she was so very anxious to be kissed, she might have presented her lovely cheeks to a young man, for instance to you or myself." Preo Nath acquiesced in the general sentiment, but did not quite relish the idea of his charmer being kissed by any young man except himself. "But I have," said the Doctor, "interrupted the course of your narrative. I wont offer any other interruption. You must tell me every thing you know about her. Let me know what the lovely syren did afterwards. You left off where she said 'and quickly hearing what you have to impart to me, at once go to bathe.'" "Yes, I remember it very well," replied Preo Nath, "I have so often thought on the subject that these hallowed recollections have formed a part of my mind, and they will only perish with my life." Saying this he resumed as follows :—

"“Sweet, darling !” exclaimed the old man, “since it is so late, do not delay but go to bathe. After dinner, you will hear every thing. The roses on your cheeks have vanished for want of timely refreshment. Had you the looking glass before you, your lovely cheeks would have pleaded the cause far more powerfully than I do. But you never use the looking glass. You let the hair go dishevelled. The clusters falling irregularly almost to your feet, makes you look so beautiful. But still you should not be so careless of your person. Poor darling ! you have so prematurely learnt to condemn the vanities of this world. I say, go to bathe at once. If you do not, you must come on my lap to hear the secret. Seeing the old man ready to rise and take her once more a prisoner in his arms, she ran a few more steps, and placing a greater distance between him and herself, entreated him to reveal the secret. She was not evidently anxious to have her cheeks devoured by him, and the fair coat over them flayed by his insatiable jaws. But on the other hand, her eagerness to hear what the old man cunningly called his secret, was so great that

she flatly refused to go to bathe unless it was imparted to her. Had he insisted on her submitting to his caresses as the condition of his compliance with her request, she might have returned to his arms. But he was more generous than she. He could not, however, help laughing at her excited curiosity. "The matter," said he, "is not so very important as you have understood it to be. I only wished to ask you how you intend to return the bearers and Pálki back. For you know that terrible lioness will come to flay me,—I mean my dearly beloved daughter, your sweet mother, will come in person to demand you back." "Why, grand-father," said she, "I will ask my dear mother's permission to stay here for a month further, yet if she does come, wont you be glad to see your own daughter after so long a separation?" "Of course I shall be very glad to see the beloved daughter of my heart, she has been always so dear to me. I prefer her to all my children, you may write her that. But if that terrible lioness—my sweet gentle loving daughter—takes you back by force, what shall I do?" "O grand-father! my mother will never forget her duty to you. She will never take me back, you may rest assured of that." "She is very dutiful, I know, and loves me so, I shall of course be very glad to see her, but ———. You will only stay here another month. A month, as I have already told you consists of 32 days, at the end of which you will go. It would be better if she———. I think she need not take the trouble of coming to visit me within so short a time. If she were to come, who would take care of her husband's house?" Although Bhooboneshoree was extremely grieved at his dread of her mother's visit, she could not help laughing at the manner in which he tried to veil it."

ODE TO LORD NORTHBROOK

ON HIS VETOING THE BENGAL MUNICIPALITIES' BILL.

'Tis dead—the Municipalities' Bill !
Nor Pity weeps its sudden fall ;
It hung like a baleful malignant star
O'er th' tax-ridd'n people of Bengal !

2.

George Campbell gave the dreadful monster birth
Behold ! 'tis slain by Northbrook good !
In melting strains to *him*, Bengala dear !
Pour out thy deep-felt gratitude !

3.

Arise—rejoice, thou maid of th' pensive brow !
The serp'nt whose poison'd fangs to sting
Did threat erewhile thy form so soft, so fair—
Now lies a helpless, lifeless thing !

4.

And Northbrook thou ! who, like Alcides brave,
Hast strangled the serpent in time ;
O may thy name—to memory ever dear—
In glory spread from clime to clime !

5.

A nation's blessings welling from the heart,
Attend thee, England's noble Peer !
So strictly just to thine exalted trust—
To duty true—in faith sincere !

6.

May Joy her precious store unlock to thee,
And bliss, pure bliss, be thine on earth ;—
For pow'r so justly, firmly, nobly used,
For judgment ripe, and manly worth !

7.

In History's faithful page this act shall glow
With lustre caught from Heaven's throne ;
And Justice smiling midst her looks severe
Accept this act as all her own !

8.

Yes, pow'r so dang'rous trust to *no one man* !
Alas ! discretion's frail at best ;
Oh ! give the country what she sadly needs—
Some breathing time, a moment's rest !

9.

See ! 'neath taxation's heavy, grinding load
In yonder shade unheard she groans ;
Each breeze that blows thro' her fair palm tree groves
But wafts her sighs, her plaintive moans !

10.

On—on in thy career so well begun ;
Lo ! Mercy bids thee still pursue
The golden path the Goddess loves to haunt,
The path indeed of glory true !

11.

And Oh ! may he, the author of the Bill,
Now strive to check himself amain ;
And learn this simple truth of truths, THAT POW'ER
Is GIV'N TO BLESS, NOT HARASS MEN !

12.

The muse hath wreath'd this chaplet fresh of love,
To deck thy brow—fair Virtue's shrine ;—
Each humble flow'r into this chaplet twin'd
Sends up a pray'r for thee and thine !

WHY DO DOCTORS DISAGREE ?

THIS very pertinent question is often asked, and has long been a puzzle. The reason, why doctors so often differ in their opinions in the diagnosis and treatment of diseases is quite obvious. The uncertainty in Medicine and the abstruseness of the medical science are facts too patent to need demonstration and fully sufficient to account for the perpetual changes in the theory and practice of its professors, respecting the nature and treatment of diseases. But the cause of so much personal ill-will and disagreement, of so strong a spirit of rivalry amounting often to envy and hostility, of so great a disinclination to appreciate merit among the members of the profession is a mystery, of which one can hardly find an explanation. The question appears still more striking when it is remembered how amicable are the relations subsisting among the members of the other professions.

Look through the world—in every other trade
The same employment's cause of kindness made,
At least appearance of good-will creates,
And every fool puffs off the fool he hates :
Cobblers with cobblers smoke away the night,
And in the common cause e'en players unite,
Doctors alone, with more than savage rage,
Unnatural war with brother *Doctors* wage.

Is the fact not so ? and notorious in our own country ? Let us enquire into the truth. As I cannot here enter into an exhaustive comparison of the several professions as regards the extent and reality of the mutual harmony subsisting among the members of each, both as men and as professional men, we shall compare medical men with the practitioners of only one other profession. But to give the former the utmost fair play I shall take for comparison with them presumeably the worst class of professionals for professional or social understanding.

There is at least one honorable and learned profession

the conditions of which appear to be utterly prejudicial to the maintenance of peace, professional peace and good will, among the members, and yet in which these *are* maintained to perfection. I allude to the profession of the law, the normal exercise of which involves contention among its members, necessitates difference of opinion strongly, aggressively expressed. And yet there is no loss of mutual respect, no absence of courtesy, no systematic decrying behind the back, no listlessness, not to say bandying of contempt, in consultation. Indeed the "amenities" prevailing in the legal profession present a most curious contrast to the quarrelsome proclivities of our own. Nor, the circumstances of the two professions considered, is the fact so inexplicable after all. From the nature of the legal practice, men of little learning and no parts have little or no chance of rising in the profession. In whatever speciality of law the aspirant may engage himself, merit alone will advance him. The opinions and arguments put forward by the counsellors on one side are sufficiently well tried by those of the advocates engaged on the opposite side. The persuasive arts which seemed irresistible are now exposed to be hollow, and the logic which seemed an hour ago unanswerable is met by abler reasoning. The scale of impartial justice weighs the facts and law urged and precedents cited by the several lawyers, and each gets his due, and no more, while the veriest tyro, if he has any opportunity, has the satisfaction of exhibiting his industry, intelligence and knowledge before a competent board of examiners, as it were, for such practically are the bar and bench. Hence in law, men soon find their true and proper level, and "standing competitors feel themselves peers." Mutual respect, confidence and harmony are the natural and desirable results. The state of things, however, is quite different with the medical profession. In practice, the ability, acquirements and skill of competitors are not fairly brought out. The diagnosis arrived at, and the mode of treatment adopted, by one medical man, far from being known to, and accepted by, his brethren in the profession, are like a sealed book to the rest of the Faculty. The

secrets of the chamber of sickness never transpire. Nor can the profession profit by any stray rumours or description. A minute knowledge is required to be of any use, and the most minute accounts heard from lay friends of the patient are utterly useless. It is only in consultation that one physician ever has an opportunity of examining the patient of another, but even that opportunity is necessarily meagre and much inferior to that enjoyed by the attending doctor:—hence the judgments of the two are likely to differ. After all, consultations are very few and far between indeed, but even if they were more frequent, the profession would make no approach to agreement. For, consultations are demanded towards the final complications, and the one consulted during the progress or later stages of the disease, can hardly be expected to understand exactly its previous stages, far less to judge of the treatment already gone through. Very seldom, indeed, if ever, it happens, that two, three or more medical men have the opportunity to treat a patient simultaneously from the beginning of the attack to its termination. And it is a question how far the attending physician who has failed,—who, distracted by doubts and difficulties, and the importunities of the patient's friends, calls others of his brethren to his aid,—may be trusted in his account. He may be the most honorable of men, and I have no unworthy doubt of the integrity of my brethren, but he is but human. It must certainly be accounted a grave disadvantage to the healing art itself that laymen the most intelligent are not to be depended upon as witnesses to disease and observers of the successive states of a sick man.

Medical practice has, hence, been described as a “broad field in which truth and falsehood, education and ignorance, refinement and vulgarity, dignity and buffoonery are often competitors for patronage, and not unfrequently, the worse leading the better in the strife.” The public are seldom capable of judging correctly the merits of medical *theories* and *doctrines*;—how far less of medical *men*!

The intelligent and educated portion of the community, though capable of distinguishing the merits and demerits of the medical practitioners, are too often biased by whims and prejudices, to give the preference to the right man. Hence "the crudities of Thompsonism, the absurd vagaries of Homœopathy, and the sorry delusions of Spiritualism, with their unlettered and unstrung advocates," find patrons in all classes of society. Such being the case, it is not strange, that in the profession of legitimate medicine, which counts among its ranks, men of almost every grade of endowment and skill, competitors should frequently chance to meet with men unworthy alike professionally, mentally and morally of each other. Consequently it is not strange, that distrust, jealousy and contempt would naturally follow. Misunderstandings, misinterpretations, and aversion to explanation are frequent, and thus when controversies arise, they are apt to assume a personal and malicious character. *In hoc statu*, the results of such controversies are certainly much to be deplored, not alone from the attitude in which the public behold us, but also from the fact, that they are too prone to cultivate a malicious spirit among the members of a noble profession.

The deplorable results to the patient, arising from such disagreement, the injury sustained by the profession, and the baneful effects produced on society are facts daily witnessed by every intelligent member of the community. It should be the aim and duty of every true lover of science, to fuse all discordant elements into one harmonious whole and render them one in thought and action. "The mutual interchange of ideas, the friendly comments, the discovery of errors, the addition of information from different quarters, the growth of a kindly interest in one another, and the maintenance of an *esprit de corps*" ought to be only a few of the aims and objects of every right minded medical man.

En passant, the following quotation from a recent number of the *Lancet* will show that such a spirit of unfriendliness exists not only here but also in England among medical men. "Every right minded medical man

must wish to reduce to a minimum the differences which hinder professional intercourse between the members of a liberal profession, or which raise up barriers that the public cannot understand nor sympathise with. The latter point is one of great importance. Disease is to the public a purely terrible thing. They have no interest in studying it and watching its natural history, or in differentiating one complaint from another which it very much resembles. Their only notion about disease is to get rid of it as soon as possible; and they cannot understand the members of a profession, whose common object is to remove disease, not being ready to consult with each other to further this end in any given case. Hence the profession comes to be charged with littleness and jealousy and illiberality—charges from which we all wish to clear it.”

BHOORUN MOHUN SIRCAR,

Licenciate in Medicine and Surgery.

INDIAN SONGS IN ENGLISH VERSE.

III.

BENGALI.

The night is still upon the sky,
The breezes coldly blow,
Then why this haste, my true love, why?
I will not let thee go.

The birds still sleep with folded wings,
All nature's hush'd and still,
Save the lone nightingale who sings
Besides the bush-fringed rill.

O clasped in this warm embrace,
My captive, sweet, remain,
Thou must not sue to me for grace,
I cannot loose the chain.

Still darkness is upon the sky,
And still the night-winds blow,
Then why this haste, my true love, why?
I will not let thee go.

O. C. DUTT.

A MOMENT'S WISH.

I.

Were I the blithe wee singing bird,
Sending soft notes from leafy bough,
You 'd list enrapt to plaintive song,
Such as don't interest you now!

II.

Were I the yonder lonely star,
That twinkles in the heav'nly blue,
You scarce could leave my sight, then, love,
And I would always gaze on you!

III.

Were I the rippling wave o' th' rill,
That makes sweet music, passing by,
I 'd lave those tiny feet of thine.
And 'gain pass with a gentle sigh!

IV.

Were I the wind o' th' South, my dear,
That wantons with thy raven hair,
I ne'er would cease to blow at thee,
And bear thee aye all perfumes rare!

Were I the glass (thou seest thee in),
Anon that lets thy sweet face go,
I would retain it, love, for ever,
Whether you came again or no!

VI.

Were I the death they fear so much,
I ne'er, oh! love! would visit thee,
But always leave those things untouched
Which thou dost love and like to see.

GOPAL KRISHNA GHOSH.

THE MEETING OF THE TWO BROTHERS.

ARYAN *VERSUS* MAN.

TOWARDS the latter end of the last century, a tender sensitive genius bewailed in some of the noblest verses in the English language the spirit which makes us forget the brotherhood of man—the pride, passion, and all uncharitableness, even more than ignorance, which leads the nations and tribes to insist on, and magnify, their minor, accidental physical differences from one another, and ignore their essential identity in body and mind—apparently for the pleasure of hating each other—for securing the convenience of a standing *casus belli* with one another; and an unlettered ploughman who was the Muse's pet not long after hailed from the other side of the Tweed in the same strain. The generation which the learned and the unlearned bard, Cowper and Burns, addressed, deep in the guilt of maintaining serfdom at home and slavery abroad, set it all down to the birth of the one and the madness of the other; at any rate, on men proud of their Christianity was lost the best sermon on one of the most important texts from *Genesis*—a worthy exposition of the noblest article of the creed of Jesus. Mark the change brought on in half a century! At this day, when the proudest intellects, the greatest of scholars and men are not ashamed to trace their origin to beasts and reptiles, when philosophers have rather taken a fancy to fix upon extraordinarily wise chimpanzies for their grandsires and an atom of dead matter for the founder of their illustrious House, science looks down with ineffable contempt on those who yet retain a lurking doubt as to the unity of the human race. The labors of Comparative Human Anatomists are rendered superfluous by the necessary implication of the theories of Evolution and Development.

But if there should be any obstinate enough to reject the implication as not proven or to discredit Comparative Human Anatomy as giving an uncertain sound, there are narrower questions in Ethnology which can no longer be said to be open. The classification of the races of man has at least emerged above the sea of theory and speculation. In spite of the formidable scepticism of Professor Huxley, on the conclusions of Comparative Philology with regard to Ethnology, we now know for certain which nations are Aryan, which Turanian, which Semitic. For the genuine ethnic certainties are not based on discoveries of linguistic affinities only, but on linguistic affinities verified by Comparative Anatomy.

But if there is any one revelation of Ethnology more undoubted than the rest, it is the brotherhood of the Hindu and the Anglo Saxon. Though now so separated from each other by seas, complexion, make, habits and thoughts, one blood runs through the veins of both. Thousands of years ago, both lived under the same parental roof. Ere yet the action of climates, political and social systems, and what not besides, made a descendant of the same stock a German, another a Greek, a third a Roman, a fourth an Icclander, a fifth a Persian, the noblest, certainly one, of the three greatest species of the genus *homo*, lived in the great plateau of Central Asia, a united family. What causes broke up their camp it is hard to say. Perhaps it was war—possibly a more peaceful economical stress. The primeval Command to increase and multiply was obeyed with such vigorous fidelity that—within little time, the old home became too small and hot for its inmates. Emigration was the only course that promised relief. We may imagine that a day was appointed for the inevitable separation. As the rays of the young sun broke in upon the feasting and revelry of the night, the patriarch reminded the brothers that they had had their last under that old roof—or thatch, perhaps only a hoary banian's "umbraeous shade"—that the time had come when they must part, and soon with prayer to such genii of the elements as they believed in and depended on for blessings on

each, led them out to the field. Not to carry with them the evils which banished them from home, they took two different routes. One proceeded to the south-east and meeting with a genial climate and a soil which yielded the sustenance of life with almost no toil, settled down into metaphysical inaction, and giving himself up to meditation*and thought early produced the Vedas and spent his remaining energies in linguistic subtleties. The other travelled to the west and north-west. But far and unto the farthest *terra incognita*, even beyond *terra firma* as he wandered, as ill luck would have it, he, with rare exceptions, found himself in a bleak soil and a wintry climate, where bread was of difficult acquirement and very self-preservation a serious constant effort. Or should we not say rather, luck? He lost, indeed, by the vicissitudes of his life of trial, but he gained more: lost in temper—gained in power. He learnt in suffering what he taught in deed. He developed strength of muscle and tone of brain, acquired moral stamina, contracted a spirit of wild independence, a habit of easy uncomplaining locomotion, gained in versatility and adaptability. If the severities to which he has been exposed and the shifts to which he has been reduced have rendered him lugubrious in mind and manner and irascible in disposition, and has not permitted him to attain anything like that heavenly repose of the understanding and the heart which shines so conspicuously even in the external life and manners of his Oriental unlocomotive brother, he need hardly regret—nor the world, either, which has been subdued and improved by him so remarkably—the sacrifice he has made for the benefits of his discipline. Thus his invention was taxed to the utmost, and the result naturally was that he built ships, discovered the properties of steam and the lightning, traversed seas, circumnavigated the globe, and, ultimately, in one of his expeditions, came upon the cell of the brother he had so long separated from. But between the separation and the reunion great changes had overtaken both. Both had passed through their hunting and pastoral nomadic stages and long since com-

menced their civilized career—the Oriental very, very early, indeed. But the civilization developed by each has been very different from that of the other. That of the one presents an exaggeration of the material side—the apotheosis of Convenience. That of the other, though reveling in exaggeration in particulars, is distinguished by a marked and avowed contempt for the material—the immolation of Convenience: the sacrifice, if need be, of the Body and the despotism of the Soul. Well, in the sunny south and the fertile Tropics, the Eastern Aryan had not only long since doffed his suit of skin and furs but had gradually come to dispense with almost all clothing as a burden. Not having cared to protect his epidermis from the sun he had become dark. His fine soil had enabled him to indulge his tenderness for sentient beings, and he had abjured meat and drink, turned vegetarian and ate his bread with the original instruments God had given him. The other had grown fairer, having studiously concealed every part of his body, and, while still continuing to live, whenever he was able to procure it, principally upon animal food, ate with knife, fork and spoon. In short each had become a different man. No wonder that they did not recognise each other. For a little while after they parted, the life of each as he proceeded in his solitary journey was embittered by the miseries of the hour and sweetened by the recollection of all the days they had passed together. In time, however, each forgot that he had ever had a brother who was wandering in an opposite direction of the globe. One of the pleasures of study of literature is to contemplate the romance of the first unconscious meeting of the brothers brought about by Commerce. Laughable mistakes every day arise from unconsciousness of relationship. The huge Comedy of Errors and Tragedy of Horrors which the intercourse of nations unconscious of their mutual brotherhood presents, find their best illustration in the “amenities” exchanged, since their meeting in India, between the Eastern and the Western Aryan, between the English and the Hindoos. The good and sentimental might expect that they would thank the Providence which

led them in each other's way, and that the warmth of their embrace would be according to the measure of the duration they lived and wandered apart. How different is the reality! The Hindu who has not stepped out of doors since he came into the country, undesirous of seeking friends abroad and suspicious of those who cannot content themselves at home, looks down with a degree of contempt upon the Saxon, as a poor man without philosophy, cursed with a temper. But the prejudice, however egregious, is comparatively harmless, being undemonstrative. Like everything of the Hindu's his contempt, if it can be so called, is passive. Not so with the other. The restless Saxon who has conquered the world laughs at the pretensions to respectability of the idle old drone who has stayed at home all the days of his life, considers his alleged virtues mere pretexts for selfishness and sloth, despises him for want of enterprise and pluck, makes himself at home at the other's abode and is inclined to help himself to the other's things, does not mind walking on his toes ever so often, or knocking his dear old prejudices and nice notions out of his head as often as necessary. The conscious reunion of the brothers, except among the learned and the wise, and their mutual appreciation is as far off as possible. The ignorant, the unwise and the passionate pretend to hate each other from a mythical "antagonism of race." We remember with a shudder the fiendish appeals of Anglo-Indian journalists and society to the European army in 1857-58, to exterminate the people of India as a detestible alien race. The spirit which dictated those appeals is hardly yet extinct. It therefore is the duty of those who know that, absurd as ethnic diversity is as a plea for international malevolence, even that poor excuse is wanting to the European for despising or ill treating the natives, to remind the former of his kingship to the latter and rebuke the slightest symptoms of the assumption, in the press or in society, of race-superiority or the most careless expression of race-contempt. The proper performance of such a duty is the first condition of that social harmony between native and European society the

want of which is so much deplored. For obvious reasons it ought to be performed by European reformers, not native patriots.

Byron crystallized the experience of ages in his line,

Truth is strange—stranger than fiction !

The experience of the future as well as the past we may say, for when the noble bard sang, the great wonders of science—that is bare, unadorned truth—had not yet been discovered. The remarkable phenomena of nature which formed the staple illustrations of Divine Design in the Natural Theology of his time were at once tame in character and few and far between in number in comparison to the numerical profusion and stunning marvel of the facts embodied in subsequent works like the American book, Hitchcock's *Religion in Science*, or the English one, Hunt's *Poetry of Science*. Perhaps none of the infinite marvels of Science is calculated to strike the imagination so powerfully as the revelation of comparative anatomy, philology, literature, folklore, and sociology, that the Hindu and the Briton are the progeny of the same family stock, cousins of the same original *gotra*. Certainly none of the curiosities of history more transcends the "sensation" of the romance of real life than the chain of circumstances, commencing with the spirit of maritime enterprize in the South-Western Peninsula of Europe and the discovery of the passage of the Cape of Good Hope, which brought about the direct personal intercourse between Western Europe and Southern-Asia, which resulted in the meeting of the long separated brothers, the Eastern and the Western Aryan. The most unconscionable sceptic is constrained to pause before such a fact and reflect. Those who are the least accustomed to accept the supernatural interpretation of events are forced, as if by an instinct too strong for "proud Reason," to trace the hand of God in such a reunion.

So far so good. Were it not to save the self-respect of our nation, we would not disturb those natives or Europeans who are fond of reminding the two

peoples thus curiously brought together from opposite antipodes to pursue a career in a common field of their kinship. All ignorance is in the long run hurtful, and, as we have expressed above, we think it proper that the two races should know the unhesitating declaration of science as to their common origin. Whatever the moral significance of the meeting there is unquestionably great picturesqueness in the course and finale of the events which arrests the artistic sense. It does one's mind and heart good to dwell on such a fact.

So far, we repeat, so far so good. And yet we think that the moral of the supernatural, or rather, not to give it too strong, decided a name, the "unctuous," interpretation of the event is a poor one, indeed. For the supernatural is Hebraistic in tendency; or, at least, the contracted notion of the supernatural which is all that the religious in general have attained to yet, favours the doctrine of election—the idea of a partial Deity and chosen peoples ordained to play the most conspicuous part in the world's history per favor instead of self-discipline and earnest preparation,—to know, every member of them, the highest and most mysterious truths without study and meditation, nay without seeking to know, by revelation thrust upon them as it were,—to conquer all others whether their cause be good or bad, just or unjust. This, we contend, is a vulgar view,—a gross, selfish, materialistic view of the supernatural—a mode of reading of human history, or indeed any natural phenomena, which is essentially degrading and demoralizing. Its lesson is a most discouraging one—a lesson of despair to the ambitious and deserving—a lesson of gratuitous self-humiliation and degradation—one that amounts to a suppression of effort—a rebuke to virtue and merit, that has the effect of a halter round the neck heavy enough to bring to the ground the most light-bodied angel.

And so must surely be a view which kicks away the great truth of the brotherhood of all men to seek satisfaction in the meaner brotherhood of certain races of men. So must be a spirit which rejects a glorious

vital truth to pay court to a minor subordinate fact. May we not even say—which prefers a theory, a hypothesis, to a necessary fundamental truth? For, strong, almost irresistible as is the testimony of facts, as interpreted by the sciences of language and anatomy and the philosophy of History, to the identity of all the various tribes and nations (barring the Semitic and Mongolian encroachments) from the bright banks of the Brahmaputra to the extremity of bleak and dark Iceland,—language,—for all that Max Muller has reiterated to the contrary,—is *not* an unfailing test of race, any more than skull anatomy, notwithstanding the special pleading in behalf of it of Professor Huxley,—man being quite as liable to change the one as the other—so that it is not only quite possible that some of the tribes we include in the Aryan race have no claim to the distinction, if distinction it be, but provable that such is the fact; that, as regards the lingual test, for instance, many aboriginal tribes in India as elsewhere have given up their own jargon and adopted the nearest Aryan vernacular and been incorporated with the Aryan population. It follows that whereas the brotherhood of man is a safe certain truth, the identity of race of all Hindus and Anglo-Saxons and Kelts &c., is a *little* problematical. And then, granted equal measure of certitude to both propositions, it has still been shown that the brotherhood of man is a nobler, more energizing, improving truth than the Aryanhood of Hindu and Briton. Why, then, insist upon the meaner, hurtful deduction, as if every thing depended on the result, to the implied discredit, the practical suppression, of the Absolutely True, the Supremely Beautiful and the Infinitely Good?

ARYAN VERSUS MAN.

Yes, I deprecate the theme on still other grounds. The incessant harping by certain natives and European friends of the natives on this Aryan chord I am inclined to take as an insult to my race. As if

we had no other legs to stand on! Suppose Jacob Grimm and Franz Bopp and Auguste Schleiercher had not been born, nor their disciples and popular exponents, Max Müller, Dasent, Whitney, Farrar, &c. written, nor in this country Samuel Laing preached with the lucidity of a practised expositor and the authority of a member of the Supreme Government—should we have been sacrificed, or at least been content to be sacrificed? Have we no other claims to respectable treatment than that founded on a chance-found pedigree? The Indian Arabs have not the same luck of belonging to the favored family. Are they to be sacrificed? Are the Turanian Indians, the Dravidians, the aboriginies, the Indian highlanders, the Indo-Chinese, the Indo-Malayans? After all, the fact of Europeans and Natives of Northern India to the Brahmaputra belonging to the same Aryan stock, does not seem to me to be of much practical importance. What, if both belonged to the same race? Are all of the same race the same, or, by any means, even similar? Are there no differences—irreconcilable differences—within the limits of race? How often do kings and lords, noblemen and commoners, farmers and peasants, capitalists and laborers, fall out with each other, and yet are they not sometimes found to belong to the same nation, to say nothing of the “amenities” exchanged, between nations of the same ethnic group? Are not enemies, not to mince matters, ever met with of the same race? Nay, is not the phenomenon repeated over and over again every day all the world over? Cain and Abel were brothers. A thousand differences may distinguish man from man whom race cannot equalize—a thousand differences estrange whom race cannot reconcile. Race hath its partialities, to be sure, but it has its prejudices too. Familiarity does not always breed *love*. A prophet is *not* best honored in his own country. Our worst enemies are sometimes of our own household. Race cannot ennoble them that degrade themselves. All is *not* Race.

What a waste of breath therefore, to prove, and insist on, the ethnic identity of the natives of India with the nations of Western Europe! The anxiety shown in doing so

is discreditable to both sides. To the Europeans, as if nothing short of kinship—the nearest and most unmis-takable—could move their kindness or induce them to be courteous,—as if no sooner the evidence of language or anatomy failed to establish such a relationship than they would spurn human beings with a contempt which is never justifiable towards the beasts or any sentient being. Shame to the Christian to whom the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man is an empty maxim no deeper than the lips—which will not protect a man of color, eye, a being with the same eyes, nose, limbs, heart and soul, equally capable of pleasure. It is even more degrading to our countrymen. It is a kind of appeal *misericordiam* to the Europeans to treat us with more kindness. I hope we have got tired of this appeal,—at least it is high time we are ashamed of it. It is a humiliation to sue for mercy from Europeans on such terms. It is a disgrace to plead in faltering accents to the man with the uplifted arm ready to smite you—"Strike, but hear!"—and to whine during the moment's human hesitation of the inhuman foe—"I am an Aryan and a brother!" Why, you are a *man* and a brother. And if that fact does not save you, I fear your case is nearly desperate. The testimony of skull anatomy is slightly doubtful, that of history nil, that of language *may* be deceptive, but no mistake is possible as to the brotherhood of man. I do not insist on the unity of the human race. We may all have descended from one pair or from twenty different ones. But there is enough identity between us all to constitute us human, and hence a brotherhood. We are, again, all creatures of the same Power and brothers as God's children, born of ever so different human parents. Above all, we are sentient beings, and entitled to the regard due to such. Aryan or Turanian, we are conscious of pleasure and pain, and conscious of them in those particular ways in which the rest of mankind, Europeans included, are conscious. Assuredly that is the great reason, and the only valid reason, why the Europeans are bound to abstain from such acts as *may* hurt us, such as would hurt themselves. After all, the

argument resolves itself into the venerable doctrine, perfectly utilitarian, though so much older than Mill or Bentham, or Paley or Hume, the maxim of all Chinese, Hindu and Christian ethics—"do unto others as you would they should do unto you." For the rest, I would scorn to plead for consideration for my countrymen on their ethnic identity with Europeans. Such a plea is degrading, hollow, insincere, unpractical, and subversive of all true morality. What, if our countrymen should be unworthy of their race? If good treatment be claimed as a birth-right—founded on community of race—in all fairness the enquiry must be allowed whether or no the claimant has forfeited his right by misconduct. It is also a legitimate question whether it is not forfeited by lapse, by the rule of limitation of years, &c. May it not be pleaded in bar of claim that the plaintiffs had slept over their right much too long, had, for instance, allowed it to be in abeyance for eight or ten generations? Unquestionably it would be inequitable to enforce it against those who had no notice of the fact—sameness of race—on which the claim is based—that is, those who are not aware of the sameness, or who are not convinced by the proofs of it.

I wonder that it should ever be forgotten that in point of fact, in private, the undoubted knowledge of brotherhood does not prevent the bitterest animosity. The hatred of cousins is proverbial. Brothers quarrel tooth and nail over a miserable patrimony. In Ceylon, where the principle of the equal division of property is carried to hair-splitting absurdity, they litigate for years in respect of right to one-fiftieth of a cocoanut tree. The clearest ethnic affinity does not prevent wars between nations. It did not prevent learned Prussians and enlightened Frenchmen, both indubitably Aryan, and nearer cousins by far than Hindus and Britons, from cutting each other. Did a still closer affinity prevent Prussian-Germans and Austrian-Germans, when their respective rulers chose to fall out? Alas! absolute ethnic identity, strengthened by ties of nationality, still further rivetted by political unity

hardly yet then dissolved, alas, it did not stay the Saxon Yankee bayonet's exultant course into the Saxon Virginian heart, any day during a civil war of four years' duration! I trust this sense of personal and national self respect, which would decline to press the claims of our countrymen on Europeans on the ground of their identity of race with them, will be widely felt throughout the country. We should stand only on our right as men, not like the poor relations of the *nouveau riche*, attempt to establish a reluctantly acknowledged relationship. How keenly absurd is it—how utterly useless—to intrude our kinship on those who decline to accept our manhood! What should we have said to the Semitic Arab conquerors of Scinde and the Mongolian Turkoman hordes of Timour? What shall the hill tribes of India say to the Englishman to recommend their claim to his protection?

If humanity does not avail, we waive our Aryanhood. Above all we should try to establish by our worth, our claim on the esteem of other nations, not pray to be permitted to exist on their kindness. The most conclusive reason I can adduce in support of my advice, is this.—If we are mean enough to pray for such permission—*cui bono?* The lawful owners—the aboriginies—of America, though they had no special ethnic identity to plead, *did* pray to their European visitors for *such* permission. Their extermination was all the reply they received. The clearest and closest ethnic identity, would not, I suspect, have helped them a jot. Interest is stronger than family tie. Our ethnic identity is of no earthly use to us, when we come in the path of a European's wishes.

And here it is as well to attempt to disabuse Europeans of the ultra-rampant type of a likely impression which they might be imbibing from the divine honors which they are accustomed to receive from some classes of my countrymen. Do you say it would be cruel to dispel the illusion? They have hardly the right to cry "mercy!"—who never realized the meaning of the word within themselves. They ought to preserve face under a little free speech who are so free in the use of

their limbs on the unoffending. They surely ill deserve to enjoy the happiness arising from a falsehood who permit not others the enjoyment of that happiness which in all truth and justice is their right by birth and conduct. Let me, therefore, once for all assure you, oh you ultra-rampant white ! that the people of this country do not in the least consider you the genuine *Burra Sahab*, for all your swagger and browbeating and harshness. They are tremendously afraid of you, to be sure, much more so than the occasion demands, for you are a bit of a bully, you Mr. U. Rampant ! who oppress the weak and the inoffensive and fawn on the strong,—and the poor souls ! are too prudent, and if the truth must be told, too timid to risk the consequences of the chance of your turning out the unheard of prodigy of a brave mean fellow—and will swear to your being the Viceroy, or for that matter, in their sly grave ignorant way, the Queen, nay the sun, moon and all the planets till in an *embarras de richesses* of distinctions to which those of His Majesty of the Celestials is poverty, your poor head reels, unable to distinguish between flattery, irony, and hyperbole ! But take my word for it, don't believe it. There are no such experts as Orientals in the matter of blood and breeding, and there are few of them before whom a bad coin in these will pass muster. Never hope to deceive them by your airs ! Be sure your impudence and high-handed severity they will never mistake for mettle. They know that the characteristics of high mettle are serenity, grace and largeness of heart and conduct, not bluster and meddlesomeness and pettiness and savagery. They will detect even that theatrical *Burra Sahabism* which is unaccompanied by the amiable qualities of the high and polished. They make a tolerably sure guess as to what you are, and if still they insist that you are some great personage's relation, take care you are not abused ! So far from their suspecting your greatness, they have rather an obstinate persuasion, which really does not allow the present generation of Anglo-Indians fairplay, that the superior brood is somehow extinct or at least does not leave home now-a-days,

but send its game-keepers and butlers and cooks and grooms to play their masters' parts as well as they can.

Nor, as a *dernier resort*, must you found your overweening conceit on your race superiority, on pain of being set down for insane. They will simply not believe it. They are morally incapable of taking the superiority for granted even for the sake of an argument. Nothing astounds a pure unadulterated Asia-bred Asiatic, particularly a Hindu-bred Hindu, so thoroughly as to be told that there are Europeans who avoid—that the majority of Europeans avoid—social intercourse on terms equally with—refuse equality of political rights to—countrymen as actually an inferior race, low in the scale of civilization and of being. He can hardly believe in his senses that such an assumption is ever seriously made. It would be to him the unkindest cut of all if he could but credit it. Any other impudence of “outer barbarians” he can believe—all other misfortunes to the Israel of Hind, imagine. But this one he has not been taught to consider among the possibilities of thought, of man’s ambition or vanity. He can understand the pride of conquest—the calamities of subjection. He has heard of Nadir and Timur; as he has heard of the duties which oppressed nationalities think they owe to themselves. Even better does he understand downright honest injustice, without tantalizing veneer or insulting varnish. But the claim of ethnic superiority to himself appears to him too absurd for a tolerable joke. It may be very foolish in him to take it thus. He is clearly helpless in the matter. And well might such a being, home-bred, home ridden, untravelled, ignorant of the wide, wide world beyond his own Province, of the mighty and civilized nations into which our common humanity is divided, of their great achievements in arms and policy, arts and letters, innocent alike of Comparative Philology and Anatomy, nursed upon the exclusive narrowing legends and vanities of his own tribe—well might such a being—happily becoming day by day more and more a *rara avis*, with the speedy prospect of its being a stray fossil curiosity, from the influence

of that English education, technically called High Education which the Government, (not of Lord Northbrook, no, for that, or *he*, at any rate, seems to be sound on that subject, though he can now hardly mend matters-) would suppress if it can, even at the risk of social disruption, of setting class against class—well might such a being listen with incredulity to the pretension of a higher race, a nobler blood, to his own, set up in behalf of those on whom all the Mongolian races still look down as savage, whom millions of Mahomedans never touch without incurring a sense of personal defilement, whom Hindus when disposed to be most complimentary describe as the progeny of degraded Aryans begot on stray super-human beings in the wilds of the North.

After this, it is hardly necessary to remind our European friends who indulge themselves in the sweet vanity of patronising the lowly, of raising a fallen people to a sense of self-respect, by acknowledging themselves to be of the same race as our countrymen, that the Natives, the vast majority of them, generally do not feel flattered by the discovery of their blood relation with Europeans. Most of them are secretly, and I for my part must say most unreasonably, ashamed of it. I remember when I first told my father of the indubitable proofs afforded by Comparative Philology of the identity of race of the Hindus and the English, his face colored with shame, and he hoped there might be some mistake in the matter. I have purposely made enquiry on the subject wherever I have been and the result has ever been the same. It all comes of course from the pride of the Hindus, their exclusiveness, their first born civilization begetting in them a contempt for other nations. Of course their reluctance will not alter facts, and the Hindu and the Briton are brothers "for a' that." And yet, truth to say, bad as are the pride of our countrymen, their exclusiveness, &c., they have a use of their own: they are very wrong, but they may teach Europeans forbearance in their's. And it is with this sole object—a great moral, social and political purpose—that English-educated natives who are all that they are proud

—to dwell on matters which may be in the remotest constructive manner humiliating to Europeans. There is not a more genuinely liberal man on earth than Young India—though his social and domestic fetters no less than his noble disposition prevent his demonstrating his liberality in the ways approved by Europeans—a being more truly free from caste prejudice in its offensive sense. If then we still sometimes attack European pride with weapons borrowed of those who pretend to despise the master-nations of the world, it is from no ordinary provocation. There is a practical need of such a *tu quoque*. It is become absolutely necessary to remind the self-elected god that he is but human. The Europeans ought to be warned that if they should indulge themselves in the vicious habit of calling us “niggers,” they would invite us to despise them as *mlechas*; that if they should be so imprudent as to despise us as “blacks,” we would in self defence be compelled to give them a bit of our mind,—this, namely, that they have not generally the advantage of us in either regularity of features or smoothness of skin, that their complexion may satisfy their own vanity but does not excite our envy. Even the Greeks, the parents of European civilization, did not escape the contempt of the ancient Hindus as *yavanas*. Men do not easily lose their self-esteem, and one may permit himself to be hated but never despised. The Hindu's self-esteem has survived the political subjection of a thousand years. Beware how you hurt that grand *amour propre*!

E DITOR.

We offer our apologies for the delay in the appearance of this Number from causes not worth mentioning. We promise regularity in future. We have in hand matter enough to fill one number.

In the next number we will justify our title as a Journal of Commerce, among other subjects, by commencing the publication of an elaborate Treatise by a distinguished author on the Position and Prospects of Indian Trade.

A READER, Begumgunj, is in type and will appear next time.

The reviews are again postponed.

